

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. LXIII.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

ON GUARD.

WHEN a note of warning sounds over Great Britain it must necessarily awaken echoes in other parts of the globe; and it seldom happens that our Government, when brought face to face with trouble in one quarter, finds its whole energies free for concentration upon that particular difficulty. But it has not been often in the experience of the present generation that such a diversity of dangers, so unconnected with each other, and so widely separated, has had to be simultaneously encountered, as the critical incidents that have ushered in the first New Year of Lord Salisbury's present Administration. Grave as the situation is, it has its compensations. Never have the courage, firmness, and constancy of Britons shown to greater advantage than in the presence of the accumulating menaces which during the past two months have been launched against the peace of our empire. Never did the ancient spirit of the country burst forth more certain utterance than when the presumption or indiscretion of the German Emperor came as a climax upon our other troubles to put the nation upon its mettle. We are being assiduously reminded on all sides that we are isolated in Europe, that we have no allies, that our position was already serious enough without the chance of having to withstand a first-class European Power being added to it. Politicians who use such arguments to influence Great Britain,

little understand the temper of the country. She may accommodate, she may temporize in matters where her interests are only indirectly involved; she may make, and often has made, sacrifices in the cause of peace when concessions could be granted consistently with her honor: the conflict of parties also may have at times given a color of weakness to the external front which she shows to the other Powers. But with the first sound of threat or insult, all party differences disappear, and the nation to a man is ready to "stand four-square to all the winds that blow."

The remarkable outburst of national and patriotic feeling which has stirred the country to its heart's core during the past month has unquestionably sprung from the full confidence that the people feel in their present leaders, and from the firm assurance that the wisdom and fortitude of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues will provide an honorable issue out of our present difficulties. Controlled by less capable statesmen, the present warlike feelings of the nation would be a cause for grave anxiety. Peace with honor is what we all look for from Lord Salisbury, but our honor is secure in his hands whatever may betide us. In the troubled prospects before us the one bright spot is that we have the present Ministry at the direction of affairs, and that they will carry with them the support and

confidence of the country in whatever measure of foreign policy they may find it necessary to embark.

The most acute of our present embarrassments are due to the entanglements into which we have been led in the hopeless task of endeavoring to patch up a condition of order in the Turkish Empire for another term ; and to the fact that upon Great Britain the other signatory Powers to the Treaty of Berlin have thrown the chief share of the diplomatic labor and responsibility, without at the same time affording her the co-operation that might before this time have secured at least the prospects of a settlement. To involve as far as possible the energies of Great Britain in the settlement of the Armenian difficulty, and to carefully evade, if not directly thwart, every practicable plan for restoring peace in the Turkish provinces, and for putting the administration of the Porte upon a stable and effective footing, seems to have been the policy pursued at Constantinople by Russia and its allies. So much has Great Britain been engrossed in seeking to put an end to administrative barbarities like the Armenian massacres, that other Powers presumed that she had already as much upon her hands as she could well manage. There was a diplomatic opportuneness, therefore, in President Cleveland's selecting the moment for endeavoring to ride roughshod over us in the settlement of our disputes with the Venezuelan Republic. We might feel that there was a lack of generosity in the ruler of "our kin beyond the sea" thrusting upon us the prospect of a quarrel upon untenable grounds at a time when we could not very conveniently withdraw a ship of war from the Mediterranean, yet we made no complaints on that score. And had we not had the Eastern Question and America both upon our hands, can it be doubted that the German Emperor would have prudently postponed the declaration of his inimical attitude toward our power in South Africa until a more favorable opportunity? If the Emperor William II. expected that his telegram to President Kruger would call forth a corresponding display of sentiment to that with which the menace implied in the Presi-

dent's message was received in Britain, he very promptly found his mistake. The regret expressed by the great majority of the American people was generously reciprocated by all classes of the population downward from the Prince of Wales, whose noble expression of his feelings did much to soften the asperities of the situation ; and the only anxiety felt was that some easy means of escape might be afforded President Cleveland from his false position. The Kaiser's insulting telegram arrayed the country through its length and breadth against him, and drew forth such a storm of indignation, in which it were hard to say whether anger or contempt was the more prominent element, as has never in our day burst upon the head of any foreign sovereign.

Certainly the situation is serious enough ; but it says much for the stout heart of the country that Ministers and public opinion can look its facts calmly in the face and devise means of meeting our several dangers. We have on our hands the Turkish difficulty, our strained relations with America, the hostile attitude in Germany, the troubles in the Transvaal, and, until the other day, a war in Ashanti. The last, which in ordinary times would have excited its full share of interest, has happily ended in a very successful "march over," that has been almost unnoticed amid our more serious pre-occupations. Alas ! that our satisfaction should be clouded by the loss of a life so near and dear to the Throne as that of H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg.

The Transvaal difficulty has been made a matter of European discussion by the unwarranted interposition of the German Emperor, and for a time entered into a stage so acute as to place our differences with America in the background. It sprung from an incident altogether unexpected. The Government promptly dealt with the crisis according to the strict principles of International Law ; the President of the Transvaal Republic showed every disposition to co-operate with us in restoring order, while exercising his undoubted right to repress rebellion or invasion ; and there was every prospect

that a settlement could be quietly effected, until the sympathy of Germany was forced upon the Boers, and the anti-British party among them were excited by the prospect of being enabled to throw off the controlling power which Great Britain by the Convention of 1884 has the right to exercise over the foreign relations of the Boer Republic. In all the steps that Mr. Chamberlain has taken since the dangerous state of affairs in Johannesburg, and Dr. Jameson's purpose to march thither, were first brought to the notice of the Government, the requirements demanded of us by the Law of Nations have been strictly fulfilled, however repugnant they may have been to the sentiments of our countrymen; and the scrupulous care with which our international obligations have been discharged only makes the gratuitous interference of a foreign Power all the more insulting and irritating to the national sense of honor.

We are being twitted on all sides with the imputation that land-grabbing is the essence of our colonial policy. If any such charge were worth refuting, its disproof would be found in the Transvaal difficulty itself. No nation except Great Britain would have continued to tolerate in the heart of its territory a republic giving constant trouble, dependent entirely for its prosperity upon its intercourse with ourselves and upon our goodwill, and yet repaying our favors with hatred and placing itself constantly as a barrier in the way of South African progress. Had we been content to leave them to themselves and to the tender mercies of Secocoeni, who, but for our intervention in 1877, would have very likely overrun the whole Transvaal, we should have been spared much trouble and some discomfiture during the last twenty years. We saved the Transvaal Boers on that occasion when there was scarcely a penny in the Treasury at Pretoria, and the Republic was as much bankrupt as any State could be that had no external credit. Our intervention, which was the only alternative which the Boers then had to choose between and destruction, began to be resented as soon as the peril was averted. We were misled as to the real sentiments

of the majority of the Boer population, and we, perhaps too hastily, annexed the country. But whether the annexation of the Transvaal was a mistake or not, having once hoisted the British flag in the country we were bound to maintain it there. A flood of English immigration, attended by a large amount of capital, at once began to flow into the Transvaal, relying upon the permanency of British administration, and the equal laws which accompany it. The new and increasing prosperity which was springing up under British rule only stimulated the cupidity of the Boers to get back the country into their own hands. The rebellion of 1880 and the disaster of Majuba Hill were unfortunately not met by Mr. Gladstone's Government with the firmness which such a crisis demanded. It was resolved to leave the Boers once more to themselves, in the hope that under British suzerainty, and with a Resident at Pretoria, they might be able to exercise the privileges of self-government with benefit to the whole of South Africa. But if the Transvaal was hastily annexed, it was abandoned in still greater hurry. The interests of the British settlers were left to be dealt with at the discretion of the Boers. A number of British subjects quitted the Transvaal on that occasion, but there still remained some hundreds who had thrown in their lot with British rule. A grave breach of faith was committed toward them which is now bearing bitter fruit. They had followed the English flag, and when it was withdrawn the English part of the population practically found themselves handed over as helots to the Boer oligarchy; and considering the bad blood between the two races, the position of our countrymen in the Transvaal constituted a standing reproach to Great Britain.

In all our subsequent dealings with the Transvaal, we have taken the interests and feelings of the governing Boers solely into account. We modified the conditions of dependence laid down in the Convention of 1881 by the Convention of London in 1884, which limited our interference to controlling the relations of the Transvaal with all foreign Powers except the Orange Free State—a proviso which implies the continu-

ance of the Queen's suzerainty, more expressly enunciated in the earlier agreement.

The restoration of the Transvaal was speedily followed by the gold discoveries and a rush of emigrants, "Outlanders," who placed the native Boers in a small minority of the population. The Outlanders, both in numbers and in wealth the most important element in the Republic—they had raised the Transvaal revenue in about ten years from £75,000 to £1,750,000—could scarcely be expected to put up with their position as an inferior body in the State, to be content without any political status, and to pay heavy taxes for the exclusive benefit of the small privileged minority. The primitive patriarchal administration which served the requirements of a small farming community was quite unsuited to the circumstances of such cities as Johannesburg and the large mining population round about it. Complaints were made by the Outlanders, and the denial of all redress afforded their community a well-founded grievance. They sought in vain for adequate protection to property, for a sufficient police, nowhere so indispensable as among a mining population, for an educational system in keeping with the times, for treating the English and Dutch languages on an equal footing, and for a removal of all civil, religious, and race disabilities. The corruption of the Courts, and the irresponsibility of the executive, were also grievances of which the Outlanders complained. The admission to the franchise of the Outlanders, and to a just share in the legislation of the Republic, would have provided the means of satisfying their complaints; but in effect the policy with which the Boer Government has replied to their representations has been to fence in the franchise more tightly than before, and to offer it to the Outlanders in such a restricted measure and under such cumbersome conditions that the concessions offered were purely illusory. The situation was full of strange anomalies. There was a small ruling class, ignorant and prejudiced, and animated solely by ideas of self-interest, opposing an efficient resistance to a large population

of men educated in the principles of freedom and political equality—an anachronistic survival damming back the full flood of modern civilization. There was the British Government with its influence as over-lord of the Boer Government, and with its sympathies and interests connected with the success of the claims which the Outlanders were making for their natural rights. It was the duty of the Government to prevent the Outlanders from seizing the Boer Republican Government and supplanting it by an administration of their own. It was the duty also of the Government to strive that fair and equal justice might be secured to the English Outlanders in the Transvaal State. Beyond this the Government as a Government could not go. Having renounced all control over the internal policy of the Boer Republic, we could neither prescribe to them a new constitution nor officially support the claims of our countrymen to equal rights. Even the exercise of our influence with the Boer Executive was debarred by the certainty that in their ignorant jealousy the Council at Pretoria would regard our interposition in behalf of the Outlanders' claims as the first step toward bringing the Transvaal again under the British flag. Between the obligations of international law and the narrow jealousy of the governing Boers we were practically excluded from doing anything to avert the crisis which for some time past has been steadily maturing at Johannesburg.

With regard to the Outlanders themselves, the British Government was also placed at a disadvantage. We could fully sympathize with all constitutional efforts to obtain the redress to which they were so justly entitled, but it was quite clear that we could give them no countenance in a forcible attempt to compass their aims. Had the projected rebellion taken place, we could scarcely have regarded it as civil war. The question of the Queen's suzerainty, though now ignored, would promptly have been insisted upon by the Boers, as well as our responsibility for the conduct of our own part of the Outlander population. We should have been placed in the extremely awkward

position of having to suppress an insurrection which possessed much moral justification, and the resultant conflict could not but have had an evil effect upon our future position in South Africa.

Seeing no prospect of assistance from any side, the Outlanders naturally resorted to combination. That Johannesburg has been for months back the seat of both an open and a secret association for overthrowing the Boer Government now appears to be beyond dispute. The Transvaal National Union, though putting forward a very Radical programme, could lay some claim to be acting on the lines of constitutional agitation; and Afrikaners and Dutchmen were among its prominent leaders. But beneath and underlying the open agitation there seems to have been a conspiracy to overthrow the existing Boer Government. Of the real character and extent of this plot the public is still ignorant, but there is every reason to suppose that the catastrophe was precipitated by its means. The Boers seem to have been fully aware all through the month of December that a crisis was at hand, and they were making preparations for meeting it; but they made no representations to the suzerain power, although it was their duty to have done so until it was too late for the latter to intervene. This circumstance must be taken into account in judging both the case of the Boer Government and that of Dr. Jameson and his companions in arms. Early in December the Boers were under arms, and fresh levies were being made, until the condition of Johannesburg became alarming, especially to those most implicated in the agitation. They thought, or professed to think, that a conflict was imminent, in which the lives of the unarmed population of Johannesburg and of women and children would be endangered; and on 28th December a letter, signed by a number of the chief agitating Outlanders, was despatched to Dr. Jameson at Mafeking, imploring him to come to their aid in the maintenance of peace. The tone of the letter, was very bitter against the Boers—a circumstance which Dr. Jameson could scarcely have overlooked; but the appeal was

such as no Englishman could have listened to with indifference, even with the consequences of a breach of international law staring him in the face.

"What we have to consider is," the writers say, "what will be the condition of things here in the event of conflict? Thousands of unarmed men, women, and children of our race will be at the mercy of well-armed Boers, while property of enormous value will be in the greatest peril. We cannot contemplate the future without the gravest apprehensions. All feel that we are justified in taking any steps to prevent the shedding of blood and to ensure the protection of our rights. It is under these circumstances that we feel constrained to call upon you to come to our aid. Should a disturbance arise here, the circumstances are so extreme that we cannot but believe that you and the men under you will not fail to come to the rescue of people who will be so situated."

We have some difficulty in this country in conceiving how powerfully such an appeal must have stirred Jameson and the band of Englishmen assembled with him at Mafeking. Here was a town mostly inhabited by their fellow-countrymen and friends in apparent extremity, and the lives of English women and children in peril. His presence was required to preserve peace, not to fight with the Boers. It was not a time to consider questions of law or policy, but to ride to the rescue of their countrymen and countrywomen in dire peril. And where were obligations of international law sufficient to override the claims of humanity preferred in this letter? After all, Dr. Jameson and his friends were merely going to preserve the peace in a town which was under their Queen's suzerainty, and which was in danger of bloodshed. He was invading no hostile territory, he was going on no filibustering raid; he was acting on the invitation of people who, he was told, were in serious peril. Such, we may believe, were the humane and patriotic motives that impelled Dr. Jameson to take such a responsible step as to enter the Transvaal in arms. It may be added to this that the obligations of international law are very loosely interpreted and of little force in South Africa, where the Boers themselves have all along shown a most conspicuous example of setting them at defiance. Their raids on Bechuanaland and other

British territories, until checked by Sir Charles Warren's mission, were much graver offences than Dr. Jameson's ride. Nor can we leave out of sight the painful position in which Dr. Jameson would have been placed in the eyes of his countrymen had blood flowed in the streets of Johannesburg while he and his comrades remained quiescent, held by the strict lines of official duty. Unfortunate as is his present situation, it is enviable compared to what it would have been in such a case.

But while we can recognize many justifications in Jameson's action, there is much in the conduct of the Johannesburgers that cannot be lightly passed over. Almost simultaneously with the despatch of the latter to Jameson, they issued a manifesto which can only be regarded as a declaration of rebellion against the Boer Government. The final judgment on Jameson's conduct will necessarily depend much upon whether or not he was cognizant of this manifesto when he entered Transvaal territory. To come to the assistance of a population at the point of the sword is one thing; to bring aid to an insurrection against a constituted Government is entirely a different matter. The letter calling for Jameson's aid is of quite a different import from the manifesto, and so far as facts have yet been elicited we find no grounds for assuming that he was aware of the real circumstances under which he was called to Johannesburg. Until the Johannesburg leaders succeeded in clearing their conduct, the impression must remain that they depended upon Jameson's co-operation for carrying out a rising, that they lured him to Johannesburg upon partial statements of their position, and that when in the end they saw their project prevented they basely abandoned him and his force to an overwhelming majority. Their apathy during the battle of Krugersdorp excited very much the same feeling as Jameson's refusal to answer their piteous appeal would have roused. In both cases the strictly legal obligation was to remain quiescent, but Jameson's splendid disobedience presents itself in a very different light from the respect which the Johannesburgers

evinced for the High Commissioner's proclamation.

How urgent Jameson must have regarded the summons to Johannesburg as being, is shown in the fact that his force neither slept nor refreshed themselves on their ride. His statement to the Boer commandant of Marico, while disclaiming hostile intentions, that he had come to assist the principal residents of the Rand "in their demands for justice and the ordinary rights of every citizen of a civilized State," is decidedly compromising, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to explain the assertion. We make less of his disregard of the High Commissioner's message to desist from his expedition, for Jameson may possibly have considered that the authorities at Cape Town were unable to grasp the critical nature of the situation, and that the preservation of peace in Johannesburg would condone his disobedience. We must remember, also, that a full measure of responsibility and a free hand have always been conceded to British officers, whether under the Crown or the Chartered Company, in critical emergencies. No proof of hostile intentions has yet been adduced, until Jameson found his march arrested by a force of armed Boers near Krugersdorp, twenty-one miles from Johannesburg. We need not go into the details of that encounter, in which, after a gallant and desperate fight against four times their number, Jameson and his men, exhausted by their long ride and want of food and rest, and with their last bullet spent, had to surrender to the Boers. The bravery and endurance with which they attacked the Boers, well covered and holding an inaccessible position, and the fact that they did not give in until their last round was fired, are circumstances that will go far in the public mind to outweigh any considerations of the illegality of their proceedings. The enterprise was not the less noble and glorious that it had proved tragically unsuccessful.

The very difficult position in which Dr. Jameson's action had placed our Government was at once grasped by Mr. Chamberlain with the hand of a master statesman. We had to keep our international obligations intact, and at

the same time we had to regard the effects which the collision might have upon our South African interests. The course promptly followed by Mr. Chamberlain was the open and straightforward one which would leave our action unassailable by any Power or party. He at once caused Dr. Jameson's action to be publicly repudiated, and warned all British subjects in the Transvaal against any disturbance of constituted authority; and Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner, was speedily sent to the scene of action. He also put himself in friendly relations with President Kruger with a view to composing a difficulty in which both Powers were equally interested. On our side the requirements of international law have been fulfilled to the letter by Mr. Chamberlain's judicious action. Whether or not the Boer obligations have been as loyally carried out ought to be inquired into. Circumstances point to the fact that the Government of Pretoria were well acquainted with the mischief that was hatching at Johannesburg, and had made ample preparations to meet it, and that they were ready to receive Jameson the moment he crossed the frontier. It was their duty in such circumstances to have given the Cape Government due and timely warning of a dangerous movement in which a number of British subjects were concerned, so that our influence might have been exerted in behalf of a peaceful settlement. It also seems as if the Government at Pretoria had politically encouraged matters to come to a crisis with the view of bringing the Outlander agitation to a discreditable termination. If this be the case, their policy has only succeeded too well.

With the interposition of the British Government, and the surrender of Dr. Jameson and his men, there seemed to be every prospect of bringing the difficulties that had arisen to a speedy and satisfactory settlement, when the Emperor of Germany's precipitate and gratuitous intervention again plunged the Transvaal question into a still more acute and dangerous crisis than before. We need not further comment upon the Kaiser's impetuous and foolish message to President Kruger. If it

had any deeper foundation than the Emperor William's weakness for parading himself in the eyes of Europe, he has already been sufficiently punished by the undignified position in which, upon the briefest reflection, it was found that both he and Germany had been placed by his action. President Kruger received the Kaiser's message with formal gratitude; Mr. Chamberlain with a reiteration of the British suzerainty as contained in our adherence, to the Convention of 1884. The nation received it in such a spirit of indignation as it will take both time and trouble to remove on the part of the Emperor and his councillors alike, if any of the latter are implicated in his offence. We will not have our Colonial policy "made in Germany," was the prompt and unanimous answer to the Emperor's interposition. We will not allow the Queen's suzerainty of the Transvaal to be challenged by any foreign Power. We are working for peace, but if the Emperor William wishes war, as well now as any other time. Such was in effect the answer which Great Britain at once returned to the implied threat in the Emperor's message; and the steps that the Government at once proceeded to take showed that it was no idle or unmeaning language.

Credit must be given to President Kruger and the Transvaal Government for having acted with wisdom and moderation in their proceedings after the battle of Krugersdorp. From the character of the Boer population there was reason to apprehend that Jameson and his fellow-prisoners might be summarily dealt with, but Mr. Chamberlain's judiciously counselled recommendation to clemency was quite intelligible to President Kruger. Had a hair of Jameson's head been harmed by his captors after he had laid down his arms, all prospect of accommodation would have been cut off. It was, however, quite in order that Jameson should be tried and sentenced to death by the Transvaal authorities; it showed sound wisdom as well as humanity that the President should refuse to carry out the sentence, and determine to hand Jameson over to the British authorities to be tried for the offence he had committed against our neutrality. Nor can complaint be

made that his rendition was postponed until Johannesburg was disarmed and the leaders of the agitation arrested. With regard to the position of the latter, our powers are strictly limited. Though the majority may be British subjects, they are clearly amenable to the courts of the Transvaal for any offences they may have committed against its constitution. A fair and impartial trial is all that we can demand for them, and we cannot even plead on their behalf that their action was justified by the treatment which their demands have received at the hands of the Boer. We can interpose, however, our influence as a friendly and suzerain Power to prevent extreme measures being taken against them in case of their conviction. But there are various considerations that must restrain Mr. Chamberlain's disposition to exert himself actively on their behalf. South Africa is the last place in the world where we could wish conspiracy and rebellion against lawfully constituted authority to be minimized or regarded as a venial offence, and the present is not a time that we can justly bring pressure to bear upon the Republican Government.

We fear that for the present an immediate arrangement of the Outlanders' grievances is not to be hoped for. The Johannesburg fiasco must be held to have postponed the full settlement of their claims, at any rate until order and confidence have been completely restored, and we have had time to consider how far our interests will allow us to take the demands of the Outlanders under our protection. The utter breakdown of the leaders of the agitation when they came to the crisis which they themselves had forced on, does not suggest that the transfer of power to them would be an unquestionable benefit to the Transvaal. Neither the mining camp nor the stock exchange are the best training-schools for the exercise of the franchise, and we must admit that President Kruger has some reason on his side in regarding with apprehension a wholesale extension of political power. We shall have to consider carefully how far it is wise for us to aid British subjects in divesting themselves of their allegiance to the Queen and

becoming citizens of a Republic. For our own part, we can have no desire to see a British Republic supplant the Boer one in the administration of the Transvaal. Such an event would have the worst possible effect upon the rule of the Crown in South Africa. We have to face the broad fact that we gave up the Transvaal to be governed as a Republic for the benefit of a class, and that class the Boers. Should they prove unable to administer it, it falls by default to the suzerain Power to determine the future of the country. The prospect of the Outlanders setting up a republic for themselves in South Africa is not one that her Majesty's Government can be expected to encourage.

Yet out of this chaos order may be evolved by such a far-seeing Minister as Mr. Chamberlain. It is impossible that the new elements in the Transvaal population can remain excluded from all participation in political power while they continue to be heavily taxed for the benefit of the small governing minority. Such is the lesson that President Kruger and his friends may well draw from the present danger. Wise measures of concession of equal rights and privileges, if not of equal power, are the means by which the Boers can maintain their position as an independent Republic. Continued perseverance in slighting all claims made by the Outlander population can only lead to another, and, it may be, a more carefully matured and more successful rising. When matters have settled down, and the nature of the Outlanders' projects, and of the extent to which their leaders stand compromised, have been determined, Mr. Chamberlain will doubtless feel that, in the interests of British South Africa, he is justified in exerting himself to have the questions between Boers and Outlanders settled to their mutual satisfaction. President Kruger may reassure himself by the consideration that if a Boer Republic in the midst of our South African territory be an eyesore to us, a distinctly British Republic in its place would be a far less agreeable prospect to English eyes.

Whatever difficulties we may have still before us in bringing Transvaal

affairs into a position in which they can again be left to the Boers themselves, will arise from the ill-considered intervention of the Emperor William. It is entirely due to him that we have again been compelled to publicly enunciate the fact of the Queen's suzerainty over the country—a fact which, never formally disputed by the Transvaal Government, we have always allowed to remain in the background; and that we shall be compelled to enforce more rigorously than before the provisions of the Convention of 1884 with regard to the Transvaal's intercourse with other European Powers. The game which Dr. Leyds has been carrying on in Berlin during the crisis forces upon the attention of Britain the neglect with which, in frequent instances, we have treated this important safeguard. Dr. Leyds was not an accredited envoy: he was in Europe ostensibly for health, but he did not scruple to seek to enlist German support, while his official position as Secretary of State at Pretoria gave an official color to his proceedings. President Kruger is too cautious a man to hazard the existence of his Government by ratifying the proceedings of his colleague if they should have taken the direction of involving him with British power; but he should be requested to formally disavow a Transvaal official whose presence in Europe is proving a political scandal and a danger to his own Government. No doubt the President is alive to the power that it would place in his hands if he were able to play Germany off against Great Britain, but he is too prudent to engage himself in entanglements which would finally ruin the Boer state. What the German Emperor can find in the Transvaal situation to make him think it becoming to pose as the champion of the Boer race is a political problem. He has no concern either by political treaty or by national ties with the Transvaal Republic. He has no mandate from any quarter to call in question the Queen's supremacy. It is ridiculous to suppose that Britain will submit such a question to his arbitration, or to that of any European convention, in the most improbable event of any other Power being silly enough to join him with

such an object. He may have his jealousies against our Colonial successes in Africa; he may have his grievances against the extension of our South African empire. But he must find a more sufficient cause of quarrel than the Queen's suzerainty in the Transvaal before he will be able to carry Germany with him into active hostility against English power. Upon such a subject Britain will brook no interference, and the present activity of our dockyards and arsenals is quite a sufficient intimation of the temper in which the Government and the country view his recent ebullition. Next to America, Germany is the last Power with which we could wish to be involved in unfriendly relations, but we can accept neither her dictation nor her interposition in the territories of Greater Britain; and there is no harm in wishing that her peace rested in more responsible hands than those of her present untied ruler, who seems determined to dissipate the European influence which his grandfather and father, with the aid of the wisest statesmen, had succeeded in establishing at Berlin.

The Chartered Company stands compromised by Dr. Jameson's action, and it has invited an investigation into its conduct which will be undertaken by the Government. Pending this inquiry, it is proper that no judgment should be passed. It will, however, be a misfortune to the empire should the Government discover grounds for abolishing, or even weakening, an organization that has done so much for the extension of British power in South Africa, and is still capable of contributing greatly to the development of the new provinces. Mr. Chamberlain has intimated that steps will be taken to "make it impossible for such attempts as Jameson's raid" to be planned or executed in future, a statement which seems to imply that the powers of the Chartered Company will at least be more strictly circumscribed. As for Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who has hitherto been the soul of the Company, and who, both as its managing director in South Africa and as Premier of the Cape Colony, has fallen under suspicion in connection with the Transvaal outbreak, we can only express a hope

that the honor of a man who has done such signal service to the empire may come unblemished out of the inquiry. We can wait for Mr. Rhodes's explanations; but the fact that he has first broken silence in an American newspaper by a partisan pronouncement in favor of the Outlanders is an injudicious if not an unbecoming venture for one in his present position.

In the meantime, we must be content to abide by the terms of President Kruger's proclamation of 10th January, and to reciprocate the conciliatory and pliant spirit which it expresses. The concession which he indicates of a mayor and a municipality to Johannesburg is but a small instalment of the Outlanders' demands, but it will doubtless be accepted as the preliminary to more sweeping reforms. Mr. Chamberlain is not likely to put any pressure upon the President and Transvaal Government, except by way of suggesting such measures as may conduce to the greater security of the State. But the Outlanders may rest assured that their disabilities, now brought so forcibly home to us, will not be again neglected by Great Britain, and that the influence of the Government will be cast in favor of all their reasonable demands when these are being prosecuted by lawful means. Until the case of the prisoners at Pretoria is decided, friction must exist; but we trust that the President's appeal to "make it possible for the Government to appear before the Volksraad with the motto, 'Forget and forgive,'" will be respectfully listened to by the whole Transvaal population.

While the energies of our Government became suddenly engrossed in Transvaal affairs, and the danger that might arise from gratuitous interference by Germany in the course of events there, Lord Salisbury has all the time had to keep his eye steadily bent upon the course which the President of the United States has been pursuing with regard to our dispute with the Venezuelan Government. When President Cleveland's determination to apply the Monroe doctrine to our territorial claims in Venezuela, and to put before the British Government what was practically the alternative of arbitration or

war, was announced to Congress, both sides of the Atlantic stood aghast with incredulity. What was implied in the menace was felt more severely by the Americans than by ourselves. A partial warlike enthusiasm which naturally enough was kindled by the first sound of the President's challenge, quickly gave place to more rational considerations, and America began to ask herself what Venezuela was, and what claims she had on the United States, that her Government should plunge into war with Great Britain on behalf of the South American Republic's uncertain pretensions. The shock to British sentiments was not less acute, but we had our advantage in the indefensible position which our Venezuelan case occupied in the eyes of the political world, and the general conviction that President Cleveland's high-handed interposition was unwarranted and unprovoked. Even in the event of the President's main object having been to excite electoral enthusiasm, and to secure for himself a third term of office, his conduct has been in every respect condemnable from an international point of view, and as such it must be regarded by the great majority of his own fellow-citizens. Great Britain, consistently with her own dignity, cannot allow the issues of her peace or war to be regarded as a pawn in party politics, even by a Power so closely connected with ourselves as is America. Whatever President Cleveland's message may mean to the American elector, it can have but one import to a British Ministry. We cannot have our policy imported from America any more than we will have it made in Germany. But the anxieties of the American people find a ready and generous response in this country. The horror with which a fratricidal war with England is regarded by the better part of the American people is fully reciprocated in this country, and our feelings are not less concerned than their own in seeking to avert a struggle brought about by the recklessness of their chief magistrate.

The real difficulty lies in providing for President Cleveland a means of escape from the false position in which he has placed himself and his country.

He has already cast around him for means of securing a retreat which would be much more creditable to himself than any heroic efforts to vindicate his consistency. Lord Salisbury, we are sure, will throw no obstacles in his way. Neither the British lion nor the American eagle need be imported into the controversy. Our Government will not precipitate a crisis, but will give America ample time to feel her way out of her difficulties. Thanks to the strong position in which Lord Salisbury has placed the Venezuelan question, we can stand on guard and watch the course of events. The chief danger is not at Washington but at the Caracas, where President Cleveland's attitude may encourage the Venezuelans in some act of aggression which would compel us at once to interpose. The fact that he was championing one of the most tumultuous and irresponsible republics of South America seems, like many other not less serious considerations, to have entirely escaped the President's mind when he was composing his eventful message to Congress.

The strong legal position which our Government holds in the Venezuelan controversy has also its imperative obligatory duties. We may give America time to extricate herself from her position—we shall even look on with sympathy at the success of any diplomatic devices which she may employ to cover her retreat. But unless Venezuela of herself chooses to resume diplomatic negotiations and discuss an arrangement with Britain, we cannot recede a step from our present position. If the publication of the papers showing the part that Britain has taken in her dealings with the Venezuelan Government is likely to smooth the ruffled feelings of the two Republics, we can see no reason why they should not be laid before Parliament as soon as possible; and if President Cleveland should think of exchanging his attitude of umpire for that of a friendly intermediary, the incidents that have occurred will not prevent Lord Salisbury from cordially welcoming and recognizing his intervention in that capacity.

The despatches between England and America, published in the "London

Gazette" of December 19, have already, however, placed before the public the whole case as between ourselves and Venezuela, as well as our repudiation of America's claim for the right of authoritative intervention. No more powerful State paper has ever been penned than Lord Salisbury's despatch vindicating British interests on the American continent from the operation of the Monroe doctrine. The Monroe doctrine, at the most, is merely a pious belief among certain sections of American politicians, but no part of the American constitution, and never hitherto recognized by other Powers; and the idea of bringing it to bear upon a country so remote from the United States as British Guiana can only be characterized as a wild dream. Mr. Olney's contention that "distance and 3000 miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between a European and an American State unnatural and inexpedient is, "reduced to its essential absurdity by Lord Salisbury's demonstration that "the necessary meaning of these words is that the union between Great Britain and Canada; between Great Britain and Jamaica and Trinidad; between Great Britain and British Honduras or British Guiana, are 'inexpedient and unnatural.'" The facts of these unions are antecedent to the Monroe doctrine, and Britain can never consent to have them subjected to its incidence. The Monroe doctrine is, no doubt, a useful principle for the American Government to have for falling back upon in the case of territorial changes in the vicinity of the United States, or in the introduction of foreign authority into the northern half of America, but it cannot be extended over old established European States in the Western hemisphere. Not merely Britain, but France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark must decline to recognize the doctrine. The precedent which Mr. Olney cites in the case of the French occupation of Mexico has no bearing upon our controversy with Venezuela, any more than the present case of Cuba, in which the American attitude can with difficulty be justified by international law.

The boundary debate between British Guiana and Venezuela is of very old

standing; and, as Great Britain has always stood upon an irreducible minimum of her claims and has been willing to waive large tracts to which she can make out a legal right, the blame rests with the Venezuelans themselves that the matter has not been settled long ago. Sir Robert Schomburgk's boundary was fixed well within territory that indefeasibly belonged to Britain; and was, as Lord Salisbury has pointed out, "a great reduction of the boundary claimed by Great Britain as a matter of right, and its proposal originated in a desire to come to a speedy and friendly arrangement with a weaker Power with whom Great Britain was at the time, and desired to remain, in cordial relations." Repeated efforts have failed to bring the Venezuelans to the acceptance and definite demarcation of a frontier. From the time of Schomburgk's alignment down to the seizure of the dictatorship by Guzman Blanco in 1870, a period of thirty years, Venezuela was distracted by its internal dissensions and conflicts between the "Blues" and "Yellows," and there was no permanent or responsible Government to negotiate with. The original British claims remained accordingly intact, and the Schomburgk line became the working frontier of our colony, though not by any means its territorial limit. An offer by Lord Aberdeen in 1844 to make some concessions on the Schomburgk line, and to accept another frontier known as the Morocco line, was never noticed by the Venezuelans, and six years after it was formally withdrawn on their default. In 1877 the question was raised by Don Guzman Blanco, the Venezuelan dictator, by a demand which, as Lord Salisbury tells us, involved the surrender of a province now inhabited by 40,000 British subjects. Our Government then attempted to bring about an understanding based on mutual concessions, and the Venezuelans next asked for the Morocco boundary, which they had not accepted forty years before, and which they had been notified was no longer in their offer. British Guiana had meantime been settled beyond the Morocco line, and our Government could not break faith with our subjects by handing them over to Vene-

zuela. Again considerable concessions were offered by her Majesty's Government on the Schomburgk boundary, and again the Venezuelans gave us no answer. Since 1881 we have been offering concessions to Venezuela, which the Republic has altogether ignored; and, though the Schomburgk line was proclaimed "the irreducible boundary of British Guiana without prejudice to our rights to territory lying outside it," we have repeatedly given the Republic to understand that we are ready to make material concessions for the sake of a definite and permanent boundary. Venezuela has all along trifled with our offers, and shirked a definite settlement. Every attempt that we have made to bring her to negotiate has been evaded, though we have consistently held out to her settlements in a liberal and friendly spirit. We have offered her arbitration upon large tracts of territory which, as Lord Salisbury says, "from their auriferous nature, are known to be of almost untold value." But the grasping spirit of the Venezuelans will have all or none—the whole area which they claim upon the strength of the Spanish pretensions of last century. Of the soundness of our own case, the Government is well satisfied from the researches which it has made in the archives of Holland and Spain, and the expected publication of these will doubtless remove the last pretext America can put forward for intervening in the matter.

We have no doubt that by this time the American Government is fully satisfied that the Venezuelan claims are not a subject upon which it can creditably pledge the peace of the United States. It has already suffered severely from the President's rash Message. A grave commercial panic was its immediate result, and great losses in all descriptions of American securities. Prompt expression was given to the feeling of insecurity with which the mercantile classes of the States had been impressed, and the New York Chamber of Commerce passed a strongly worded censure on the President's conduct in involving the peace of the United States in a dispute in which America had no real stake at issue. The gravity of the situation was still

further brought home to the Americans by the financial measures, including a Tariff Bill, for which the President had to ask the consideration of Congress. The outcome of all this is the decided preponderance of a peace feeling among the influential majority of the American citizens which, compared with the importance of the anti-English section who still maintain fitful clamors for war, indicates that as a whole the American nation will not readily allow itself to be drawn into war for the sake of vindicating the President's blunder. We already see in various forms that President Cleveland is casting about him for means of removing the friction which his action has caused between the two countries. The request of the American Government that our representatives in South Africa will watch over the interests of the Americans who are among the Johannesburg prisoners will be gladly complied with, and the request hailed as an approach to the previous state of cordiality, in which each nation took a pleasure in doing good offices for the other. But the President is still hampered by the natural outcome of his own imprudence. In fanning such ill feelings as exist among Americans against this country, President Cleveland has kindled a fire which may perhaps devour himself. His own political prospects have been seriously compromised, however matters eventually turn out. The Boundary Commission, which he probably regarded as his chief means of providing an honorable method for washing his hands of the Venezuelan business, now exists as the chief obstacle in the way of an international understanding. With the Commission and its proceedings we have nothing to do, and we shall take no notice of its finding, whether favorable to ourselves or the reverse. What concerns us most deeply of all is that the Commission should not protract its labors until the Venezuelan controversy, with its grave issues to both countries, shall be involved in the coming electoral campaign for the Presidency. If the question is to be put before the State electors, and treated as party political capital, the prospect will be a very serious one, and one that

would in all probability interfere with Lord Salisbury's wish to allow the Americans time to feel their way out of the difficulty.

The public will not be surprised if, after Parliament meets and Ministerial explanations have been made, it discovers that the most serious of the foreign problems with which we have to deal is that which still hangs upon the distracted state of the Eastern question. Since Lord Salisbury spoke at Brighton on this subject in November, we have had little light thrown upon the views which our Government takes of the increasing complexities that beset any attempt to restore the credit of the Porte and Ottoman authority in the provinces. Lord Salisbury then made known the substance of the Sultan's letter to the Queen, pledging himself that he would see the necessary reforms put in force; and in consequence time has been allowed his Majesty to set about the fulfilment of his promise. But in the interval no signs have been discerned of amendment, either at the Porte or in the provinces. There is an increasing feeling of hopelessness, in which our Government appears to have shared from an early stage in the diplomatic interference, that no good results were to be hoped for from the present Sultan and his ever-changing staff of advisers. The delay interposed in the request of the Powers for the protection of additional gunboats in the Bosphorus, the futile character of all attempts at reconciliation emanating from the Palace, and the further excesses wrought by the Turkish troops in the provinces—all point to an early period when the patience of the Powers will be exhausted. What will be the effect of her Majesty's letter to the Sultan, which has not been sent until ample time had been given him for initiating his promised reforms, remains to be seen. The Powers will not be able to long postpone the adoption of an effective policy. Russia has all along shown herself in favor of coercing the Porte, and of receiving a mandate to occupy Armenia. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, while prepared to support drastic changes at the seat of Government, will strenuously support the authority of a central

government and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The great burden of the crisis at Constantinople has been imposed upon Great Britain, without, however, the acquiescent assistance which we had a right to expect from the other Powers. It is much that we have hitherto been able to maintain the European concert; it will be still more if we can continue to carry it with us in putting an end to a situation that has clearly become untenable.

England has it well in her power, if common-sense counsels could prevail over diplomatic jealousies, to restore order in the Turkish empire, and place the Porte in a position of security in which it would be able to promulgate and initiate those general reforms that can alone preserve it from revolution. The Turkish provincial governments are hopelessly corrupt and inefficient: they have no desire, nor can they be trusted, to carry out equitable and responsible government. Any limitation of their powers that would make officials more strictly accountable for the use of these to the central Government would only be provocative of more disturbance. In these circumstances the question arises, Why not introduce into the service of the Porte trained and reliable officials, to compose the disorders of the disturbed provinces and bring in an administration of equal justice, irrespective of races and creeds? In our Indian empire we have numbers of educated Muhammadans, who might temporarily be employed in the Sultan's service with the utmost advantage to both the Government and the country. We believe a sufficient number of well-trained Mussulman officers could be spared from the Uncovenanted service of India for temporary duty in the

Turkish empire. The employment of them would be a source of confidence to Europe, and ought to be satisfactory to the Sultan himself, as he could scarcely have the same scruples about accepting the services of his co-religionists as he might entertain against the employment of European Christian subjects of the other Powers. The question whether Indian troops might not well take the place for a time of the savage hordes whose barbarities are disgracing Europe and the age, in reducing the disturbed Asiatic provinces to order, is a more delicate question, and yet it is one that well deserves to be considered, if the Powers would only give Britain that credit for singleness of purpose which she is laboring so hard to deserve.

Turn where we may, we meet with difficulties and complications. The air is heavily charged with political electricity, and no one can predict when or where the thunder-cloud is to burst. But the national spirit was never more strong and collected. In all our various controversies we have taken up a firm ground on the principles of public law. We seek peace with all the other Powers; but we will allow none to interfere with our rights or to infringe our dignity. Our reply to a menace is at once to stand on guard. We have full confidence in our Government's wisdom and moderation, and that no quarrel to which the country may be committed will be an unworthy one. The Opposition has, to its honor, shown during the last few weeks that it ranks patriotism before party. Lord Salisbury has the whole nation behind him. He will seek peace, but he will also see that the country is not to be taken unprepared. — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ADVANTAGE OF FICTION.

BY M. G. TUTTIET (MAXWELL GRAY).

NEVER was so much fiction read as in these days, never were there so many readers of fiction, never so much fiction to read. All day long busy pens are tracing records of imaginary doings of imaginary people, of tears never

shed, laughter never heard, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, vices and virtues, baseless and insubstantial as castles of air; all day long presses rattle and whirr to the same end. Every day fresh and fresh novels and tales

pour from the publishing houses ; the accumulated stock is immense, yet there is an incessant cry for more. Whether this mounting tide of fiction has reached the flood and may now be expected to ebb is not easy to say, though it is sadly easy to say that the quality does not improve with the quantity. All sorts of people read and demand fiction now—busy and idle, learned and ignorant, wise and foolish, gentle and simple, rich and poor.

This perpetual novel reading and writing is to some people an evil sign of the times. For the world does not appear to be much wiser, wittier, or kinder than it was ; nor is it, perhaps, for all its vaunt of scientific research and increasing knowledge of matter, more learned, though its learning is far more widely diffused and copiously diluted. And it must be confessed that literature at this high tide of novel writing and reading, and general lavish book-production, is at a low ebb. Such purely literary merits as style and form are scarcely discerned in these days ; the most successful novels are not the best ; poetry is less read and still less valued than perhaps at any previous time. It is an ill symptom for literature that verse is gradually fading from periodicals. Criticism scarcely exists ; if a new Milton arose to-morrow, not six people could be found capable of reviewing him, not three with the courage to do it, though mushroom Miltons are yearly found and forgotten. The rank, ever-increasing crop of newspapers and magazines, partly the result of literary decadence, is rapidly degrading fiction and extinguishing literature. There are not enough good writers to supply this enormous quicksand of print ; competition is so fierce that only the most saleable magazines can keep going, and these play more and more to the gallery. Demos wants periodicals, but he does not want them good. Base curiosity, vulgar craving for personalities, morbid love of the ugly, the revolting, and the commonplace, are rapidly driving art as well as literature from magazines. Even those once specially devoted to art are now painfully hideous with blurred reproductions of photographed halls and parlors crammed with

furniture, ugly and uninteresting in themselves, and with the hard, exaggerated shadows and lights and false perspective inevitable in photography. But, though there is a false and frightful literalism analogous to photography in a certain class of recent fiction, and though fiction as well as the newest poetry suffers from the prevailing craze for the ugly, the unnatural, the dismal, and the dull, a few novelists refuse to bow the knee to Baal. Moreover, the most frivolous romances must be less ruinous to intellect than the dreary question and answer of the verbose interviewer, a creature with no sense of humor. Catalogues of chairs in fifth-rate actors' rooms ; gossip about the rouge affected by music-hall celebrities and the outgoings and incomings of tradesmen's houses ; enumeration of the cigar-ends of royalty, the bonnets of brides and the gowns of extravagant women ; flummeries of the rich and slummeries of the poor ; what fiction is not better than facts so mean ? The love of fiction is a primal and deeply seated instinct ; its indulgence in the higher forms exercises and develops the noblest human faculties.

For, since man is a spiritual being, it is not enough for him to be fed, housed, clothed, exercised and pleased through his senses, as apparently suffices other animals ; he must also enjoy spiritually.

" Half a beast and half a man
Was the great god Pan."

But half a beast and half a god is that wondrous, complex being who alone of all creatures goes erect, eyes the world from his pillar-like body's height above earth ; within the dome of whose large-brained head the universe is in a measure mirrored, the millions of miles to the sun numbered, the stars, more distant, weighed, and the sweep of their vast orbits traced ; who penetrates the secret recesses of his own mysterious and elaborate organism ; who, in his looking before and after, speaks to his posterity of a hundred generations to come, and holds intimate converse with his forerunners of as many gone by, the story of whose lives he can tell without a break for five thousand years, and can guess at for as many before ;

who changes the face of the earth by the operation of his delicately fashioned hands, subjugates bigger and better animals than himself to his will, and who alone of all the inhabitants of the earth makes the great elemental forces of Nature the servants of his pleasure. He has but a day of the measureless time-ocean to call his own, yet all time is not enough for him; he craves eternity. Nor is the visible universe vast enough for his ubiquitous mind to rove in, he weaves another from his fancy; the myriads of human beings past and present are too few; he creates others; nay, the multitudinous species of living beings that cover the globe are not enough for him; he invents fresh ones. He peoples every grove with beings, winged and wingless. Fairies and sprites, nymphs and satyrs, dryads and fauns of his devising dance through the woods; every thicket and waterfall, stream and river, is gracious with the presence of some imagined god. Through the potency of his fancy seawaves are vocal with mermaids' singing, pleasant with nereids' beauty; terrible with the presence of vague monsters; the white, evanescent sea-foam discloses a goddess, the culmination of feminine beauty, the sea-coasts are haunted by sirens luring mariners to destruction with magic of song; as if the charm of sea-wandering, the actual perils, the storm and tempest on the great deep were not enough. And, as if natural forces were not sufficiently marvellous, gnomes and dwarfs live and toil far in the dark recesses of mountains, the agony of an imprisoned god tears the bosom of the world in earthquakes and pours fiery ruin upon mountain slopes. Great and marvellous and full of beauty is God's work, the visible universe and its myriad inhabitants; beautiful, too, and marvellous in its way, is the work of man, the vision of poets and the dreams of art, evolved from that protoplasm, created, not like the divine out of nothing, but out of existing elements.

Man, in short, lives a twofold life—that of fact and that of fancy; he consorts not only with tangible human beings, but with a shadowy company of his own making. He creates beings in his image, beings with nobler attri-

butes and vaster powers than his own, yet in a way in his own image. Fiction is too small a word for what man's creative imagination produces, poetry almost too large and yet too narrow, though the poet is the maker, finder, inventor, *trouvère*; the Germans have a fitter word, *Dichtung*, which amply covers all that imagination bodies forth.

The craving for fiction in this large sense is among the great elemental instincts of the race. Fiction comes before fact; is it not, after all, greater than fact? Before the dawn of history glows the full orb of fiction, in the myth; the epic precedes the chronicle; perhaps the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* let us more fully and intimately into the recesses of the Greek spirit than all the story of Athens and Sparta. Nay, a long-discredited legend may have more truth in it than whole tomes of authentic record dealing with the bare bones of dead fact. Fiction is the reality, fact its shadow. The Zolas say the contrary; nay, the Zolas maintain that not only is literal fact the solid truth of which fiction is but the cast shadow, but that literal fact itself is not quite real unless it be very dirty and wholly sordid. But the Keatses hold that beauty is truth, truth beauty. Too much fact they conceive to be ill for man's soul.

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven," but prying philosophers have dissipated its glories into coldly accurate angles of refraction.

Let them delight in their angles, we can still cherish our rainbow, and admire the messenger of Zeus in her many-colored scarf. The bow of promise obviously belongs to a higher region, a truth transcending the truth of both fiction and fact.

The young of the human species enter the world worse equipped for the struggle of life than the young of any other kind, and they have more knowledge to acquire. One would think a child's brain amply exercised and amused by the daily and hourly acquisition of plain fact as he moves about "in worlds not realized." But no; the infancy of the individual, like that of the race, is more concerned with fiction than with fact. Every child is half a poet for at least five

years. "Shadow-peopled infancy" is always demanding story, always inventing. Nothing is its plain self, everything shadows something else; a cup of milk is a well, a pond, a sea; a jar of the child's arm produces a storm with tragic consequences; the nurse bewails spilt milk and spattered tablecloth; she is bidden to lament shipwreck and loss of life. A sofa is a castle on an impregnable rock; it is dangerous to pass certain corners in hall and lobby. This is the den of a bear, robbers lie in wait to rush out from that; a clump of trees on the lawn is the abode of a dread enchanter. You may think your six years' son is walking by your side; you are mistaken—it is a robber chief, a pirate, a Zulu, a Red Indian, Robinson Crusoe, or only some contemporary Jones. He walks with a grave air, looking cautiously about, on the watch for an ambush or the shot of a deer. The mere delight of living and moving in the sunshine of a novel and mysterious world in the character of a child of six, is too little for this small man's large mind, he must walk through a shadow world in some shadow character as well; so deep is the instinctive craving for fiction.

There was a time when literature was not, and the world's fiction, embalmed in song, carried by word of mouth from generation to generation, was grand and simple; it was then that myths grew and epics arose. The world's fables were few; they could only be recorded in memory and made known orally; therefore they were noble in subject and beautiful in form; ignoble themes were not worth treasuring, unmusical diction could not be remembered or transmitted by the voice, the story made the music and the music preserved the story. Gods were the earliest protagonists; as memory and imagination grew, and metre and rhythm developed, demi-gods and heroes, in other words, men of great achievement heightened by time and imagination were added; these were nearly always rulers of men, warrior, kings, and chiefs.

With the invention of letters, the world's fables, no longer confined to the memory and dependent upon rhythmic chants for transmission, became

more numerous; but still the actors were mighty beings, superhuman or extra-human, still doers of great deeds or heroes, so that the word "hero" is still applied to the chief character in the meanest transcript of the life of to-day. Comedy brought a sprinkling of contemporary characters, and the clown—the unlearned, unmannered man of low degree—became the designation of the comic character, the only part for the low-born man in early fiction. But poets and romancers were still concerned chiefly with great events, great sorrows and joys, the deaths of kings, the fate of nations, the pangs of Prometheus, the ruin of Troy; Achilles' wrath was of moment because it was the spring of unnumbered woes for Greece; we do not care much about Achilles personally. Even Odysseus, perhaps the most interesting personage in song or story, is but a nucleus around which circles the charm, the peril, the mystery of the sea—not the plumed and chartered Mediterranean of to-day, not "perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn," but the sea of the sirens and Proteus and the nereids, by the golden sands of which Circe filled her magic cup and the lotos-eaters dreamed, and upon whose violet-wave, far, far away in the mysterious sunset, lay the unknown Happy Islands.

Roughly speaking, Chaucer was the first to introduce the low born hero of contemporary life into English fiction, but very sparingly; his serious heroes and heroines were still heroic and mostly of high degree. Shakespeare is greatest when he tells sad stories of the deaths of kings; his representative man, he who stands for the whole race, is a prince, a man in whose fate the fate of nations is involved. With democracy grew the prose story of contemporary life. With feudalism died the romance of kings. Robinson Crusoe may be styled the first democratic hero, the antithesis to the princely Greek sea-wanderer. With the ascendancy of the middle classes flowered the prose middle-class romance, that of Fielding, Richardson, Miss Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. Victor Hugo, the first great writer who may be considered a product of the French Revolution, struck the first

note in the romance of prurience and decay; he is the founder of the decadent school, whose motto is, "Evil, be thou my Good," and whose heroes are chiefly villains and outcasts. With the broadening of social sympathy after the English Reform Bill, and the reaction from the shudder of the French Revolution, came the noble hero of ignoble birth, of whom Charles Kingsley and George Eliot were the chief painters, the finest flowering of which is Enoch Arden, and who to-day have innumerable successors. With Nihilism, Anarchy, and Socialism came the fiction of filth and the gutter, now rampant but not triumphant, and which cannot live long, its origin being corruption.

Whether the epic, the song of great deeds by great actors, be dead or not, the fact is sure and obvious that reigning fiction is, and probably will long continue to be, if it continues at all, the fiction of contemporary life, the novel proper—at present too often improper. Poets, philosophers, historians, men of science, divines, and travellers remain upon the shelves in free libraries, unopened and unsoiled, while novelists are always in the people's hands, finger-marked, greased, and literally read to pieces. But is this an unmixed evil? Old folk-songs, national ballads, and romances doubtless minister a nobler and better food imagination, but they have long been dead in England, and are everywhere dying out; if the novel is not the highest intellectual refectory, it is better than none; better than the newspaper, the sole reading of thousands and thousands of Englishmen of all ranks. It is not possible to bring literature in any real or large sense, much less philosophy, science, and art, to the hard-working classes, or to a considerable portion of the middle and upper classes. It is a great thing to provide them with a harmless source of amusement, an escape, however brief, from self and sorrow, toil and petty care. "My mother allows me to read no novels," once observed a young woman just out of her teens; "she is afraid they might put ideas into my head." The fear was vain, since nothing short of a miracle could have done that; but the ob-

servation was a just tribute to the educational value of fiction, which actually conveys ideas to many heads otherwise inaccessible to them.

The tired artisan, the clerk, the day laborer, the factory hand, the shop girl or boy, the dressmaker, the working man's wife, weary with incessant housework and child tending, at the close of the day's toil, or in little blessed pauses and snatches of rest, cannot refresh themselves by the pursuit of abstract philosophy or exact sciences; their imaginations are too feeble and too untrained, their sense of beauty and form too little developed to find refreshment in poetry; but, providing they can read and are not devoid of imagination, they can blissfully and profitably forget themselves for a while in the adventures of beings of their own times, and, if not on their level, at least on the level of living people with whom they occasionally come in contact. Penny journals and novelettes teem with dukes and duchesses; ducal surroundings are more brilliant than those of milliners and maid-servants; it involves a stronger imaginative effort to dwell in marble halls and drink the foaming champagne so lavishly poured in the pages of the *Family Herald* and those of Miss Braddon than to picture the trials and troubles of a fellow-sempstress, or sip her weak tea. There is more mental recreation in impossible earls than in half possible and wholly squalid slum dwellers, though these are less elevated and difficult to conceive than Greek gods and Shakespearian fairies.

Great are the uses of fiction, especially of the easily imagined fiction of everyday life! Not the tired hand- and body-worker alone, but the weary brain-worker, the overwrought politician, the jaded curate, the tired bishop, the busy physician and lawyer, the artist, the man of letters or of science, the teacher, the student, all know hours of lassitude and mental sterility, when nothing but a story can be grasped, and nothing but a story amuse and interest, soothe and charm. How many beds of sickness have been beguiled; how many hours of pain soothed; how many empty and solitary days of weakness filled and companioned by

the silent magic of fiction ! Nay, how many days of heavy sorrow and bereavement, the bitterness of how many real tragedies, has the Nephenthe of the novelist's art calmed ! Fiction comes to the unlearned in their perennial mental sterility, to the learned and wise in their hour of weakness ; it is the channel of all others by which ideas and impressions are unconsciously conveyed to the passive mind, either as poison in the ear of the sleeping king, or as ozone to the lungs of one lingering by the sea ; the mental attitude of the novel-reader being as purely receptive, his imagination as still, as a field waiting for rain. Neither preacher, orator, or actor has such an audience as the novelist, so numerous, so quiet, so easily reached and convinced. Original thinkers and poets direct and initiate fresh currents of thought, knowledge, and ethics ; they rule the mental and spiritual life of their age, but they speak only to a fit audience and few. They do not reach the heart and brain of the whole people as do the novelists ; in the pen of the story-teller is more power to mould individual character and feeling than in anything else.

But when the novelist begins to preach, the magic of his art, the secret of his charm, flies. It is only by the anodyne of amusement and the glamour of art that the reader's mind is held in a charmed, receptive stillness ; the first sermonizing note looses his enchantment. The actual, what is commonly called the real—namely, the literal—is equally fatal to fictive art. Like the Lady of Shalott, the novelist must see the pageant of human life reflected in the magic mirror of imagination and weave it upon the enchanted loom of art. The moment he leaves his loom and turns to see by common day the helmet, and the plume, the water-lily, and the wondrous sights, the mirror cracks, out flies the web ; the curse is come upon him. The magic mirror does not reflect all that passes, because selection is the first principle of art ; but it can reflect nothing that is not there ; to that extent the writer is bound to reality. Beyond that he creates, shows what is worthy of love and what of hate, where to reverence and where scorn, what to laugh at and what

to weep over, thus influencing conduct and educating emotion. Not so much the company to which readers are introduced corrupts them as the manner in which they are led to regard the company, so that thieves and murderers may be more edifying companions than saints and sages. This manner makes atmosphere, and on atmosphere chiefly depends power to fascinate and still more to influence and educate. And, though some people are attracted by the fumes of the pothouse, others by the musky, overheated air of the boudoir, some even by the stench of the shambles, the charnel-house, the dissecting-room and hospital, I do verily believe, and am not alone in believing, that mankind on the whole prefers sweet airs, fresh and exhilarating, blowing between wide horizons and tonic with sea and mountain scents. What can be more wholesome and invigorating than the atmosphere of Sir Walter Scott's novels ? Breathing the light and bright airs of health, the reader passes through all that series of exciting vicissitude in the company of a good man, a man of fine and various culture, one who knows, but is not tainted by, the world, a most chivalrous and courteous gentleman, a poet, a good fellow, kind, brave, full of sweet, deep humor ; it is scarcely possible to be in better company than that of gentle, gallant Sir Walter, or breathe a more wholesome atmosphere than that of his romances. He never sneers at his characters and seldom scolds them—that is the reader's business.

It has been said that fiction is harmful not so much by what is put in it as by what is left out. A few grains of wit, a leaven of literary skill, and a little of fancy go far to neutralize the septic properties of romances. The most harmful of all are—at least for young and unlearned people—the class usually styled "harmless," because the Seventh Commandment is never mentioned in them. These, tossed aside by mature readers, are read by the young in default of better ; these ruin mind, weaken imagination, give false and sickly views of life, degrade taste, and enervate both character and feeling. These "harmless" novels justify the old-fashioned notion that novel-

reading is pure waste of time, leading to a distaste for solid reading.

The "harmless" silly novel is due to the immoral prudery that will not face the facts of human nature itself, and falsifies them to the young. The natural reaction from this curious form of Puritanism is the present fashion of dwelling upon unclean topics and exposing ugly things, as if lack of reticence and want of decorum were the hall-mark of power and life, and not the brand of vulgarity and poverty of mind. This fashion will not last; there is nothing so ephemeral as the startling.

Much excellent advice has been lately penned for the budding novelist; he has been bidden to think, to observe, to study, even to cultivate style; but one thing has been forgotten, and that a very great thing—to cleanse his mind and imagination and live well. For who needs a clean and consecrated heart, noble aims, high ideals, and pure imaginings, if not writers of fiction? Their thoughts and aims quicken in the breasts of millions, their feelings strike secretly through the pulses

of the world. Nor does any artist work with brain alone, but with heart and brain together; genius is intellect joined to character.

Novel-reading is not the only wholesome amusement in a society which too little values and studies recreation, but, taking it all round, it is about the cheapest, most convenient, and most universal; a pastime that develops the ethical and emotional, while stimulating the imaginative and critical, powers, the pastime in which the appeal to the senses is smallest. Like everything else, it can be abused, and is ill in excess. But, unlike most amusements, it may be followed both in solitude and in society, and the pursuit of it is accompanied by no inconvenience to, or involuntary participation in, by others. Finally, far from cramping the intellect, it often expands it and creates a habit of reading that must be satisfied; and, in widening the mental horizon and rousing intellectual interests by allusion and suggestion, inspires a taste for culture and thirst for information.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE EVOLUTION OF EDITORS.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

WHAT is an editor? If we turn, as our fathers would have turned, to Johnson's dictionary, we shall find in the last edition published during his life that the word in 1785 meant either "publisher" simply, or editor in the sense in which the name describes Bentley's relation to Horace or Warburton's to Pope. The editor, that is as implying the commander of a periodical, is not yet recognized, and Johnson, if any one, would not have overlooked him. Dr. Murray's great dictionary gives 1802 as the date of the earliest recorded use of the word in the now familiar sense. It had, however, as we shall see, been so used at an earlier time. The editor is regarded by most authors as a person whose mission is the suppression of rising genius, or as a traitor who has left their ranks to help their natural enemy, the publisher. Hateful as he may be in him-

self, he is an interesting figure in the annals of literature. The main facts are familiar enough, and are given in various histories of the Press.* Yet I have found even in such books phrases which seem to imply a misconception—allusions, for example, to the "editor and staff" of a newspaper in the days of Queen Anne. Such a slip occurs in the most perfect presentment of the spirit of that period, Thackeray's *Esmond*. Esmond goes to see the printer of *The Postboy*, and in the house encounters Swift. "I presume you are the editor of *The Postboy*, sir?" says Swift. "I am but a contributor," replies Esmond. The scene is otherwise quite accurate, but Esmond, in his anxiety to be smart upon Swift,

* I may especially refer to the last of these, Mr. Fox Bourne's *History of Newspapers*, to which I owe several facts.

makes an anachronism. I do not know who wrote *The Postboy* at this period (1712), but shortly before it was written by Abel Boyer. Boyer was a French refugee who had to toil in Grub Street for his living. Some of his painful compilations are still known to antiquarians, and his French dictionary, or a dictionary which continued to pass under his name, survived till quite recently, if it be not still extant. He was employed by one Roper* to write *The Postboy*, but was turned off in 1709. He then published a pathetic appeal to the public, pointing out that the wicked Roper had made money by his paper, and was dismissing him without just cause. He tried, like other men in the same position, to carry on a "true" *Postboy*, which, if ever fairly started, has vanished from the world. What kind of interviews Boyer was likely to have with Swift may be guessed from *The Journal to Stella*. Swift calls him a "French dog who has abused me in a pamphlet;" orders a messenger to take him in charge, and requests St. John to "swinge him." Whoever wrote it afterward, *The Postboy* itself was a "tri-weekly" sheet which would go comfortably into a column of *The Times*. Its speciality, due probably to Boyer's French origin, was its foreign correspondence, and it had little else. The whole, as a rule, seems to have been made up of little paragraphs extracted from letters giving rumors about the war, and the remaining space was eked out by half-a-dozen advertisements. Boyer's "editing" was all done with a pair of scissors. He was hardly more than a clerk employed by Roper to select bits of news, and probably to arrange for a supply of the necessary material.

We can make a tolerably distinct picture of the Grub Street of this period. The street, which not long ago exchanged its ill-omened name for Milton Street, had become famous in the days of the Civil War, when the abolition of the Star Chamber gave a chance to unlicensed printers, and the

appetite for news was naturally at its keenest. When order was restored it was put under restraint, and languished dismally through the Restoration period. Roger Lestrang was entrusted, not only with the superintendence of the one official organ, but with power of suppressing every rival. He acted as a kind of detective, and he declares that he spent £500 a year in maintaining "spies for information." One night in 1663 he showed his zeal by arresting a wretched printer called Twyn. Twyn, whose only excuse was that he was the father of three poor children, was caught in the act of printing what he called "some mettlesome stuff." Though the stuff was too outrageous to be fully quoted even in the reports of his trial, it appears to have asserted that even kings should be responsible to their people, and might be taken to hint at a popular rising. Twyn was sent to the gallows to clear his views of the law of libel. That law, as Scroggs declared in 1680, was that to 'publish any newspaper whatsoever was illegal, and showed a manifest intent to the breach of the peace.' Although this doctrine and the practice which it sanctioned are shocking enough to us, they suggest one significant remark. The accounts of Twyn's and other trials at the time prove the infamy of Scroggs and his like, but they indirectly prove also the advent of a change. The reporter had come into existence and was doing his work admirably. The proceedings are taken down word for word, and the scenes are often so vividly described that they are more amusing, because less long-winded, than accounts of modern trials. Macaulay remarks that Jeffreys was awed at the trial of the seven bishops by the "thick rows of earls and barons." The reporter in the background was in the long run more important, and contributed to the remarkable change in the fairness of trials which took place at the Revolution. It was to be a long time before he could force his way into the gallery of the House of Commons; but his influence in the law-courts was of the same kind.

The Grub Street of Boyer's time contained many of the waifs and strays

* In *Esmond*, the printer of *The Postboy* is Leach, who really printed *The Postman*. Whether Kemp, the writer mentioned by Thackeray, was a real person, I do not know.

from this period of persecution. In wandering through that dismal region we get the most distinct of our few glimpses of light as from a tallow-candle held by crazy, half-mad John Dunton. Dunton, a descendant of clergymen, had become a bookseller, and got into various intricate troubles, till, as he tells us, he "stooped so low as to become an author," and sank in time to be a "willing and everlasting drudge to the quill." In 1705 he published his *Life and Errors*, a book which makes one long to ask him a few questions. He had seen many people of whom he could have given interesting "reminiscences." Unluckily he did not foresee in what posterity would be interested. We do not much care to know at the present day that Richard Sault was in all probability the true author of the *Second Spira*, a book of which Dunton sold 30,000 copies in six weeks, and which he now requests his readers to burn if they meet it. I have never had the chance of burning it, and cannot account for his remorse, though I hope that the sale was some consolation. But, besides this, Dunton had published the *Athenian Mercury*, a sort of anticipatory *Notes and Queries*, and to it not only this famous Sault, but John Wesley's father and Sir William Temple and Swift, had been correspondents. He had known, too, all the booksellers, printers, binders, engravers and hackney authors of the time, and gives us tantalizing glimpses of some familiar names. He has short descriptions of considerably over a hundred booksellers, and from his account we are glad to observe that they already showed their chief characteristic—the possession, namely, of all the cardinal virtues. He enumerates and compliments all the writers of weekly sheets. Among them is Boyer, whom he praises for the "matchless beauties of his style;" Defoe, with whom he had unluckily a running quarrel, and who is therefore mentioned with less warmth than inferior rivals; and Tutchin, whose *Observer* is "noways inferior" to Defoe's *Review*. Tutchin was the famous person who was sentenced by Jeffreys, for his share in Monmouth's revolt, to a punishment of such severity that he peti-

tioned the King to be hanged instead. His petition is supposed to be unique, and his prayer was not granted. He escaped to see Jeffreys in the Tower, and was reported to have sent him a halter concealed in a barrel of oysters. Tutchin was tried in 1704 for some of his *Observers*, in which he seems to have obscurely hinted that there might be some corruption in the navy. He escaped in consequence of a technical blunder in the indictment, unintelligible to the lay reader, but, we are told, was afterward assaulted in consequence of some of his writings, and so cruelly beaten that he died of his wounds. The evidence on his trial shows clearly what a leading newspaper was in those days. Tutchin had agreed with the printer to write a weekly paper for which he was to receive 10s. 6d. a time. The number printed was 266, and we are glad to hear that the printer raised the price in time to 20s. The printer incidentally admits that he had himself done such editing as was necessary; that is, striking out phrases which seemed to be libellous.

Defoe and his rival Tutchin differed from Boyer in this, that their papers were in reality weekly pamphlets, or consisted simply of the matter which would now be made into leading articles. Tutchin and Defoe were sound Whigs, though Defoe's Whiggism had to make awkward compromises with his interests. Their chief opponent was the vigorous non-juror and voluminous controversialist Charles Leslie, a martyr to High Church principles, who had to live partly by his pen, and from 1706 to 1709 published *The Rehearsal* on the side of unflinching Jacobitism. He escaped a trial for treason by retiring to St. Germain. The author had always to keep one eye upon the Attorney-General, and Grub Street was a Cave of Adullam for broken men, ruined in trade or political troubles, who could just keep body and soul together by their productions. They were "authors," not "editors" of their papers, and *The Review*, or *Observer*, or *Rehearsal* were simply the personal utterances of Defoe, Tutchin, and Leslie. Whether Defoe, like Tutchin, was paid by his printer, or whether, as seems more probable in so

keen a man of business, he employed the printer, is more than I know. In the later years of his troublesome life, he was at one time in a position of respectability, with a comfortable house and garden, and able to provide a portion for his daughter. But Defoe was exceptional.

Meanwhile the plan had been adopted in a higher sphere. Steele is distinguished in one of the lists of authors as "a gentleman born." The official *Gazette* had been entrusted to him with a liberal salary of £300 a year, and, as we all know, in 1709, he started *The Tatler*, which became the lineal ancestor of *The Spectator* and the long series of *British Essayists*. All the best known authors of the eighteenth century tried their hands at this form of composition, as our grandmothers and great-grandmothers had good cause to know. The essays were lay sermons, whose authors condescended, it was supposed, to turn from grave studies of philosophy or politics to topics at once edifying and intelligible to the weaker sex. Many of these series implied jointstock authorship, and therefore some kind of editing. We know, for example, how Steele was ill-advised enough to insert in *The Guardian* a paper by his young admirer Pope, which ostensibly puffed their common friend Philips' *Pastorals*, but under a thin cover of irony contrived to compare them very unfavorably with his own rival performances. Pope and Philips lived afterward, as Johnson puts it, in a perpetual "reciprocation of malevolence;" and the editor no doubt had already discovered that there might be thorns in his pillow. In those happy days, too, when the "Rev'd. Mr. Grove" could win immortality on the strength of three or four papers in *The Spectator*, Steele must no doubt have had to deal in some of the diplomacy which is a modern editor's defence against unwelcome volunteers. But he held no recognized office. When he got Addison to help him in *The Tatler*, he resembled, according to his familiar phrase, the "distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid." To use a humbler comparison, he was more like the preacher who asks a friend to occupy

his pulpit for a Sunday or two, and finds his assistant's sermons more popular than his own. Addison and Steele appear to have started *The Spectator* in alliance, and they sold the right of publication when it was collected in a new form. The precedent was often followed by little knots of friends, and some one, of course, would have to do such editing as was wanted. One result is characteristic. There was as yet no "We." The writer of an essay had therefore to speak of himself in the first person; and as the first person was not the individual writer, but the writer in his capacity as essayist, an imaginary author was invented. Hence arose the *Spectator* himself, and Nestor Ironside, and Caleb Danvers, and their like. The last representatives of the fashion were Sylvanus Urban of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and Oliver Yorke of *Fraser's*. The fictitious author was a kind of mask to be worn by each actor in turn. But of course periodicals of this kind, which consisted of nothing but an essay supplied by some author with occasional help from his friends, required no definite editor. After magazines had become common, they were often published as contributions, and then melted into the ordinary series of essays.

For the main origin of the editor we must, then, go back to Grub Street. One point must be noticed. Between Grub Street and these higher circles of elegant authorship there was little communication, and certainly no love lost. The modern author has sometimes looked fondly back to the period of Queen Anne as a golden epoch when literature received its proper reward. Macaulay speaks of the next years as a time when the author fell, as it were, between two stools—when he had lost the patron and not been taken up by the public. This, I think, suggests an inaccurate view. Grub Street had never basked in the sunshine of patronage. Its denizens had few interviews with great men, unless they were such as Boyer had with Swift or Twyn with Lestranger. The "hackney author," as Dunton already calls him, was simply a nuisance to be suppressed unless he could be used as a spy. A few men of education drifted into the street;

royalist divines (like Fuller) under the Commonwealth, and ejected ministers such as Baxter under Charles II. Baxter tells us that he managed by ceaseless writing to make £70 a year, and, now and then, such men were helped by some sympathetic friend in power. But patronage, beyond an occasional bribe or possibly a payment of hush-money, generally descended, if it descended at all, upon others than the true Grub Street author. The great men of the seventeenth century now and then acted as patrons; the two greatest English thinkers of the time, Hobbes and Locke, were supported by the Earls of Devonshire and Shaftesbury. Some patronage was bestowed upon Dryden and the poets, though they do not seem to have found it over liberal. Still, a nobleman often felt bound to send his twenty guineas in return for a dedication. Learned men, too, in the Church might of course hope for professional preferment. But all this was no comfort to the bookseller's drudge, and he got no benefits of this kind from the Revolution. What then happened was, I take it, very simple. The great man, thanks to the growth of parliamentary power, suddenly found himself enabled to be a patron at the public expense. Naturally he was suddenly seized with a fit of liberality. The famous writers of Queen Anne's day—Addison, and Congreve, and Prior, and their friends—became commissioners of excise, of hackney coaches, and so forth, or found shelter in other pleasant little offices of which Ministers could dispose. Such patronage was, of course, not given for abstruse learning; scholars and antiquaries were not sought out in their studies or college lecture-rooms, or enabled to pursue recondite researches. Still less did it come to Grub Street. The recipients of the golden shower were "wits," or men known in "the town," which was no longer overshadowed by the Court. They were selected from the agreeable companions at one of the newly invented clubs, where statesmen could relax over their claret and brush up their schoolboy recollections of Horace and Homer. Halifax, Harley, and St. John could give a few crumbs from their table to the men

whom they met at the Kitcat or the Brothers' Club. The pleasant time disappeared for an obvious reason. In the reign of Queen Anne the system of Party Government was substantially got into working order. That meant that offices were no longer to be given away for ornamental purposes, but used for practical business. Swift called Walpole "Bob, the poet's foe," for his indifference to literary merit; but Walpole was the name of a system. Places were wanted to exchange for votes, and a writer of plays and essays was not worth buying unless he were proprietor or hanger-on of the proprietor of a borough. As soon as this was clearly understood, the patronage of men of letters went out of fashion, and I greatly doubt whether literature was any the worse for the change.

Grub Street, at any rate, had been little affected by the gleam of good fortune which came to the upper circles, and was not hurt by its disappearance. The prizes bestowed upon the gentlemen and scholars who could write "Spectator" were above the reach of Tutchin or Defoe. They had, indeed, reaped some rather questionable advantages from the political change beside the abolition of licensing. Harley was the first English statesman to use the Press systematically. Under his management, the Grub Street authors ceased to be simply vermin to be hunted down; they might be themselves used in the chase. Harley's name constantly turns up in this dismal region; he saved Boyer from Swift's wrath; he appears in the background of other obscure careers, such as that of the deist Toland; and he is specially memorable for his connection with two of the greatest of English journalists, Swift and Defoe. Swift, of course, was petted as an equal, and flattered by hopes of a bishopric; while Defoe was treated as an "underspurleather," a mere agent who could be handed over by Whig to Tory and Tory to Whig as the Ministry changed. Each of them, however, wrote what passed for his own individual utterance. *The Examiner*, while Swift wrote it, represented Swift, as *The Review* represented Defoe. The papers were not like modern party newspapers, complex or-

ganisms with editors and proprietors and contributors, but simply periodical pamphlets by a single author, though their utterances might be more or less inspired by the Government. The system was carried on through the Walpole period, but a change soon begins dimly to show itself. A new race is arising, called by Ralph, one of themselves, "authors by profession," most of whose names are familiar only to profound commentators upon the Dunciad. The notes to that poem were, as was said, the regular place of execution for the victims of Pope and the blustering Warburton. Ralph, says Warburton in one of them, "ended in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper." Although that represented the lowest stage of human existence, there were some pickings to be had even there. The statement made by a Committee of the House of Commons is often quoted, that in ten years Walpole spent over £50,000 upon the Press; over £10,000 going to one Arnall, probably in part to be transmitted to others. That, as we are told, was the flourishing period of corruption, and if authors got their share of it their morals doubtless suffered. And yet we may say, if we will not be too puritanical, that even a capacity for receiving bribes may imply a relative improvement. A man who can be bribed can generally make a bargain; he is something more than a simple spy. Defoe was a slave to Ministers, who kept his conviction hanging over his head, and just gave him scraps enough to support him in the dirty work which he tried, very hard it seems, but not quite successfully, to reconcile to his conscience. Ralph was evidently treated with relative respect. His moral standard is defined by Bubb Dodington. Ralph, says that type of political jobber, was "a very honest man." This, as Dodington's account of him shows—with no sense of incongruity—was quite compatible with a readiness to sell himself to any party. It only meant that he kept the bargain for the time. Honesty, that is, did not imply so quixotic a principle as adherence to political principles, but adherence for the time being to the man who had bought you; and

even that naturally seemed an exceptionally lofty strain to Dodington. Ralph himself complains bitterly of the niggardly patronage of literature, but he ended with a pension of £600 a year. Among his allies and enemies were men like Amhurst and Arnall and Concanen and others, who, chiefly against through references in the Dunciad, have got their names into biographical dictionaries. Some of them gained humble rewards. Amhurst, a clever writer, who began, like Shelley, by expulsion from Oxford, seems to represent the nearest approach to the modern editor. As "Caleb Danvers," imaginary author of *The Craftsman*, he received the most brilliant political writing of the day from Bolingbroke, Pulteney, and the "patriots;" and Ralph declares that he died of a broken heart when, upon Walpole's fall, his services met with no reward from his friends. *The Craftsman* was itself on *The Spectator* or *Examiner* model; but, as a party organ, inspired and partly written by the leaders of the Opposition, it has had something of the position of a modern newspaper; and Amhurst, no doubt, though in a very dependent position, may be regarded as a humble forerunner of the full-blown editor of later days.

Meanwhile, however, the comparative calm of the political atmosphere under Walpole was favorable to another direction of literary development. Defoe found time for the multitudinous activities which entitle him to be a great-grandfather of all modern journalism. He helped to start newspapers; he published secret documents; he interviewed Jack Sheppard at the foot of the gallows; he collected ghost stories; he wrote accounts of worthy dissenting divines recently deceased; he wrote edifying essays upon the devil and things in general; he described tours in the country; he passed *Robinson Crusoe* through a journal like a modern *feuilleton*; and, in short, he opened almost every vein of periodical literature that has been worked by his successors. As the time goes on we find authors who really make a decent living by their pens. There is John Campbell, for example, the richest author, according to John-

son, "who ever grazed the common of literature;" the "pious" gentleman, on the same authority, who never entered a church but never passed one without taking off his hat. And to speak of still living names, we have Richardson, who had the good luck to be printer as well as author, and Fielding, forced to choose between being a hackney author or a hackney coachman, and Johnson who was presently to proclaim, as Carlyle puts it, the "blast of doom" of patronage. The profession, or at least the trade, is beginning to be established, and there will naturally be a demand for editing. The author of the loftier sphere still labored under the delusion that it was unworthy of him to take money for his works. Swift, as he tells us, never made anything, till the judicious advice of Pope brought something for his *Miscellanies*. Pope himself, though he made his fortune by his *Homer*, is hardly an exception. The sums which he received, indeed, enabled him to live at his ease, but they were the product of a subscription, and, I fancy, of such a subscription as has never been surpassed. The good society of those days held, and deserves credit for holding, that it would do well to give a kind of natural commission to the most rising young poet of the day to produce a worthy translation of the accepted masterpiece of poetry. It was a piece of joint-stock patronage, and not a successful publishing speculation—though it succeeded in that sense also—by which Pope made his fortune. Grub Street, therefore, would rejoice little in a success which scarcely suggested even a precedent for imitation, and which fell to the man who was its deadliest enemy. Pope, with his excessive sensibility, was stung by its taunts to that war with the dunces which led to his most elaborate piece of work. Though the bulk of his adversaries were obscure enough, the body collectively is beginning to raise its head a little. The booksellers, from Lintot to Toulson down to the disreputable Curll, are indulging in a variety of speculations from which the form of modern periodical literature begins to emerge distinctly. One symptom is remarkable. At the beginning of

1731 the ingenious Cave, having bought a small printing office, started, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, destined to a long life and to be followed by many imitators. It had various obscure precursors, such as *The Historical Register*, and at first was a humble affair enough. Most of its pages were filled with reproductions of articles from the weekly journals; but it included brief notices of books, and occasional poems and records of events and miscellaneous literature; and, in short, was complex enough to require a judicious editor. Johnson tells how Cave, when he had heard that one subscriber, out of the 10,000 whom he speedily attracted, was likely to drop the magazine, would say, "Let us have something good in the next number." Nothing more could be required to prove that Cave had the true editorial spirit. Still, however, the editor was not, and for a long time he was not to be, differentiated from the proprietor. Cave himself looked after every detail. He arranged for the parliamentary reports (a plan in which his first predecessor appears to have been our old friend Boyer in his monthly *Political State*), and employed the famous reporter who clothed the utterances of every orator of those days in sonorous Johnsonese. The success of *The Gentleman's Magazine* probably led to *The Monthly Review*, started by Ralph Griffiths in 1749, and as this was of a Whiggish turn, it was opposed by *The Critical Review*, started by Archibald Hamilton in 1756, and supported by Smollett; a sequence like that of *The Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. These two were the first, and until *The Edinburgh Review*, the leading representatives of literary criticism. Both of them were edited by the publishers. Griffiths, in particular, is famous as the taskmaster of Goldsmith. When a publisher has to do with a man of genius, especially with a man of genius over whom it is proper to be sentimental, he may be pretty certain of contemptuous treatment by the biographers of his client. It is possible that even Griffiths had something to say for himself, and that if he was a hard master, Goldsmith may not have been a very business-like subordinate. Still, as

Griffiths is said to have made £2,000 a year by a venture from which Goldsmith only owed a bare escape from starvation, the printer may have been of opinion that the immediate profit was worth a good deal of posthumous abuse. However this may be, it is noticeable that the men of letters who appear in Boswell's great portrait gallery had no haven of editorship to drift into. They might be employed by the publisher of a magazine, and no doubt their drudgery would involve some of the work of a modern editor. But there was no such pillow for the wearied author as a regular office with a fixed income and the occupation of trimming other people's works instead of painfully straining matter from your own brain. Good service to a political patron, or very rarely some other merit, might be paid by a pension; but, without one, even Johnson, the acknowledged dictator of letters in his time, would apparently have never escaped from the writer's treadmill. He was never, it would seem, more than a month or two ahead of the friends who have become types of the Grub Street author: Smart, who let himself for ninety-nine years to a bookseller, or Boyse, whose only clothing was a blanket with holes in it through which his hands protruded to manufacture verses. Perhaps the Secretary of the Literary Fund could produce parallels even at the present day, and the increase in the prizes has certainly not diminished the number of blanks.

Meanwhile, political journalism was coming to fresh life with the agitation of the early days of George III. *The North Briton*, in which Wilkes began his warfare, was a weekly periodical pamphlet after *The Craftsman* fashion, started at a week's notice to meet Smollett's *Briton*, and written chiefly by Wilkes with help from Churchill. It had a short and stormy life, and was not properly a newspaper. But when Wilkes fought his later campaign, and was backed by Junius, we have at last a genuine example of a newspaper warfare of the modern kind. *The Public Advertiser* had a significant history. It was the new form of *The Daily Post*, started in 1719 by (or with the help of) Defoe. The Woodfall family, well

known till the end of the century, came to have the chief share in it; and in 1752 gave it a new name and form, when Fielding seems to have acted more or less as sponsor. Upon dropping a periodical of his own, he advised his subscribers to transfer their favors to this paper, to which, moreover, he sent all his own advertisements, as Justice of the Peace. Probably the recommendation means that it had somehow been made worth Fielding's while to let the paper have a monopoly of these notices. It seems that fifteen years previously, the value of the paper was about £840. By the Junius period, twenty years later, this had considerably increased. The property was held in shares chiefly by well-known booksellers and printers. A tenth belonged to Henry Sampson Woodfall, who took the management from 1758, when his father died, and acted as editor for thirty-five years. The circulation in the Junius period was about 3,000 daily, once reaching 4,000; and in 1774 (just after Junius had ceased) the profits were £1,740. The accounts which have been preserved show the general nature of the business. The expenses, other than printing, included £200 paid to the theatres for advertisements of plays, an item which has long got to the other side of the account; £280 for home news; and smaller sums for foreign intelligence and so forth. Nothing is set down for editor or contributors, and the obvious reason is that neither class existed. The contributors were some of the poor scribblers of Grub Street who collected material for paragraphs, or at times indulged in small political squibs. Contemporary portraits of the professional journalists of those days may be found in Foote's *Farces*.* They are poor wretches, dependent upon "Vamp" the bookseller, or "Index" the printer; living in garrets, employed as hawkers of scandal, domestic and official, rising during the parliamentary session to political abuse and in the recess picking up accounts of "remarkable effects of thunder and lightning." "All is filth that comes

* See *The Author* (1757), and *The Bankrupt* (1773).

to their net," observes one of the characters, and, in any case, they represent the class of labor which now fills up the interstices of more serious writing. *The Public Advertiser*, however, was by no means composed of such matter. If Woodfall had to pay the theatres instead of being paid by them, he got his contributors for nothing. The volunteer correspondent was apparently as abundant then as now, and the paper is chiefly filled by his lucubrations. Woodfall, who seems to have been a worthy man, prided himself especially upon his impartiality. He accepted letters from all sides, and the paper, though without leading articles, was full of lively controversy upon all the leading topics of the day; Junius, of course, during his short career, being the most effective writer. Naturally, the paper required editing, and in a very serious sense. Woodfall was responsible when Junius assailed George III., and had to keep a very sharp eye upon the performances of his anonymous contributors. Still, however, though in point of fact an editor, he was primarily the managing partner of a business. Probably, he would receive some extra share of the profits in that capacity; and would come very near to being an editor in the modern sense.* We are told about this time that William Dodd, the popular preacher who was hanged for forgery in 1777, had "descended so low as to become editor of a newspaper"—a degrading position which would account for a clergyman reaching the gallows. His salary was five guineas a week. The name was therefore known, although the genuine editor has not as yet become a distinct personage.

Between this time and the revolutionary period, several of the papers were started which were to be the main organs of public opinion down to our own day. On November 13th, 1776, Horace Walpole looked out of his window and saw a body of men marching down Piccadilly; volunteers, he guessed, for service in the American troubles. He was more astonished than we should

be on discovering that they were simply "sandwich men," or at least men with papers in their caps or bills in their hands, advertising a newspaper. Henry Bate Dudley, the "fighting parson," who lived to become a baronet and a canon of Ely, was at this time chaplain to Lord Lyttelton and employing his leisure in writing plays, fighting duels, or carrying on *The Morning Post*. It had begun four years earlier, and Bate was now appealing for support against a rival who was starting a new *Morning Post*. Bate, as Walpole says, was "author" (still not editor) of the old *Morning Post*; and in 1780 he left it to set up *The Morning Herald* in opposition. A duel or two and a confinement for a year in the King's Bench prison varied his amusements. Walpole moralizes after his fashion upon the "expensive masquerade, exhibited by a clergyman in defence of daily scandal against women of the highest rank, in the midst of a civil war!" I do not know how far *The Morning Post* deserves this imputation; but its history shortly afterward brings us within reach of the modern system. Three men in particular played a great part in the transformation of the newspaper; two of them, as might be anticipated, were energetic young Scots, and one came from Aberdeen, the centre, as many of its inhabitants have told me, whence spread all good things. Perry, Stuart, and Walter were these creators of the modern newspaper, and their history shows how the "able editor" finally came to life. The first Walter was a bookseller who thought that he could turn to account an invention called "logography" (the types were to be whole words instead of letters) by printing a newspaper. Though the invention failed, the newspaper lived for a short time as *The Universal Register* and became *The Times* on January 1st, 1788. Walter's first declarations show how accurately he had divined the conditions of success. His ideal paper was to give something for all tastes; it was not to be merely commercial nor merely political; it was to represent public opinion generally, not any particular party; and it was never "to offend the ear of deli-

* A ledger of *The Public Advertiser*, from 1766 to 1771, is now in the Free Library at Chelsea, to which it was presented by Sir C. Dilke.

cacy." When it had survived logography and obtained its incomparable monosyllabic name, it was fitted for a successful career. The war was an ill wind enough, but it blew prosperity to newspapers as the wars of the great rebellion and of Queen Anne's day had given fresh impulse to their infancy and boyhood. Walter, too, and his son, who took the helm in 1802, were keen in applying mechanical improvements and organizing the new machinery. *The Times* seems to have invented the foreign correspondent, its representative, Henry Crabb Robinson, being probably the first specimen of the genus: it beat the Government in getting the first news of battles, and defeated a strike of the printers in order to introduce a new method of printing. The younger Walter, however, seems still to have combined the functions of editor and proprietor until 1810, when Sir John Stoddart became editor. Stoddart was succeeded by Barnes in 1817, and Barnes in 1841 by Delane, and editorship had become not only a separate function, but a position of high political importance. James Perry, meanwhile, had come into the profession from a different side. He had been early thrown upon his own resources, and about 1777 sent some articles to a newspaper which gained him employment at the rate of a guinea and a half a week. He soon rose to a better position. *The Morning Chronicle* had been started in 1769 by William Woodfall (younger brother of Henry Sampson), who gained the nickname "Memory Woodfall" from his powers of bringing back debates in his head. His reports became the great feature of *The Chronicle*; but Perry, who was getting four guineas a week for editing *The Gazetteer*, succeeded in beating Woodfall by employing a staff of reporters. *The Chronicle* began to decline. Perry, managing with the help of a friend to scrape together about £1,000, bought the paper and made it the accepted organ of the Whig Party. It soon became a leading paper, and was for a time at the head of the London Press. It was ultimately sold after Perry's death in 1821 for £42,000. Perry appears to have edited it himself until 1817, when his mantle fell upon

another vigorous Scot, John Black, who had joined it as a reporter. Black and Barnes thus started simultaneously, Black representing the opinions of the "philosophical Radicals," and being steadily inspired by James Mill. Thus Perry, like Walter, marks the end of the period in which the proprietor still habitually acted as editor.

Perry at various times received contributions from many of the most eminent writers of the time. Coleridge got a guinea out of him at a critical moment. Thomas Campbell published *The Mariners of England* in *The Chronicle*. Charles Lamb sent him paragraphs; Sheridan, Mackintosh, Hazlitt, Tom Moore were among his contributors; and Lord Campbell, better known as The Chancellor, was for a time both law reporter and theatrical critic. The last of the three rulers of the Press, Daniel Stuart, is still often mentioned for a similar reason. Stuart, like Perry, a vigorous Scot, had joined his brothers, who were settled as printers in London. They printed *The Morning Post*, which had fallen into difficulties; and in 1795, when its circulation was only 350 copies daily, Daniel Stuart bought the paper, house, and plant for £600. He raised the circulation to 4,500 in 1803, when it was surpassed in popularity by *The Chronicle* alone. He soon afterward became the owner of *The Courier* in partnership with one Street, gave up *The Post*, and in 1822 retired, having made a fortune. Stuart was specially connected with Mackintosh, who married his sister when they were both struggling young men. His fame, however, rests more upon his connection with Coleridge, and he incurred the danger which comes to all publishers of works of men of genius. Certain phrases in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* and *Tabletalk* gave rise to the impression that Stuart was one of the conventional bloodsuckers, who make their money out of rising genius and repay them with the scantiest pittance. Stuart defended himself effectively; and any doubts which might remain have been dispersed by the (privately printed) *Letters from the Lake Poets*. Stuart, in fact, was one of the most helpful of Coleridge's

many friends, and Coleridge to the end of his life spoke of him and to him with warm and generous gratitude. Coleridge, it is clear enough, and certainly very natural, took at times an exaggerated view of his services to *The Morning Chronicle*. His surprising statement that Stuart in 1800 offered him £2,000 a year if he would devote himself to journalism, that he declined on the ground that he would not give up "the reading of old folios" for twenty times £2,000, and that he considered any pay beyond £350 as a real evil, is obviously impossible. Stuart probably tried to spur his indolent contributor by saying that his services would be worth some such sum if they could be made regular. But the statement is only worth notice here in illustration of the state of the literary market at the time. Southey acknowledges his gratitude for the guinea a week which he received as Stuart's "laureate." Poetry, by the way, appears to have been more in demand then than at the present day. Both Perry and Stuart's elder brother offered to employ Burns; and Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, and Moore all published poems in the newspapers. Lamb tried his hand at "jokes." "Sixpence a joke," he says, "and it was thought pretty high too, was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases," he says (*Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*), and no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. In a letter of 1803, Lamb says that he has given up his "two guineas a week" from *The Post*. The highwater mark of a journalist's earnings at the end of the last century is probably marked by the achievement of Mackintosh, who earned ten guineas in a week. "No paper could stand it," exclaimed the proprietor, and the bargain had to be revised. A few years later, however, we are told that Sterling, the father of Carlyle's friend, was receiving the sum which Coleridge supposed himself to have refused, namely, £2,000 a year for writing leading articles in *The Times*. Stuart, it would seem, in the earlier period was paying the fair value of their wares to Coleridge, Southey, and their like; but in

the days of Scott and Byron the price of popular writing was going up by leaps and bounds.

The normal process of the evolution of editors was what I have tried to sketch, simply, that is, the gradual delegation of powers by the printer or bookseller who had first employed some inhabitant of Grub Street as a drudge, and when the work became too complex and delicate, had handed over the duties to men of special literary training. Two very important periodicals, however, of this period show a certain reversion to the olden type. *The Edinburgh Review* owed part of its success to its independence of publishers. It was started, not by a speculator who might wish to puff his own wares, but by a little knot of audacious youths who combined as Steele and Addison combined in *The Spectator*. It seems that at first they scarcely even contemplated the necessity of an editor, and Sydney Smith was less editor than president of the little committee of authors at the start. When Jeffrey took up the duty, he was careful to make it understood that his work was to be strictly subordinate to his professional labors, and had no inkling that his fame would come to depend upon his editorship. *The Edinburgh*, however, soon became a review of the normal kind. Cobbett, on the other hand, started his *Political Register* as a kind of rival to *The Annual Register*. It was to be mainly a collection of State papers and official documents; but it soon changed in his hands into the likeness of Defoe's old *Review*. It became a personal manifesto of Cobbett himself, and, as such, held a most important place in the journalism of the time. But Cobbett was, and in some ways remains, unique, and, as the newspaper has developed, the "we" has superseded the "I," and the organism become too complex to represent any single person. The history, indeed, would help to explain why anonymity has been characteristic of English newspapers, but I have said enough to leave that problem untouched for the present.—*National Review*.

TIBULLUS AT HIS FARM.

BY COUNTESS MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

THE country is the workshop of the many, the playground of the few. To some it has been and it will ever be less a playground than a hospital; the refuge from all the forms of disillusion; deceived love, disappointed ambition, political discouragement, simple *ennui*. Men fly the tedium of crowds for solitude at once narcotic and intoxicant. Only the hermit in his mountain cell quite knows the meaning of the word excitement. Such things were always true, but they were not always rendered an account of. The poet of antiquity who most consciously "returned to Nature" to comfort his sad heart with her healing sights was the *Romano di Roma*, the Rome-born Tibullus.

Another poet had taken far from towns the burden of an infinite sorrow, but not for comfort; not even *venusta Sirmio* could assuage its master's all too real and too irremediable wound. The heart-ache of Tibullus was also real to him, but it was self-centred and to a certain degree self-sought, unless we are to accept the results of temperament as inevitable. He was haunted by a gentle but persistent melancholy, which pervades his poetry like a *leit-motif*. Death had less a particular than a universal meaning for him; he does not seem to have felt the sharp edge of any severe loss: his father probably died before he was grown up, and his mother and sister lived to close his eyes. But, as if in prevision of his own early end, he was forever aware of the presence of death, and he made no stoical boast of indifference to it—he was very human. In his happiest time of love his cry is "Let me behold thee when my last hour is come, let me hold thee with my dying hand;" he bids Delia to his funeral which, in his imagination, he distinctly sees. When that was written he was in excellent health, and was in possession of many of the best gifts of fate—great talents, a handsome person, hosts of friends, among whom was Horace, who thought him particularly fortunate. Though a good deal of property which he ought to have

inherited was confiscated, he was placed above the need of presents from patrons, so that he could preserve a perfect independence in his friendships with men of high position; an advantage of which those who had it not could, no doubt, keenly appreciate the value. Of external causes for his low spirits two have been discerned; the infidelities of the woman he loved and could not help loving, knowing well her unworthiness; and again, the soreness he felt as an aristocratic Roman patriot at the downfall of freedom, in which he drew no consolation from the larger vision of a great Italy that shone on Virgil's prophetic eyes. But if those things helped to give him a distaste for the world, the secret of his melancholy must be chiefly looked for in a mind without ambition, almost without aspirations; full of vague regrets, wide sympathies, æsthetic sensibilities; prone to self-analysis, impressed with a sense of surrounding mystery, but not with the desire to penetrate it. Tibullus was the child of a tired age, of a century sick with many of the intellectual maladies of our own.

The principal part of the property remaining to him lay at a place called Pedum, on the spurs of the Apennines (not far from Palestrina), where the poet had spent much of his childhood. The situation is still delightful, and then presented a pleasant mixture of cultivated land and woods. At this Pedum farm he gained the intimate knowledge of peasant-folk which enabled him to draw a series of country scenes that combine the pious beauty of Millet with something of the crude humor of Teniers. Take one of these: the forecast of a prosperous year. Laurel boughs crackle in the sacred fire, and farmers rejoice and thus interpret the omen: granaries will be full, and the vats not large enough to contain the wine when the rustic has trodden out the grapes and sated himself with the sweet inebriating must. New children will be born, and the little

boy, the treasure of the house, will catch his father's ears and kiss him; nor will the old grandfather tire of watching his little grandson and prattling with the child in broken words. It is strange that before the coming of the master-teacher of *L'Art d'être Grandpère*, the two poets who best understood the charms of babyhood were two young bachelors: Catullus and Tibullus.

The rustics of Tibullus are not impossible innocents, but it was with a tolerant eye that he observed their excesses. He is more amused than shocked when they take more than is good for them. Once, indeed, he gives a little word of reproof. The incident is in this wise: a peasant owner goes with his wife and children to a picnic in the Holy Grove. They have a "real good time;" prayers to the gods are succeeded by a feast *al fresco*, and nothing occurs to mar their enjoyment. But when the dusk comes and they drive back in the cart, thoroughly tired as workers so easily are with pleasure, the peasant, being not very sober, begins to disagree with his wife; after they get home the quarrel thickens; spiteful words are bandied to and fro, the wife has her ears boxed, and, alas! her locks cut off. Then she cries, and in the end he cries, too, to see the work of his mad hands:

"We fell out, my wife and I,
And kissed again with tears."

A satisfactory ending; but, says Tibullus, how much better it would have been to have only pulled her hair down and not to have cut it off!

The most touching rites of rural piety were those connected with the humble family worship of the paternal Lares—the souls of the righteous departed who were appointed or permitted to watch over the living. How the Italian people clung to a belief in a present and familiar guardian—one who had lived on earth and who could sympathize with their small necessities—may be still seen in the niche with an image over the cottage door, or the shrine with a picture in the corner of the cornfield. If the peasant is extremely prosperous, a white cloth edged with lace, which hangs down in front, is placed before the picture or image,

and on the cloth stand two high-backed vases containing artificial flowers. If the worshipper is very poor, the flowers are real, and a disused meat-tin, picked up out of the road, serves for a vase. The florid visage of the Australian ox on the label looks down, not altogether incongruously, from many such a rustic altar.

The attitude of the peasant's mind to his Lares is transparently clear; but what was that of the mind of a highly cultivated man like Tibullus, who belonged to a society which was rapidly ceasing to believe at all, even in the august Immortals? It might be difficult to find an analogy in Italy, but it can be easily found in Russia. The educated Russian who has travelled feels the same for the family Icon as the Roman poet felt for the family Lares. He feels, in the first place, that this is an institution connected with the sacred ties of kinship and even with national life and sentiment; that such an institution is very touching and interesting, and is much more worthy of encouragement than of contempt; that, for the rest, if there be a Power that hears, all aspirations and the peasant's humblest sacrifice will find their way to It. "*Sa prière sait plus longue que lui.*" That lastly, there is such a thing as Luck, and the Icon brings luck, never mind how. This point of view is sincere within its limits—quite as sincere as some graver assumptions of belief. It is, moreover, a matter of common observation that *Aberglaube* flourishes at the time when serious religious convictions are increasingly shaken.

It was to the paternal Lares, at whose feet he ran about as a child, that Tibullus' thoughts travelled when he was starting to accompany his friend and captain Messala in the expedition between the Garonne and the "rapid Rhone." It was to them that he addressed the simple prayer to be preserved in the hour of battle. "Be it no shame," he said, "that you are fashioned out of an old trunk, for even so you inhabited the abode of my old grandfather. The men of those days kept better faith when a wooden idol stood in a small shrine and received poor offerings. The deity was pro-

pitiated if one gave it a libation from the new vintage or set a crown of corn-ears on its sacred head. Whoever had had his wishes fulfilled, carried offerings to the god with his own hand, followed by a little girl bearing fine honey-comb."* If he escape, he too will honour the Lares: a pig shall be offered up to them which he will follow clad in white and crowned with myrtle. And then he inveighs against the horrors and stupidity of war, with the open disgust of a man who could prove himself not only brave, but exceptionally valorous, on occasion. Let others make a boast of martial deeds: it is enough for him to listen, as he drinks, to the stories told by the garrulous old soldier, who traces his camp on the table with his finger dipped in red wine. What folly it is to seek death in war: is it not always near, approaching with noiseless feet? In the next lines we seem to hear not only the note of Tibullus' sadness but the sigh of all antiquity at the gate of death: "There are no fields of harvest below, no cultivated vineyards, but fierce Cerberus and the Stygian ferry-boat. A pale crowd, with fleshless chaps and burned hair, wander by the gloomy marsh."

How much to be preferred to military glory is the lot of the man who grows old in his cottage, with his children round him! He follows his sheep, his son looks after the lambs, and when he comes home tired, his wife prepares warm water to refresh him. "May such a lot be mine!" Tibullus had his prayers fulfilled so far that he escaped scatheless, and with no little glory, from the Aquitanian campaign, in which he served Messala as aide-de-camp, but the year after, when on his way to Asia with the same commander, he fell ill with a fever at Corfu, that undermined his once strong constitution. One of his most beautiful elegies was written when the fever was at its worst and he had almost abandoned hope. What had he done to merit death? He had hurt no one, nor had he spoken "mad blasphemies against the gods." His hair was black, and creeping age had not come upon him. Unlike many ancient poets,

Tibullus did not hate old age; he had a tender wish to grow old and to relate the events of his youth to the young. He begs his friends to offer up sacrifices for his recovery, and whether he lives or dies, at least to remember him.

Tibullus minutely describes the Ambarvalia or Spring Festival, when the fields were purified, a ceremony resembling the blessing of the field and of the beasts, which is still in force under the religion whose Founder was born twenty-six years after this elegy was written. The rite, says Tibullus, had been handed down to them from the old time, and it was good and seemly to perform it. After the work of the year comes this solemn day of rest; it is a Sabbath for all, the furrows rest, the ploughman rests, the unharnessed oxen rest, with garlanded heads, before their full manger; the woman puts not her hand to the spindle. The holy lamb is led to the altar, followed by the folk wearing crowns of olive. The greater deities are then invoked: Bacchus with his grapes, Ceres with her corn-ears: "Gods of our native land, we purify our fields, we purify our hinds; repel, ye gods, all evils from our boundaries. Let not our crops cheat the labors of the harvest with deceitful blades, nor the slow footed lamb fear the swift wolves. Then the sleek rustic, cheered by the plenteousness of his fields, will heap large logs on the blazing hearth; and a crowd of born thralls, a good sign of a thriving farmer, will sport, and erect bowers of twigs before the altar."

Another interpretation of the words given here as "bowers of twigs" is that they mean "baby-houses" made in play by the slave children of the house. Dark as is the blot of slavery upon ancient civilisation, one is always being reminded that the slaves (especially those who, like these children, were born on the estate) were well cared for, and, as a rule, kindly treated.

Tibullus praises the rural gods for having instructed men in all the arts of peace: how first to cover the little log-hut with thatch, how to break oxen for the plough, how to put wheels to the cart. And he praises the husbandman for having been the first civiliser; the first to graft the apple, to irrigate

* Kelly.

the garden, to press out the juices of the golden grape, even to invent the elements of music and poetry. It is well to notice how usually the ploughman, not the shepherd, is the central figure in the Latin poetry of the country; it was more bucolic than pastoral. Thus Tibullus points to the laborer as he who first sang rustic words in determinate measure to relieve him from the weariness of his long toil at the plough. It was the laborer, too, who began to compose airs to the oaten pipe in rest-time after meals, which, on the proper days, he sang to the garlanded images of the gods. The Roman peasant is not here represented as piping to his divinities; but pipers were very early employed in the temples, perhaps soon after the introduction of the pipe from Asia. They seem to have been also engaged to attend funerals; Augustus cut down the number that might be so employed to ten, and forbade the pipers to eat in the temples. This led to a sort of strike; the pipers left Rome in a body, but were brought back by a stratagem, which is related by Livy and Ovid. When they reappeared they were masked, to which Ovid ascribes the origin of people "wearing strange dresses and chanting merry sayings to old-fashioned airs on the Ides of June"—practices suggestive of the Carnival. With regard to piping in the temples, it would be interesting to know whether the custom of the Abruzzi peasants of playing on fife and bagpipe before the shrines of the Madonna (as they used to do during the Christmas week at Rome) does not date back to some pre-Christian practice. These rude musicians have handed their art down from father to son from time immemorial, till it has become an instinct with them to throw a devotional meaning into their wild notes, which even the human voice rarely succeeds in expressing.

Tibullus recalls how, of old, the villagers assembled once a year to sing the praise of Bacchus, when the leader of the best chorus or the best individual singer received a goat as a "not-to-be-despised reward." He does not add,

because his readers did not need to be told, that this early Attic folk-tournament, which was held to celebrate the opening of the new wine, was the humble origin of Athenian tragedy, the word "tragedy" being derived from the present of a goat.

In spite of his criticism of war, the poet had more than once a thought of returning to the camp, the only active life open to one who preserved a haughty detachment from the politics of the day, giving no word either of eulogy or blame to that head of the State whom his brother poets were saluting as divine. Sometimes, without doubt, a secret voice whispered to him that he was meant for a nobler part than that of pouring out upon worthless objects the treasures of a love which could not help forgiving. But the personal ambition or impersonal enthusiasm that might have spurred him to sustained action was lacking; he knew his weakness perfectly; he turned himself inside out and examined the contents with a half contemptuous smile. In theory he always held to the same rule of life—to enjoy while you may, while there is time:

"Be merry! See, the steeds of night advance,
And yellow stars enweave their wanton dance;
After them, silent sleep with sombre wings
And dreams of dark, mysterious countenance."

But like the great Persian poet, of whom he often reminds us, he knew only too well that a light heart is not to be had for the asking. Those dark dreams of his, which were probably a real experience, as he more than once alludes to them, cast their shadow over his most sunlit waking hours.

So we leave this Roman knight, taking a last look at his handsome form as, in a simple dress, forestalling Tolstoi's Levine by two thousand years, he followed the ploughing oxen, or turned up the soil with a fork, or carried home a strayed lamb in his bosom.—*Contemporary Review*.

A NATURAL ANTIDOTE TO PESSIMISM.

BY DAVID PRYDE.

WE are all occasionally pessimists. When our body is depressed with disease, or our heart is wrung with grief, or our mind is distracted with care, we feel that everything is "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." The remedies generally prescribed for this hypochondria are diversion, change of scene, the exercise of a devout faith in Providence, and, above all, the promotion of the general health—health of body, of mind, and of spirit. But there is one cure which Nature has given to every man, and which attends him during the different stages of his life, but which has not been sufficiently recognized.

What is this cure? It is a light which the human spirit carries within itself to illumine its path and disperse the vapors of melancholy. I would call it the *mystic glamour* which our own individuality casts upon certain objects around us.

This glamour has been noticed by several authors. Gray refers to it as "the orient hues unborrowed of the sun." Carlyle talks of the sheen that "colors with its own hues our little islet of time." Emerson states that "a light shines through us upon all things." Wordsworth, in particular, distinctly alludes to it. At different places he calls it "the celestial light," "the gleam that never was on sea or land," "the vision and the faculty divine."

This mystic glamour of the soul is not the result of good health alone, for it is often found in a delicate constitution. It does not arise from the fresh feelings of youth, for, as we shall see, it often abides with its possessor during a long life down to extreme old age. Neither is it the special dower of finely-strung, poetic souls, for it bursts forth at intervals even in the most prosaic person. Let his heart be but touched with sentimental affection, and forthwith there springs up within him that mystic glow which throws on certain objects around him

The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

What, then, is this strange light?

It is easily explained. One of our earliest emotions (as distinguished from our sensations) is the love of the Beautiful. "Beauty," says Emerson, "is the pilot of the young soul." The child very soon shows this by his fondness for flowers and other bright objects. And this love of the Beautiful implies the love of the Good. "The Beautiful," says Goethe, "includes the Good;" and Plato holds that "in wanting the Beautiful we want also the Good." The fact is, that the Beautiful and the Good are naturally associated in our mind. When we see a beautiful person, we at once take it for granted that he is good; and when we have known a good person, we come to regard him as beautiful also. Love, then, purest love, is one of the earliest of our emotions. And what is the most characteristic act of love? Undoubtedly it is to invest its object with a new charm, a halo of light. "Love is a spirit all compact of fire;" and it is the gleam of this fire that glorifies the beloved object. "The lover," as Shakespeare says, "sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." Thus it is evident that the mystic glamour to which Wordsworth and others allude is nothing else than the light of love—the same light that shines in the face of the mother as she bends over her child, in the eye of the poet as he glances over the beauties of creation, and on the brow of the saint as he looks up in adoration to heaven.

This glamour of the soul, which is kindled so early, remains with a man during the different stages of his life, and, though often clouded by illness and sordid cares, bursts forth brightly at intervals. And its most striking peculiarity is, that at the different ages it shifts its scene of illumination. In childhood it concentrates its light upon the Present; in youth and middle life it projects its glory upon the Future; and in old age it turns back its radiance upon the Past. We may, in fact, compare it to a Magic Lamp, which the Pilgrim Man, brings with him into

the night of Time, to guide and cheer him on his way. At first he employs its light to make him acquainted with the objects immediately around him. When he has become familiar with these he throws its glow upon the road that lies before him. And when his career is nearly run, and the vista before him is closed by that dark veil which separates him from the next world, he casts back its rays to play upon the pleasant scenes through which he has come.

Let us now notice particularly how this glamour affects our Present, our Future, and our Past.

1. Our observation, as well as our recollection of our early days, will convince us that a child's present world is very different from that of the adult. This is especially the case when he is fortunate enough to be brought up in the country, among the fields and woods. The glamour cast by his love of the beautiful, lies upon the world and transforms it into a Wonderland. There is a glory in the grass and in the flower which fascinates his eyes. There is a loveliness in birds and young animals which goes to his heart; and he is never tired of watching the egg-shaped chicks staggering about on their wire-like legs, the golden ducklings taking to the water as soon as they are born, the innocent doves in their slate-colored or snowy-white plumage, the tiny, bright-eyed rabbits nibbling the red clover, and the merry kitten gracefully gambolling in the sunshine. As for his parents and other relatives, they appear to him superior beings, who can do almost anything. And of the same complexion must be the characters in any stories which are told to him. They must be giants and fairies, undergoing extraordinary adventures, and doing miraculous deeds. So thoroughly is his being filled with the objects around him, that he has no temptation to look behind or before. There is no Past, no Future: all is Present. Everything, too, is alive; and in his mind there is no idea of death.

The beneficent purpose which this glamour serves in the education of the youthful soul is very evident. A knowledge of the living objects in his daily life is what he chiefly requires; and this is the very thing which the glamour

is especially adapted to give him. It draws his eyes toward these objects, fastens his attention upon them, excites his wonder about them, and will not let him rest until he is familiar with them.

2. But as the youth grows, new desires gradually spring up within him, which present objects cannot supply. The world around him, which once satisfied him, can satisfy him no longer. He "cannot live by bread alone." Then it is that man shows that he is an immortal soul, an emanation from the great Creative Spirit. He throws off the bands of Time and Space. As he is uneasy in the Present, he goes forth into the Future. As the real world is found to be imperfect, he resolves to make an ideal world for himself. Accordingly, from the storehouse of his memory he selects the images of the most desirable objects that have come within his experience; and these he groups together so as to create an improved state of existence. The individual forms are sometimes vague and wavering, like the shapes in cloudland; but the whole is made resplendent by the mystic glamour with which the soul enshrouds it. And not only does this glory fire the horizon of the Future, but it sheds its reflection upon the objects of the Present. Man is now like a traveller going eastward on a bright summer morning. Not only does the dappled dawn steep in splendor the distant prospect before him, but, sending forth its benign influence, it calls up the balm, beauty, and melody of the landscape around him, and transforms the world into a palace of delight. The Present, in fact, is lightened and cheered by the brightness of the Future.

The importance of this glamour resting upon the Future is too manifest to need much comment. What is it the means of bringing to the man engaged in the battle of Life? Foresight, courage, industry, the very virtues that he most requires. His attention is drawn toward a possible Future. He sees there some of the most desirable objects that fall to the lot of humanity; and his whole soul is stirred within him. The world, he feels, is full of promise. Other people, he reasons, have enjoyed

these blessings, and why may he not do the same? In this way Hope springs up within him, which is one of the three great Christian Graces, and the elixir of Life itself.

3. But even in the case of the most long-lived man the time comes at last when his earthly course is nearly run. His professional successes or failures are over. His children have grown up, and have turned out to be either blessings or the reverse. He has tried all the throws awarded to him in the lottery of Life. There is left very little of the Future in which his unresting soul can expatiate. Where can he find scope for his ideas and sentiments? He has no alternative but to turn back and live over again his early days.

And here a great surprise awaits him! His old world is found to be new again. Experiences of his early life which were thought to be dead and buried have only been slumbering. As he threads the shady labyrinth of memory, they rise on every side. Many an incident which has been absolutely forgotten and never recalled since childhood, now starts up as distinct and fresh as on the day when it happened. And whole episodes of his bygone career, he feels, are lying dormant in the depths of consciousness, and only waiting, like the inmates of the Sleeping Palace, for some sympathetic touch to waken them up into new life and activity. All that is required is the occurrence of some association. The sight of a face, the scent of a flower, the sound of a tune may strike the electric flash which lightens up the dark landscape of the Past.

But our bare reminiscences are not enough by themselves to prove a blessing. They contain, even in the case of the best men, black records of calamities, failures, errors, and sins. By themselves they would prove anything but a comfort to us in our old age. Now, here it is that the mystic glamour comes in to cheer us once more. That magic lamp which glorified the objects of our childhood and fired the hopes of our early manhood, now beautifies the memories of our old age. Like the moonlight, it lies upon the scenes of the Past, not only intensifying the beautiful and the picturesque, but soft-

ening or concealing the mean and the ugly. Incidents which were utterly commonplace when they actually occurred, now appear interesting and charming when they are resuscitated. They were "buried mortal bodies;" they are "raised glorified bodies." They have become sublimated, refined, sacred. For example, in that golden haze, the great men of our early days appear like demigods. "Ah!" we say, "there are no men like them now."

And what is most extraordinary is the fact that things which were painful experiences have become pleasant memories. They have been hallowed by the glamour of the soul, and have become a part of a glorified world. We once heard a man comment pleasantly upon the brutal schoolmaster of his youth. "He was," he said, "a monster of cruelty, thrashing us for anything or nothing. I suppose he thought he was doing his duty and fitting us for the battle of life. Yet in spite of all his injustice, I now look upon him with a sort of pleasure. He is associated with my happiest days. I even wish that I could meet him. I would invite him to dinner and have a good laugh with him over old times."

What a happiness this glamour casts upon our declining years is very apparent. It provides for us a pleasant retreat, a peaceful hermitage, to which we may retire after the storm and stress of a long life. Our Future may be dark, our Present uncertain, but our Past is settled and fixed forever. Even Jove, as Horace says, cannot alter it.

Its joys are lodged beyond the reach of Fate.

And in that enchanted ground the objects stand out "apparelled in celestial light." They are so fascinating that we are never tired of living them over again. They are far more delightful now in the retrospect than they were in actual experience. In actual experience we enjoyed them but once: in the retrospect we can enjoy them a thousand times:—

✓ A thing of beauty is a joy forever. ✓

The very epithets we use for those dear old times become music and poetry on

our lips: "Auld Lang Syne," "Long, long ago," "The days that are no more."

And as the man grows older, the glamour of bygone days grows brighter and more alluring, until it draws his spirit into it entirely. The Present has grown wavering and wearisome, and the Future has become a meaningless blank. The Past is the only region in which his soul can find life and interest. He returns in spirit to his natal spot to recruit himself with his native air. He is back again in the happy home of his childhood. He loiters in the sunny garden where he used to watch the bees, and pluck the ripe gooseberries; he strolls along the woodland path by which he went to school; and he rejoices in the presence of his parents and his early companions. As he dozes in his easy-chair by the fireside or reclines on his couch, he may be heard muttering the hymns which he learned at his mother's knee, and addressing his playmates in the familiar vernacular of his boyhood. All the fret and the fume and even the phraseology of his unresting manhood have been forgotten. He has become a little child again.

In the case of many of us, it must be confessed, this glamour of the soul has a tendency to wane and even to expire. Ill-health or sordid care ties us down to the perplexities of the Present, and breaks the elasticity of both mind and body. Our enthusiasm is quenched, and if we look back into the Past or forward into the Future, it is only to see the ghost of vanished joy in the one and the spectre of fear in the other. But there are a favored few who keep the light of their spirit brightly burning. These are the men of imaginative genius—artists in the widest sense of the word—painters, sculptors, dramatists, novelists, poets. For what, after all, is the chief characteristic of the man of genius, the greatest agency which moves all his wonderful faculties? Is it not that unquenchable love of the Beautiful and Good which burns within him and casts a glow upon everything that he regards? He possesses the glamour of the Present and the Future, without losing that of the Past. He grows old without ceasing

to be young. He has "the large discourse of reason, looking before and after." The glow of his enthusiasm rests upon the whole field of experience, and he seeks the Good and the Beautiful everywhere. He takes the world to his heart, covers it with love, and makes it charming. And so, it becomes his special duty to revive with his own enthusiasm the spirits of his downcast brethren; in other words, to rekindle the native glamour of the soul. This he does in two ways.

The first way is by creating an ideal world. The writer or artist of genius cannot be satisfied with anything less than perfect beauty and perfect goodness. Ordinary men would say that perfection is not to be found in this world; but *he* knows better. It is not to be found in the individual, but it is to be found in the class or race. It is not to be found embodied in one object, but it is to be found in traits scattered among different objects. His great work, therefore, is to select the choice features in Nature, to combine them into a harmonious whole, and above all to shed upon them his own glow, which will dwell upon them like a golden atmosphere and make them fascinating to all.

In this way it happens that by the united efforts of men of genius there is gradually constructed within our mind an imaginary state of existence. We have two worlds in which to live. In addition to the real world lying before our senses, there is an ideal world lying before our imagination. And a wonderful provision of Providence this ideal world is—essential to our happiness, and in some cases to our very existence. It is a sheltered harbor in which we can find refuge from the storms of life, an enclosed garden where we can luxuriate amid everything that is bright and pleasant, an enchanted island of Avilion,

Where we can heal us of our grievous wounds.

For example, what an unspeakable blessing to Milton in his blindness must have been that ideal world which he carried in his capacious soul! Shut out by "cloud and ever-during dark" from visible things, he could fall back upon those that were visionary. His

mind was to him not only a kingdom, but a universe framed by the seers of old, "the serene creators of immortal things." Most picturesque was the scenery. There were mountains over which associations hung like clouds: the "secret top" of Horeb, the gray peak of Sinai, the sacred hill of Zion, the snowy summit of cold Olympus, and the "shattered side of thundering Etna." There were ancient rivers whose very names, like their own currents, made sweet music: the Rhine and Danaw, the Ganges and Hydaspes, the "Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams," and Jordan, "where winds with weeds and osiers whispering play." Interspersed were landscapes on which beauty loved to rest: "the flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines," "the fair field of Enna," "the olive grove of Academe,"

Plato's retirement where the attic bird
Trills his thick warbled note, the summer
long.

Seated on hill or river bank were majestic cities: "Great Seleucia built by Grecian Kings;" "Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of Arts and Eloquence;" "the great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth;" "the fair Jerusalem, the holy city, lifting high her towers." More interesting still were those who peopled this domain. There were "giants of mighty bone and high emprise," lionlike warriors of Judah, Greek heroes lithe and radiant with health and comeliness, and even angels "refulgent with heaven's own colors." It was in this glamour-lit region where the blind bard used to walk in glory and in joy:—

Yet not the more

Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Zion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling
flow.
Nightly I visit.

Special reference must be made to the ideal world that has been prepared for us by the genius of modern novelists. In this age of strife and struggle we are often haunted by some tormenting care. To dwell upon it would be to stretch our mind upon a rack, which

would not only torture us, but drain our strength and unfit us for the battle of life. Our best policy is to fly for a time, and to seek for rest and recovery in some new scene of contemplation. Now this is just the retreat, the health resort for the soul, which novelists have prepared for us. The ideal world which they have framed is a region of many provinces, illumined and made entrancing by the glamour of romance. It is like a genial clime of the sunny South where the scenes are beautiful, and the characters striking and picturesque, and the incidents new and engrossing; and where our weary soul can by turns be "delighted, raised, refined." What a comfort, nay, what a soothing, health-giving medicine to a bedridden patient is a high-class novel! Referring to the works of fiction which he had read during an attack of ague, Thackeray says: "These books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember these ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed and a good novel for a companion! No cares; no remorse about idleness; no visitors; and the 'Woman in White' or the 'Chevalier d'Artagnan' to tell me stories from dawn till night."

This ideal world, like other good things, is often abused. It is often made the resort of indolence and moral and mental dissipation. But when it is properly used, it is not only a blessing but an absolute essential of modern life.

There is, however, another and still more important way by which men of genius revive and intensify the public enthusiasm for the beautiful and the good. This is by impressing their own character upon those who study them. The student of imaginative artists and authors cannot fail to be influenced by them. Insensibly he catches their manner of observation and expression. He is infected by them. He is, in fact, set on fire by their fine frenzy. In this state of ecstasy he goes out of himself, places himself in the position of his fellow-beings, looks at things from their point of view, thinks their thoughts, feels their emotions, and thus enlarges his own being by assimilation.

lating whatever is valuable in the sentiments of others. In other words, his early love of the beautiful and the good has been developed into Universal Sympathy; and the glamour which glorified the surroundings of his infancy has now broadened into that glow of philanthropic sentiment which settles upon the whole of creation. He has now come to regard this wonderful world as a home, mankind as his brothers and sisters, and God as the loving Father of all. The real world has in his eyes become the ideal world.

It will now be clearly seen that there could be no better cure for Pessimism than this Universal Sympathy. The Pessimist is like a man shut up in a close room, brooding over his own troubles and re-inhaling the vitiated atmosphere which he himself has made. But let him once be inspired with the spirit of sympathy, and he is like a man who goes out under the free open canopy of heaven, where the pure breezes dispel all noxious vapors and touch every nerve and sinew with fresh energy, and where the many objects of interest in this ever-changing world bring all his powers of head and heart into healthy play. Able now to look at things from the point of view of others, he sees many beauties which he never saw before—beauties of Nature, of human character, of providential design. In the face of all these multi-form blessings around him he grows ashamed of his own petty miseries, of his little bunch of thorns, in sitting on which he has been taking a morbid pleasure. This world, after all, he begins to reason with himself, is not a bad place, but is abundantly supplied with everything that can conduce to the happiness and elevation of men. It is, without doubt, imperfect; but then it is not yet completed: it is still undergoing Evolution—Creation. There is such a thing as Evil; but is it not in the process of being turned into Good? There are trials and troubles innumerable; but are not all these necessary for the development of the highest part of man, his spiritual nature? There is the great evil, Death; but is Death *really* an evil? Is it not rather a blessing? Is it not the ultimate Panacea, which cures our ills after

all other remedies have failed—our great Liberator in the last resort, who can alone solve our business perplexities, carry us beyond the reach of inveterate foes, and lift off forever that time-worn and diseased body which, like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, has been torturing our immortal soul? Then, finally, there is the great mystery enshrouding the Creator, whose existence we would fain prove by the ordinary methods of reasoning. But, after all, are we not as certain of the existence of our Heavenly Father as we are of the existence of our earthly father? We do not see the real personality of our earthly father—his immortal spirit. We only see the material organization—the perishable body through which he works. Yet we have no doubt regarding his existence and his ever-active love for us. In the same way, we cannot see the personality of our Heavenly Father. We can only see the illimitable universe in which He is always living and moving. Yet if our soul has been expanded and refined by universal sympathy we shall feel His presence everywhere. The proofs of His existence will come to us through all the faculties of body and spirit. We shall see His ever-active goodness in the solemn silence of night, in the glories of day, in the flush, fragrance, and melodies of the summer landscape, in the inexhaustible treasures of the earth, in the whispers of conscience, in the live-giving words of inspired writers, in the noble deeds of heroes and martyrs, and, above all, in the perfect life and sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

Such is the important part played by this mystic glamour which Nature kindles, and which Art and Poetry make it their business to sustain. Of course, the objection may be made that this glamour after all is an illusion, and, therefore, should be discouraged and not fostered. But to this there is a sufficient answer. It may be called an illusion, but it is also a reality. It is an important factor in human nature, without which there could be no rapture in childhood, no enthusiasm and hope in youth, and no pleasant reminiscences in old age. And in conclusion, let it be asked: Which of the

two is really the truer : the fact with the mystic glamour upon it or the fact without the mystic glamour upon it—the fact as seen by a highly-organized intellect or the fact as apprehended by

a dull mind—Wordsworth's idea of a primrose or that of Peter Bell—Newton's theory of the Universe or that of his dog Diamond?—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

ENDURING CHARACTERISTICS OF MACAULAY.

BY THOMAS BRADFIELD.

As it is now more than five-and-thirty years since Lord Macaulay was laid to rest in "that venerable Abbey hallowed by the dust of many generations of princes, heroes, and poets," to use his own language, it may not be premature to consider how far the judgment already passed upon admired characteristics of his writings is in a fair way of being endorsed by posterity. On first acquaintance readers are perhaps too apt to think of the eminent historian and essayist as an unrivalled instance of the rare combination of impassioned eloquence, erudition, and sustained powers of literary art in connection with a successful parliamentary career and a splendid social reputation. But when we read and re read *Essays and History, Lays and Speeches* in riper years, we have a more exact and inward manner of estimating the value of the pre-eminent abilities that delight and enthral us. Macaulay is still the brilliant and effective artist who keeps us spellbound with his unflagging eloquence, the marvels of his information and his vivid presentment of historic scenes and personages ; but our more critical judgment calls upon us to give precise account of the source and nature of the impression produced, of the value of the influence excited upon our minds, and to consider how far these are of the highest concern for our mental and spiritual advancement. We are not content to be fascinated with the freshness, vigor, and vivacity of the descriptive touches with which his pages abound, but we also ask ourselves whether these inimitable pictures are true in spirit as in detail, how far the historian's insight throughout his magnificent survey enables him to connect the events and individuals portrayed with the central spiritual in-

fluence of existence, and in what manner we are the wiser for the "science of philosophy" by which the intricacies of the panorama of human affairs spread before us are explained.

Before considering Macaulay's characteristic literary power, we may glance for a moment at one or two salient features of his mind, and observe, in the first place, how the remarkable completeness that this evinces is again noticeable in the peculiar harmony which exists between his life and writings. In both we discern the same clearness, vigor, and consistency, the same intrepid candor, vivid sympathy, and enthusiastic predilections. This harmony is perhaps all the more striking when we recall the unsettled character of the age in which his early years were cast, and the various influences at work in literature as well as in the more troubled sphere of active affairs. A study of Macaulay's life and of his mind as regards his opinions on contemporary subjects, as expressed in his letters and speeches, will help us to understand the first half of the century, as reflected through the medium of a clear, vigorous historical sense. It will enable us to realize many now extinct tendencies of that time and appreciate their value without the exaggeration or vagueness of their early originators. It will also supply us with a lofty and straightforward standard in estimating their distinctive merit with regard to the then existing state of society. Many years of Macaulay's life had passed before the "revolutionary dishes of the last century" were all served in this country, and it is a question whether we have quite finished up the "remnants" yet. Born*

* October 25, 1800.

amid the confusion and excitement which attended the first changes wrought by the French Revolution, when liberty, equality, and fraternity, in their old sense, were still the aspiration of advanced propagandists; when Europe was still convulsed by war, and men's minds, sobered by the excesses of the Republicans, turned once more to the old fixed system of government, Macaulay's opening years belong to the generation which came after that which had passed from the heights of glowing expectation to the depths of bitter disappointment; after the time when Coleridge and Southey had pictured the illusive delights of pantisocracy and Wordsworth had imagined that

"from the wreck

A golden palace rose, or seemed to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law
And mild paternal sway."

But although born after the time when these visions had been most powerful and alluring, the youthful genius could not be entirely unaffected by their influence; and in the first decade of the century there were still aspirations quickening men's pulses, which were expressed in some of the noblest writings of the time. But in spite of these, the tendency was toward a reaction. A young and impressionable mind, however, was most likely to be influenced by what appealed to the imagination and feelings. Before Macaulay left college, Byron and Shelley had poured out their finest inspiration; but neither the vague impassioned yearnings, expressed in characteristic visionary eloquence, of the one, nor the manlier though stormier liberal thoughts of the other, seem to have affected the tone of the young student's feeling. Yet Byron's verse expresses the "tumult of the revolutionary stir, its wild, vague emotion, the lawlessness of the reaction against dead authority, the glow of the old metallic forms of life and literature, molten to white heat, and surging with power," as much as the poetry of Shelley does "the constant exaltation of its pure ideal." Shelley's revolt against authority, moreover, is evinced in his life as well as his writings, and his aspirations after what is just and free, inde-

pendently of the forms that may clothe them, are a part of his very existence.

But abstract ideas, yearnings after imaginary ideals, stirred little sympathy in young Macaulay's mind. His attitude toward the French Revolution was already that of the historian. This position was no doubt as much due to the influence of the circle in which he passed his earliest years as the natural tendency of his mind to regard events and personages from an historical standpoint. As an instance of the extent of his early reading of poetry in which the prevalent ideas were conspicuously expressed, we may refer to a charming letter written to Hannah More when he was about fourteen. In this he mentions recently published works of Scott, Byron, Southey, and Wordsworth. Wordsworth he seems to have perused with mingled feelings. Elsewhere we learn that he was one of the few early readers of the poet who had "got through" *The Excursion*. Although outside Wordsworth's influence in its profoundest and most intimate phase, one tendency of the poet's verse must have been welcomed with the most vivid sympathy by the gifted young scholar. This was Wordsworth's fervid and unswerving love of liberty; the undying patriotism and intense desire for the free life of a nation which found its most exalted utterance in the series of noble sonnets on Liberty.

While at college, we are told, the tendency of Macaulay's opinions was at first Conservative; but the early predilections of genius are not to be reckoned of much account. The Conservative tendency in Macaulay's instance—never more, we venture to surmise, than a reactionary phase—was, however, definitely extinguished by the influence of his brilliant friend and fellow-student, Charles Austin. Perhaps it was only that Austin, who "dominated" so many of his associates, drew out the latent sentiments of the future Whig politician and gave decision to the wavering impressions of a mind that as yet had taken no definite form. But when once Macaulay's views became defined and settled he never swerved from them. Austin seems to have been the commanding

intellect of a select circle at Cambridge, which included Henry and Derwent Coleridge, the inspiring Greek professor, Malden, and John Moultrie, meditative poet and divine, who, in one of his most felicitous poems, has drawn with graceful skill the principal figures of that gifted conclave, and in which he makes special mention of the simple, genial character of one "who now ranks high among the great on earth."

Macaulay's powers of application were undoubtedly great, and his love of literature supplied the incentive which led him to devour volume after volume with such extraordinary persistency. Into a mind, watched over, as it were, by a most vigilant and retentive memory, he poured an incessant stream of impressions, which were retained in a manner to be of use whenever required. When the time came they were fused together and poured forth in a flood of fascinating language, invested as well with all the splendor of his imagination. His spirit had an instinctive sympathy with that realm of genius, sacred to

"the great of old,

The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Although the reverse of an antiquarian's his mind did to a most remarkable degree gloat over every detail of the past; but these were precious only so far as they enabled him to make that past more vivid and lifelike to the mental eye. One of his sisters has preserved a singularly interesting conversation in which Macaulay, replying to a question of hers, explained how his memory was so distinct and exact. He told her that in storing up the details of events of former times he made a picture of them in his own mind, where each part had its appropriate place. As he walked along he imagined the various times and personages, and fitted them into his conception. He mingled with groups of statesmen, courtiers, and writers in particular places, as if in life, and the slightest detail became of the greatest assistance to the full comprehension of any particular scene or individual. This remarkable facility of vivid representation was no doubt dependent upon his marvellous memory—a memory which

while it could retain nearly the whole of *Paradise Lost* was ready to preserve the most insignificant society anecdote; a memory which while it called forth the delighted astonishment of Hallam and Milman at its stores of erudition made Moore exclaim, "It's astonishing what a lot of rubbish Macaulay remembers."

His memory thus assisting, a clear and powerful imagination was in its turn aided by that remarkable faculty. His power of retaining so accurately all that he read was in a measure due to his being able to fix exact visual impressions upon his mind, associated even with the particular form or position of the words expressive of the ideas to be remembered. In the manner we usually recall a picture or an image, Macaulay could recall the form of the type or the exact place of the letters upon the page where any particular passage occurred, and this operation brought before his mind the sentence referred to as if actually before him. As an instance of this "second sight" one may refer to what he once said upon being asked the authority for a certain statement in his essay on "Frederick the Great." "It is in an article in the *British Encyclopædia*. You will find it there on the left-hand side of the page, about half-way down. I read it when at Cambridge and have never seen it since. I am certain you will find it there." This was the case, although it was twenty years since Macaulay had seen the passage in question.

Passing from these general references we must now briefly notice two distinct and significant positions in which Macaulay presents himself to the world—that of the vigorous, Liberal political man of affairs, and that of the consummate and brilliant literary artist. The instances we possess of his success in the former respect have been regarded as belonging as much to literature as to oratory; and the more appreciable difference arises from the circumstance, that although prepared with elaborate care and thoughtfulness, he was enabled by the aid of his fine memory to deliver his speeches without committing any part of them to paper. His reason for adopting this method—that it saved his utterance

from assuming that peculiar cast of expression which ideas fall into when written out—is conclusive. No one can fail to notice the distinct character of the speeches as compared with the essays. We seem to feel that theirs is a language which has been poured out with vehement and unpremeditated fluency, language which has all the naturalness of uttered expression; all the charm and ease of spontaneous inspiration; all the glow and fire and persuasive eagerness of oratory. His position in the parliamentary conflicts of his day belongs to history; but his consistency as a politician, it may be noted, is in unison with the rest of his career. The zeal and ardor with which he threw himself into the struggle over the Reform measure of 1831 are consistent with his usual earnest thoroughness of purpose. If not the most conclusive, his speeches are the most stirring and eloquent delivered during the memorable discussions in the House of Commons. They express in glowing, even passionate language his deep sympathy with the great popular movement of that day. His private letters evince the same spirit; and in one, descriptive of the Division on the second reading when the Reform Bill of 1831 was passed by a majority of one, he describes with panting exultation the excitement and triumph of the occasion, and the deep relief experienced at the happy result. From the "Speeches" we may learn what an earnest, intelligent, thorough-going Liberal thought with regard to some of the principal questions of the day from 1830 to 1856. Impassioned, fervid, full of imaginative vitality, there is yet a strong chain of reasoning running through them, binding the parts into a convincing whole, stirring, enthraling, and taking the breath of the reader away—as much now as when, uttered in a whirlwind of oratorical vehemence, the shorthand writers panted after the speaker in vain—they yet leave behind the calm of a serener conviction than the mere display of invective, sarcasm and denunciatory eloquence can account for. It is the large grasp, the intellectual elevation of treatment that remain as their lasting and noblest merits.

While Macaulay was engaged among the foremost politicians of England, and later occupied for four years in India over a legislative code for that country, the true bent of his mind was toward the absorbing pursuit of letters. These years were the years of his supremacy in the *Edinburgh Review*, when the Essays, afterward republished in volume form, were appearing in brilliant succession. The general features of these incomparable productions are well known—fearless decision of opinion, extraordinary fulness of information, a clear and orderly arrangement of intricate details unfolded in a narrative marked by vigorous and apposite rapidity of movement so as to produce a flowing, artistic, and fascinating whole. Distinct and complete, each of itself, the essays were thrown off in the midst of engrossing public business at the times their various subjects suggested themselves. Yet they are something more than mere preliminary "sketches" over which the artist is trying his powers or practising his hand for final achievement. They are compressed and complete pictures of unique literary art, finished with the most ungrudging care and animated with a spirit full of enthusiasm. Studies wrought out in an imagination of rare distinctness as well as preciseness of detail, they are presented without any marks of the labor which has gone to produce the harmonious effect, glowing before us in their splendor, whole and shapely, as the work of an original creative brain. There is nothing similar to them in literature. To call them works of imaginative art might excite opposition; but in effect they are closely akin. Macaulay's method of work is not dissimilar to that of the artist of a great historical picture. The impressions taken away from numberless volumes are fused together and reproduced with the freshness, charm, and vitality of an original imaginative work. Books were to him what Nature and her glories are to the poet; the scholar has read the secrets of numberless folios, then, aided by his gifts of insight and construction, transferred their impressions to his glowing pages. The records of history have been to him the theatre of real

life from which he has drawn the facts for his dramatic portraits. He is a painter of historical cartoons; if not the Raphael, at least the Veronese of the literary power of presenting the historical scenes he loves to describe. These remarks are more strictly applicable to the essays, which are essentially biographical studies, such as those which treat of Sir William Temple, Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, Frederick the Great, Madame D'Arblay, and Addison; but they are, in a measure, true of all of them. Macaulay seems most at home with his subject when it is that of a literary man for the illustration of whose life an historical background is necessary. The constant excursions into the Elysian fields of literature, abounding with purer and lovelier delights than those of mere politics, render these essays more attractive reading than those which are entirely taken up with the mysteries of State affairs. It is, however, worthy of note how Macaulay's genius, in this description of writing, instinctively spreads its tendrils toward those parts of his subject where it is most at home; how his spirit, as if suddenly unfettered, seems to bound forward with new energy, when, Antæus-like, his feet have once touched their historical mother-earth. His most felicitous and eloquent passages, as his most animated and graphic descriptive interludes, belong to the strictly historical portions of his narrative—strictly historical as distinct from those which are purely critical or explanatory.

But the Essays illustrate in so distinct, finished, and splendid a manner the marvellous faculties that, with fuller and richer significance, produced also the History, that in considering Macaulay's leading intellectual characteristics it is imperative to dwell upon the more prominent features of these.

Macaulay's mind in its theoretic tendency had a severe common-sense element. He disliked, was indeed impatient of, abstract ideas, whether political, social, or philosophical. An idea, the truth of which might not be vindicated until a future generation, found no favor in his eyes. His intellect, from dwelling so long and intently upon the past and upon truths that

had been tested by practice, had assumed a retrospective cast, that was unsympathetic toward any prospective idea, simply an idea. His opinion respecting abstract truths is clearly and shrewdly expressed in a passage in his essay on "Machiavelli," wherein he lays it down that "every man who has seen the world knows that nothing is so useless as a general maxim;" and that "few indeed of the many wise apothegms which have been uttered from the time of the Seven Sages of Greece to that of poor Richard have prevented a single foolish action." If Macaulay's views of the value of abstract ideas had been confined to anti-theoretical disparagement, it might not have been of consequence; but this attitude of his mind was no doubt one cause of his deplorable want of appreciation of the old system of philosophy in that part of his essay on "Bacon" which attempted an estimate of the ancient and modern schools. Macaulay took his view of the ancient system from Bacon, and Bacon himself, it is now generally asserted by specialists, did not understand the philosophies he attacked. Macaulay, indeed, hardly apprehended the exact nature of Bacon's own contribution to science. Even in that special department—the art of investigating nature—where Macaulay estimates that Bacon accomplished his highest performance, the philosopher's services, if Dugald Stewart is to be relied upon, were not so invaluable. "It may be doubted," was the Edinburgh professor's conclusion, "whether any one important rule with regard to the true method of investigation be contained in his works of which no hint can be traced in his predecessors." Another valuable authority also affirms that Bacon's "revolt from the waste of human intelligence, which he conceived to be owing to the adoption of a false method of investigation, blinded him to the real value of deduction as an instrument of discovery; and he was encouraged in his contempt for it as much by his own ignorance of mathematics as by the non-existence in his day of the great deductive sciences of physics and astronomy." Macaulay had not this latter plea for any misjudgment; but it

is doubtful whether that tendency of his mind which was so in sympathy with practical issues would ever have allowed him to appreciate the true significance of abstract studies; just as his passion for historical reading and general literature impeded his attaining proficiency in mathematics at a university of which that science is the most cherished pursuit; and no doubt his other and more engrossing studies were responsible for his not taking the highest honors expected of him at Cambridge.

It was this characteristic tendency of Macaulay's mind to become passionately absorbed in whatever it was pursuing with zeal and delight, that affected the value and sobriety of many of his critical estimates. Some of these are by no means samples of prescience; and where, perhaps, his judgments are most sound and acceptable, we are not altogether wrong in thinking that some part of the credit is due to the *Zeitgeist*. For instance, by gathering up the threads of criticism and being thoroughly familiar with the appreciative discernment growing for years, he was able to place Bunyan on his proper pedestal as a great imaginative writer. At the same time this would hardly account for the fact that the same discernment in 1830 perceived and recorded the exceptional splendor of Shelley's genius. This opinion, expressed in the essay on Bunyan, as lying outside the usual course of Macaulay's judgments, deserves to be noted as one of the most singular and penetrating instances of his critical foresight. Another illustration is afforded us by his perceiving in the peculiarities of Horace Walpole's writings an originality which entitles the eighteenth-century virtuoso to a distinct place in literature. Works like Lessing's *Laocon*, and the examination of Hamlet in *Wilhelm Meister*, Macaulay says in a letter to Napier in 1858, "fill me with wonder and despair;" and this epistle is admirably explicit as to the writer's own insight into the classes of subjects he was peculiarly "able to treat as few people can." His appreciation of Jane Austen's works is a familiar instance of his happiest view of criticism, but even in this he is not at his best; and

the judgment is far from exhausting or final. We may admire, on account of their concise vigor and enthusiastic eloquence, the remarks upon the poetry of Milton and Byron—remarks, however, in no way so excellent or perceptive as those upon Shelley; but we are conscious that in these and similar criticisms his insight is limited. The definition of poetry which occurs in the essay on "Milton" must have appeared somewhat meagre and shallow to a generation familiar with the expositions of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. If not entirely deficient in insight into the charm and mystery of the highest poetic and imaginative conceptions of idealistic work, it was toward the outward, tangible, and more matter of fact expression of art that Macaulay was most attracted and understood best. Here that incisive talent which enabled him to read the past with such penetrating sagacity afforded him little assistance; and those conclusions which appear like sudden glimpses of inspiration were reserved for historical problems. We have no wish to dwell upon his success on the lower levels of criticism, or it would be easy to enumerate examples of his acuteness and proficiency in discerning verbal flaws and mishaps in a Croker, or his severity in following the flagrant ineptitudes of a Robert Montgomery. This is game hardly worthy the flight of so imposing a wing. In reading the papers in which this talent is conspicuous, we recall Carlyle's pathetic reference to the last writings of Scott; and although the position is not quite analogous, we feel a similar regret that talents worthy of nobler aim and exercise should thus "hitch" themselves to the task of "dragging ignoble wheels."

Macaulay's criticisms upon the poetry of Milton and Byron are chiefly of interest on account of their appreciation of the characteristic powers of word-painting possessed by those poets, and revealing indirectly two of the chief models of the critic's own graphic style. Macaulay knew well the weakness of diffuse description, and his own pictures are always marked by bold and rapid strokes, by the freedom of their general outlines and the suggestive significance of the details. The promi-

nent feature is, however, always unmistakable, thrown into vivid relief by a rare art of arrangement. Macaulay was sensible how fatal a mistake it is for a word-artist to accumulate minutiae or to lavish too many words in the presentment of a landscape. He knew that the true art of a word-painter consists in bringing, by a few distinguishing epithets, his scene or figure distinctly before the reader's mind; he knew further that whole pages of description often fail to produce the effect that a few felicitous words may at once suggest. This was the art in description which Milton and Byron possessed to perfection; and Macaulay's own pictures suggest the source of his magic. They possess also another characteristic which is a leading feature in the graphic pages of his noblest model. "Milton's images," says Macaulay, "depend less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest." Again, with respect to the epithets Milton so skilfully employs: "One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood—the schoolroom, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamored knights and the smiles of rescued princesses." No reader of Macaulay needs to be reminded of passages in his works to which this account will apply with singular minuteness and fidelity; and it may be added in passing that one of the most pleasing effects of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, apart from the breathless, spirited flow of the eloquent verse, consists in a similar irresistible charm of pictorial allusion and suggestiveness. That peculiar magic which Macaulay found in Milton's "words of enchantment" he has himself infused in no small measure into his own graphic touches. Witness the manner, for instance, in which he enumerates the various places from which the contingents of the gallant army on the morn-

ing of the Battle of Lake Regillus are drawn—"Setia's purple vineyards," "Norba's ancient wall," "the drear banks of Ufens," or the "green steepes whence Anio leaps in floods of snow-white foam"—all start at once into existence at the rapid and vivid strokes of his pencil. In the "Prophecy of Capys" this power of suggesting to the mind distinct scenes with a few graphic strokes is perhaps seen at its best. The prophecy of the "sightless seer" may be described as throughout being a succession of words of incantation, which act as a spell upon the reader's imagination.

Whether Montaigne's dictum, that no one should write history who has not served the State in some civil or military capacity, be sound or not, it can hardly be questioned that such experience must be of the greatest value to historical writers. In this respect, as in the cases also of Gibbon and Clarendon, Macaulay may be said to have derived invaluable practical insight and information from his career in the House of Commons, his position as a legislator in India, and his official appointments at the War Office. That men thus experienced in the world carry with them to the study a more enlarged and practical experience than commonly belongs to mere men of letters can hardly be questioned. But in the case of one coming as Macaulay from stirring and impassioned conflicts, is there not a danger that the equanimity of his judgment regarding events of the past may be affected by the recollection of his own enthusiasm and sympathy in a similar position? Can it always be said that the historian of political differences of the reign of James II. was sufficiently remote in feeling and identity to be an impartial chronicler of the questions raging at that time? Were Macaulay's experiences of the struggles of parties and the debates of senates confined to helping him to present the world with more glowing and vivid descriptions of past transactions? In walking over the deceitful ashes of the past, have his footsteps never been heated by hidden fires which may have communicated a glow to his brain? To express it even more directly, has not the memorable his-

torical undertaking of Macaulay been assailed with dangers similar to those of which Horace warned the Roman Pollio? These and similar questions have been repeatedly asked, and it can be scarcely denied that the history is in places open to the charge of ingenuous partiality—ingenuous, for there is no wilful perverting of facts, no malice of statement aforethought. A mind with the natural warmth, vigor, and vehemence of Macaulay's, throwing its whole strength into the subject he was considering, must of necessity exhibit some of its tendencies and prevent his narrative possessing the judicial serenity so justly admired in Hallam's surveys of modern history. The unswerving consistency with which Macaulay throughout his writings advocates the cause of freedom suggests a statesman and writer whose works also exhibit a similar open and decided espousal of the same political canons. Macaulay was a careful and appreciative student of Bolingbroke; and the manner in which Macaulay's great work illustrates Bolingbroke's famous dictum that "History is philosophy teaching by example" is one determining test of its value in the higher regions of historical art. It was once customary to allude to the splendid narrative of the reigns of James II. and William III. as a torso—as a fascinating but incomplete effort; and as far as the original design of the writer is concerned, this is no doubt true. But if regarded as a history of the Revolution of 1688, and the settlement of England consequent upon the change up to the time of the Peace of Ryswick, the work will be found to have a natural artistic unity. If, however, we consider this consummate result of the historian's mature and deliberate labors by the test of another standard, it will be found to be incomplete for a far more important reason than that it was not continued as originally purposed "to a time within the memory of men still living," or even, as afterward resolved, to the end of Queen Anne's reign. It will be found to be incomplete, not because the literary art which shapes it is not of a very rare order—not because the political wisdom which animates it is not of a definite, sagacious, penetrating descrip-

tion; not because the details of the narrative have not been clearly apprehended and fused together into a lucid and coherent whole, but because with all these imposing advantages it is deficient in that higher and rarer excellence which is able to bring out and make us understand and reverence the grand, unalterable principles behind the life of a nation; how at the heart of that life there is a continuous and imperishable inspiration; how the order of its course is a Divine order independent of governments or changes or even individuals; how the development of this order in the individual, in the nation, and finally in humanity is a Divine idea leading up gradually to the ideal of truth and progress. We are in no way enlightened as to that which is common to all periods, to all societies—the same yesterday, to-day and forever—in a word, as to the synthetic connection between the different eras of humanity. In Macaulay's pages nations rise and fall; statesmen come into office, cabinets are formed and changed; taxes are levied; wars declared, waged and concluded; one epoch is rendered illustrious by a Bacon or a Newton, by a Milton or a Dryden, by a Swift or a Johnson, by a Watt or an Arkwright; one period is convulsed by religious conflicts and persecutions, in another the Puritans spring up, in another Methodism is established; one generation is fertile of adventurous explorers, another of experimental physicists; but apparently there is no connection between these periods and events beyond that of historical sequence and arrangement; there is no thread of vital gold binding them together, no indestructible spiritual force at the heart of the origin of one and all alike. Again we come to what we have hinted before: that to Macaulay history was known only by its manifestations; the subjective principle, hidden beneath, was practically, as regards his presentment, unrecognized. Perhaps these considerations were viewed by him in a way similar to that with which he regarded those abstract truths about which he expressed himself so lightly as not being applicable "to the problem of real life." But if, as Joubert beautifully says, "the

universe obeys God as the body obeys the soul that fills it," in the workings of history we should at least recognize the presence of a Divine Spirit, working toward the integrity of a sublime purpose.

On the other hand, no one has estimated more shrewdly and clearly than Macaulay the nature of the external progress of England, or has more eloquently and vigorously described the results of her material greatness and physical advancement. The mind is at once set aglow at the recollection of her military successes, at her mercantile supremacy, at the splendor of that "maritime power which would annihilate in a quarter of an hour the navies of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice and Genoa together." "The History of England," he repeats, in substance, over and over again, "is the history of this great change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the inhabitants of our island." The great change referred to is how in the course of seven centuries the England of the Saxons and Normans became the England that we know and love. The passage in which this view occurs* deserves to be carefully pondered as it comprises in it a list of those glories which Macaulay thought deserving of special honor, and in it we have the key to the spirit with which he has treated that part of our annals which comes within the scope of his work. It is, in truth, a flattering picture of the expansive nature of our material resources; the increased and increasing splendor of our social and intellectual successes; the immeasurable superiority of our present conditions to that of our forefathers. As an annalist he is so far content to present these facts as they come before him. There is nothing prospective in his treatment; history engages him entirely from its objective side. The principles of existence which he exhibits in the work of the individuals he portrays are limited to their relations to the exigencies of time, and have no suspicion of the Hegelian conception of the uni-

verse as a single process of evolution in a sublime design.

Yet Macaulay had his conception of the continuity of history and of the providential ruling of human affairs; but it was the accepted, time-honored theory of the old school of teachers who, under God, referred the events of the past to such causes as that of restraint producing excess; and excess, rigor, which in its turn was succeeded by license, the action and reaction of which subsidiary influences necessitated the various changes in social and political affairs. Are we to accept this explanation as satisfactory of the problems of the past, or as helpful and inspiring in our attempt to deal with those of the future? Are we to allow ourselves to be carried by his fascinating narrative smoothly over the struggles and difficulties of the revolutions that have been, silenced by a rush of sonorous sentences and blinded by a ceaseless dazzle of antithesis and epigram, and yet not ask ourselves—is there not also a vital and enduring principle involved in these outbreaks and heart-burnings of humanity with which the future will also have one day to reckon? But with regard to these and similar problems Macaulay's pages afford us little guidance; and it is with a sigh of constrained regret that we turn from his luminous exposition, when we are disturbed as to the ultimate progress of humanity toward perfection, or disheartened at the scant assistance our study of his works has afforded us in realizing that ideal of the future which is the final goal of the "crowning race of mankind." The monument of his genius is flushed only with the lines of the light that has been; there are no dawn-tints in the aureole of his fame.

But after all is said, Macaulay's works remain an imperishable monument of constructive genius and unflagging industry. The large-hearted, comprehensive nature of his treatment is eminently freehanded, massive and generous—nothing narrow, paltry, servile, or truckling marks it anywhere. Although his faculties were not so evenly balanced—his temperament not so equitable—as to allow him to exercise

* *Essays: Mackintosh's History of the Revolution.*

judicial impartiality, the standard which he brings to his judgment on men and affairs is always lofty, impressive and honest. He is not more exacting from others than from himself. The same noble spirit of independence which ran through his own life may be traced in every line of his work. He hit hard, and did not always calculate the effects of his blows. They were, however, the strokes of an open and a fearless adversary. This faculty of hard-hitting made him such a formidable champion in Parliament with regard to the first Reform Bill. If others had inserted the thin end of the wedge, he was one of the foremost of those to whom it was owing that this was driven so manfully home. Perhaps more than any one's, then, his powerful blows, aimed with such directness, force and rapidity, finally split down the stump of abuses and shivered it into splinters. His keen sarcasm, indignant scorn, and contemptuous irony were among the weapons of a resistless eloquence which was to find its most consummate expression in recording a brief but memorable episode of our annals. When we recall his wide and versatile accomplishments, the eulogy of Sir Archibald Alison—a partisan of another school—comes to mind: "It is hard to say whether Macaulay's poetry, his speeches in Parliament, or his brilliant essays are the most charming. Each has raised him to a very great eminence, and would be sufficient to constitute the reputation of an ordinary man."

High among the classic writers of our country his name has taken its place whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the merit of individual productions. His unrivalled vigor,

freshness, vividness of style have placed him there. More to be admired even than clearness and vividness of description are the supreme grace, ease, finish, and luminous beauty of every sentence in the swift rushing stream of his eloquent narrative. Nor are the ideas so obvious and commonplace as the exquisite lucidity of their expression might at first lead some to think. Every thought is put so clearly, every point is so transparently illustrated that we are tempted to do injustice to the freshness or sagacity of the idea so artistically presented. There is nothing involved or undecided; all is simplicity, energy, and certainty in the language. Culture begins to assume a more friendly attitude toward Macaulay than formerly, "touched and awed," says Professor Sedgwick, "by his wonderful devotion to literature." Well, indeed, may culture with all its reserve be touched and awed! Macaulay's love of literature was an increasing passion every year that he lived, and as he grew old he became more and more conservative in his choice of authors. No one could reverence more devoutly than he the great names of literature; and as his earliest brilliant success in the field where he was destined to achieve his most enduring reputation was in honor of one of our greatest writers, we will conclude by quoting the words uttered by this illustrious man before the Parliament of the Commonwealth on behalf of an unlicensed Press, as applicable to the literary treasure Macaulay has himself left; for of that, too, may we not say that it is "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—*Westminster Review*.

SOME JUDGES.

OF the great men who have adorned the English Bench, worn the collar of S. Simplicius (?),* or sat in the marble chair "over against the midst of the marble table," at the upper end of the

great hall of William Rufus, many have been distinguished no less as statesmen, soldiers, and ecclesiastics, than as leaders of that profession which Hooker has been pleased to describe as the "mother of peace and joy." Odo, the first Chief Justiciar, officiated by turns at mass in the royal chapel, as

* The origin of the collar of S. S. is much in dispute.

Supreme Judge in the King's Court, and in command of troops employed in putting down insurrection.

Among early legal luminaries one fell fighting valiantly at the siege of Acre; another, from whose corpse Wallace ordered as much skin to be taken as would make a sword-belt, died a soldier's death on the banks of the Forth; Scrope, Chancellor to Richard II., was engaged at Crecy and Neville's Cross; C. J. Fortescue fought by the side of Morton, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, on the blood-stained field of Towton; and even as late as 1685 the infamous Jeffreys set out on his Western Circuit armed, not only with a commission of Oyer and Terminer, but also with authority to command the forces in chief. The language of these ancient sages smacked somewhat of association with camps, if at least one may judge from what is recorded of John de Mowbray (*temp.* Edward III.), who called aloud from the Bench to the Bishop of Chester, a defendant in an action tried before him, "*Allez au grand diable.*"

Before the days of Mary, the judges rode to Westminster Hall on mules, and Mr. Justice Whyddon, in the opening year of her reign, was the first to bestride a horse in the solemn procession. In 1673, however, Judge Twisden, to the great consternation of his brethren, "from want of gravity in the beast and too much in the rider," was "laid along in the dirt" on a like occasion, since which time these cavalades of mounted lawyers have come to an end. Riding, however, till superseded by driving, remained the only way of going Circuit, for professional prejudice ran strongly against pedestrian circuiters, and many good stories have been told of great lawyers who in those early years when—

"Slow rises worth by poverty deprest,"

found it difficult to raise funds for the purchase of a horse.

In days more recent Mr. Justice Byles, well known for his work on *Bills*, was accustomed when at the Bar to take a ride every afternoon. The sorry appearance of his steed, however, roused the mirth of the Temple, and the horse was generally called *Bills*, to

afford opportunity for the alliterative combination, "There goes Byles on Bills;" if, however, report speak true, the animal was known to master and clerk under another name, and when a too curious client inquired the sergeant's whereabouts, the reply was given with clear conscience that he was "out on *Business*."*

A good story is told of Byles after he was raised to the Bench. The judge was one day trying a man for stealing, when a medical witness was called, who stated that in his opinion the prisoner was suffering from kleptomania, "And your lordship of course knows what that is." "Yes," said Byles quietly; "it is a disease which I am sent here to cure."

Prisoners, it has been said, think much of the rank of those who pass sentence of death upon them, and the sheep-stealer of bygone days preferred that his doom should proceed from the lips of a Chief Justice. Lord Campbell mentions a case where a sergeant presided on the Oxford Circuit in place of the judge taken suddenly ill, and a man was capitally convicted. Being asked as usual whether he had anything to say, he replied, "Yes, I wish to say that I have been tried before a journeyman judge."

Buller, who wore ermine at thirty-two, and whose idea of Heaven was to sit at *Nisi Prius* all day and play whist all night, was once going the Oxford Circuit, and was asked when met by the sheriff whether he was a *bona fide* judge (the functionary made one word only of *fide*), as they had been so often fobbed off with sergeants in those parts. Satisfied on this head, the sheriff ventured to pursue his inquiries, and asked whether at the last place visited he had been to see the elephant. "Why no, Mr. High Sheriff, I cannot say I did, for a little difficulty occurred; we both came into town in form, with trumpets sounding, and a question arose as to which of us should visit first." It was Buller who decided that a husband might chasten his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb, and his portrait by Gillray as Judge Thumb for a long time adorned the print-shops.

* "A Generation of Judges," p. 79.

Some wearers of the ermine have been specially popular with criminals. "Who is the Judge of 'Soize'?" asked Sykes, offered his choice between sessions next week and assizes a month hence. "Baron Cleasby," said the clerk. "Oh, then I'll go to 'Soize,'" rejoined the criminal; "Cleasby is the judge for me."*

Speaking of sheriffs recalls the fact that it was only the other day that guards of policemen, paid out of county rates, were substituted for bands of javelin men equipped by those officials; and it may not be generally known that the Sheriff of Northumberland at one time furnished a special escort with the judges who rode across the wild border country from Newcastle to Carlisle, a regular receipt being given by the Sheriff of Cumberland when their bodies were safely delivered to him. The Corporation of Newcastle, down to a period comparatively recent, used to present the judges with a sum of money to defray the additional expenses of this journey, and Lord Denman was the last to receive it in the form of a gold jacobus. The Chief Justice had several of these coins, which he kept and used as whist counters.

Lawyers are prone to punning. Perhaps one of the best legal puns is attributed to Lord Chelmsford when, as Sir F. Thesiger, he objected to the mode of examination of an opponent's witnesses. "I have a right," maintained his antagonist, "to deal with my witnesses as I please." "You may deal as you like, but you shan't lead," was the reply. Chelmsford it was, by-the-bye, who, walking down St. James' Street one day, was thus accosted: "Mr. Birch, I believe?" "If you believe that, sir, you will believe anything," replied the ex-Chancellor as he passed on. Even the sedate Blackstone, in his commentaries, remarks with much gravity that landmarks on the seashore are often of signal service to navigation: and the saying of Chief Justice Wright, when visiting Magdalen College, Oxford, to the President (Hough): "Sir, you must not think to *huff* us," is well known. Richardson (1635), going the Western Circuit,

had a great flint flung at his head one day by a condemned criminal, which luckily did him no worse harm than to knock off his hat. "You see now," said he to some friends who congratulated him on his fortunate escape, "if I had been an *upright* judge then had I been slain." He was, in fact, leaning low upon his elbow at the time, and so escaped. Bradshaw, it is said, fearing violence on the king's trial, had, besides other defences, a thick, big-crowned beaver hat, lined with plated steel, to ward off blows. The hat is still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum in memory of the day—

"When England's monarch once uncovered
sat,
And Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed
hat."

Chief Justice Cattlin (1571), from whom the Spencers, Russells, and many of the greatest English families are descended, when sentencing a prisoner convicted as a go-between in the correspondence between Mary of Scotland and the Bishop of Ross, thus addressed him: "The good seedman hath sowed in you good gifts, but, as it is said in the Gospel, then came the enemy and he sowed darnel, cockle, and noisome weeds. Such wicked seedsmen have been in England. If they had sown the right seed for their own use, *the seed of hemp and flax of it*, then had they received according to their deserving, *hemp*, meet seed for such seedsmen."

In violent and abusive terms Jeffreys thus passed sentence on the saintly Baxter: "This is an old rogue, a hypocritical villain who hates the Liturgy, and would have nought but long-winded cant without a book;" whereupon, suddenly turning up his eyes, the judge clasped his hands and began to sing loudly through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be the prisoner's mode of praying. Jeffreys drank as he swore, like a trooper. "My lord," said King Charles significantly, as he took from his own finger the bloodstone ring which he gave him, "as it is a hot summer and you are going Circuit, I desire you will not drink too much." Of eight hundred and forty-one prisoners spared after Monmouth's rebellion and transported,

* "A Generation of Judges," p. 57.

many were sold on his account, and he calculated that after all charges paid they would average £15 a head. Edward Prideaux paid him £15,000 for his liberation, with which he purchased an estate, subsequently known in the vulgar tongue as *Aceldama*, the field of blood. After Jeffreys had been many years in his grave, his granddaughter, travelling the western road, was so grossly reviled by the peasantry that she durst not venture to proceed to the scenes of the Bloody Assize. A contemporary of Jeffreys was the odious Scroggs, whose name, uttered by angry nurses, has roused the terror of generations of English children.

One of the briefest yet not least emphatic of sentences was passed by Baron Martin on a hoary-headed sinner convicted many times of felony: "You are an old villain, and you'll just take ten years' penal servitude." The remark of Lord Rames, a Scotch judge, to Matthew Hay cannot be said to err on the side of overmuch sympathy. The trial was just concluded, and the prisoner, with whom the judge had been in the habit of playing chess, had been found guilty of murder at Ayr, 1780, when his lordship exclaimed as the verdict of the jury was returned: "That's checkmate for you, Matthew!"

Some judges have enjoyed an unfortunate reputation as hanging judges, and one of the most repulsive specimens, Sir Francis Page, has been thus handed down to posterity in these lines of Pope:—

"Slander or poison, dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be
Page."

He lived to be an octogenarian, and in his later days replied in answer to an inquiry as to his health, "My dear sir, you see how it fares with me: I just manage to keep *hanging on, hanging on*." Lord Ellenborough (the first judge to remove from the neighborhood of Russell Square to the West-end) was considered somewhat severe in disposing of criminal cases. One day at an assize dinner, he was offered some fowl; his lordship intended to try beef. "I'm sure you'll like it, my lord," said Jekyll (afterward Master of the Rolls): "it is *well hung* beef."

Jekyll, by the way, bequeathed £20,000 to found a sinking fund for payment of the National Debt, on which it was remarked that he might as well have tried to dam up the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full bottomed wig. It was Mansfield who thus characterized this patriotic legacy, of whom we are told that he one day directed a jury to find a stolen trinket of less value than forty shillings, that the thief might escape the capital sentence; the jeweller however demurred, saying that the fashion alone cost him twice the money. With solemn gravity the judge replied, "As we ourselves stand in need of mercy, gentlemen, let us not hang a man for fashion's sake." The testy judge has been most effectually laughed down by Dickens's caricature of Gaselee's peculiarities of manner under the punning sobriquet of Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

In marked contrast stands out the matchless good temper of Baron Graham, of whom it was said that "no one but his seamstress could ruffle him." It was customary in his day to suspend judgment in criminal cases till the close of the assizes, and then deliver the sentences all in a lump. A man had been accidentally omitted in the list of capital punishments, of which he was reminded on coming to the end—"Oh yes, I see, John Thomson; John Thomson, I beg your pardon; you also are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Almighty have mercy on *your* miserable soul also." Hardwicke's courtesy was one day pointedly shown when he observed Cromwell's grandson standing in Westminster Hall listening to the Great Protector being vilified; instantly the judge rebuked the speaker, saying, "I observe Mr. Cromwell standing outside the bar and inconveniently pressed by the crowd; please to make way for him that he may sit by me on the bench."

It has been cited as a remarkable proof of the reverence of the English people for the law, that during the Great Rebellion, judges went circuit, and jails were delivered as in a time of profound peace. But in the confusion which followed the death of the King it was different, and on the 31st Janu-

ary, 1649, Westminster Hall was in a state of dire perplexity, no fewer than six of the twelve judges refusing to sit again. Nothing daunted by a difficulty so unforeseen, Cromwell announced that if he could not rule by red gowns he would rule by red coats. During the Protectorate royalist practitioners took their revenge by refusing to write Oliver with a capital O, and many nibbled the toast floating at the top of the cup that they might mutter as they drank, "God send this *crumb* well down." One of the Commonwealth judges, Oliver St. John, was sent as ambassador to the Hague, where however he met with anything but an enthusiastic reception; a son of the Queen of Bohemia publicly called him a rogue and a dog, and the Duke of York struggling with him which should first pass through a turnstile, snatched off his hat and flung it in his face, exclaiming the while, "Learn, parricide, to respect the brother of your king;" to which the judge calmly replied, "I regard neither you nor the person of whom you speak but as a race of fugitives."

St. John not only gave his daughter away, but according to the then existing law, performed the nuptial ceremony which made her a wife.

Erskine, by-the-bye, when quartered in Minorca read prayers and preached as a subaltern in the First Royals; Mansfield wrote a sermon for his friend Bishop Johnson, too suddenly called on to officiate on a Thanksgiving Day in the Abbey, and in our own time Lush was in the habit of occupying the pulpit in a Baptist chapel on Sundays.

Two Commonwealth judges going the Western Circuit met with what might easily have proved a more disagreeable adventure at Salisbury, when (1655) Penruddock suddenly captured the city. Some of his followers actually seized the judges in court, requiring them to order the sheriff to proclaim Charles II.; they refused, however, and were all but hanged. Penruddock himself afterward suffered, and his dying words are well worthy of being recorded. Pious as brave, he exclaimed as he ascended the scaffold: "This may, I hope, prove Jacob's lad-

der, for though the feet of it rest on earth, yet I doubt not but the top of it reacheth unto heaven."

Lord Shaftesbury in the reign of Charles II.—the last judge who was not previously a regularly trained lawyer—rather astonished the profession by the dress he wore when seated in the marble chair: "an ash-colored gown, silver laced and full ribboned pantaloons displayed without any black in his garb." Sitting in court in the dog days, Lord Norbury once selected for its coolness a dress which he had worn at a masquerade ball of Lady Castlereagh's; oppressed by the stifling atmosphere and forgetful of his inner raiment, the judge threw back his judicial robe just as he was pronouncing sentence of death upon a gang of prisoners, his solemn accents contrasting painfully with the strange garishness of his costume. In our own day Baron Martin finding the heat exceedingly great on a summer circuit, divested himself of wig and robes, and even then feeling the cushion of the chair uncomfortably warm, replaced it by a soap box. Campbell having on one occasion to speak sixteen hours, obtained permission (upon condition that it was not to be drawn into a precedent) to remove his wig, a distinctive ornament of the English barrister introduced from Paris by the lawyers of the Restoration.

Though "Apollo and Littleton seldom lodge in the same brain," it is a great mistake to suppose that a deep study of the law extinguishes all other tastes—that

"Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow."

Literature has often solaced the leisure hours of lawyers. To Warham Erasmus dedicated his "S. Jerome"; Wolsey was a patron of letters; Hatton was a dramatic author; Clarendon wrote the "Rebellion"; Somers, poetry; North, biography; Harcourt was the friend of Prior, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Pope; Thurlow associated with Cowper, Crabbe, and Johnson; Eldon was an Oxford Essayist; Erskine wrote a novel, and more recently Denman, Talfourd, Campbell, and Brougham have

made for themselves a reputation in the walks of literature. Mansfield withered under a false quantity. "My lord," said a Scotch advocate, "I have the honor to appear as counsel for the curators." "Curators, Mr. Crosby, curators!" groaned the judge. "I do wish our countryman would pay a little more attention to prosody." "My lord," readily replied the advocate, "I can assure you our countrymen are very proud of your lordship as the greatest senator and orator of the present time."

A counsel before Baron Alderson, moving to enter a *nolle prosequi* on the last day of the term, pronounced the *e* long. "Pray, sir," said the judge, "remember that this is the last day of term, and don't make things unnecessarily long." Errors in pronunciation serve to recall the fact that Sir George Jessel encountered occasional difficulties with the letter *h*. He was one day examining a French witness through an interpreter as to the characteristics of a very poisonous chemical compound. "And what if you eat it," said Jessel. "*Si vous le mangez, Mon Dieu; ce n'est pas pour manger;*" and it was some time before he could induce the interpreter to inquire what would happen "*Si vous l'échauffez.*"

Manifold have been the forms of recreation indulged in by distinguished lawyers. Dyer (1580), we are assured, when ruffled by any annoyance in the discharge of his duties sought solace by playing upon the virginals; Fitzjames kept up an old college friendship with Wolsey when he was a simple country parson near Yeovil, and was actually engaged in the brawl at the fair, when his reverence got drunk and was by-and-by set in the stocks by Sir Amyas Paulet. Erskine was a great lover of animals; a favorite dog attended him to all his consultations when at the Bar; a pet goose followed him as he walked about his grounds, and two leeches, which had been applied to him when he was once dangerously ill, called Home and Cline, after the names of two celebrated surgeons, were kept in a glass bowl and exhibited to his particular friends.

Stowell gloried in Punch and Judy; Camden, who had an undignified habit

of gartering up his stockings while counsel were most strenuous in their eloquence, loved cider and novels; Wickens amused his leisure by book-binding; Jessel catalogued fungusses, while Maule was singularly apt in picking locks with a piece of wire, an art which he had acquired by the frequent loss of his keys when at the Bar. Baron Martin's sporting proclivities were well known. "Don't be hard on me, my lord," said a prisoner to him one day; "perhaps your lordship will accept a beautiful gamecock which I have at home." The judge hid his mouth with his hand, in order to conceal a smile, and passed a not very severe sentence, adding, "But mind, you must not send me that gamecock." Tenterden, on the other hand, strongly discountenanced sporting cases. "We," said Brougham, appearing before him in an action to recover the amount of a wager on a dog-fight, "were minded that the dogs should fight." "Then I," replied the Chief Justice, "am minded to hear no more of it. Call the next case."

Good living—occasionally perhaps too good—has not been unappreciated by many occupants of the Bench. "A dinner lubricates business," said Stowell, whose favorite dish was beefsteak and oyster pie, as Eldon's was liver and bacon. Thurlow was very fanciful about his fruit, and being dissatisfied on one occasion, caused the whole of a very fine dessert to be flung out of window upon the Marine Parade, Brighton; and Ellenborough is supposed to have been once influenced in a judgment, concerning sailors employed in the lobster-fishery being privileged from the press-gang, by his love of lobster sauce with turbot. Ellenborough, by the way, as a volunteer, could never get out of the awkward squad, nor understand with which leg to step off on the word "march," even though the sergeant with the aid of a lump of chalk essayed to teach him the difference between the right and left foot.

A very good story is told of the loss of his lordship's wig. Lady Ellenborough, a renowned beauty, on one occasion accompanied the judge on circuit, on the distinct understanding that she

should not encumber the carriage with bandboxes—his abhorrence. During the first day's journey Lord Ellenborough, stretching his legs, chanced to strike his foot against something under the seat. It was a bandbox. Down went the window and out it flew. The coachman, thinking the box had fallen out, at once pulled up, but his master furiously roared out the order to "drive on." On reaching the next assize town, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to equip himself for the Bench. "Now," said he, "where is my wig?" "My lord," replied the attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

When Lord Northington was Chancellor, he requested the king's permission to discontinue evening sittings in his court in order that he might finish his bottle of port in peace; but ere he died he paid the penalty which port so often exacts from its votaries, and suffered

"Pangs arthritic that infest the toe
Of libertine excess."

—pangs which Eldon declared he did not so much mind below the knee, provided they were *ne plus ultra*. Stowell and his brother Eldon were in the habit of dining together, the first day of term, at a tavern near the Temple, and in later life the former recalled these dinners to his son-in-law, who observed, "You drank some wine together, I have no doubt?" "Yes," was the reply, "we drank some wine." "Two bottles, perhaps?" "More than that." "What, three bottles?" "More." "Why, sir, you don't mean to say that you took four bottles?" "I mean to say that we had more, and now don't ask any more questions." Sound was the dictum of Chief Baron Thomson, who replied to the barrister who observed that after a good dinner a certain quantity of wine does no harm, "True, sir, it is the *uncertain* quantity that does the mischief."

In marked contrast to the majority of the judges of the Georgian period, Lord Kenyon was very mean; all the year round it was Lent in his kitchen and Passion week in his parlor; his spits, it was said, were always bright, for nothing ever turned on them; and

when the income tax was imposed, Lord Ellenborough said that Kenyon, who was far from nice in his habits, intended in consequence to lay down his pocket handkerchief. It was rumored, indeed, that he never had but one, which he had found in the pocket of a second-hand waistcoat which he had bought of Lord Stormont's valet the first time he had occasion to attend a levée. His shoes were frequently much patched, and one day a question as to the quality of shoes supplied being tried before him, the judge suddenly inquired of a witness, "Were the shoes anything like these?" exhibiting his own. "Oh, no, my lord, better and more genteeler." Kenyon joined heartily in the laugh evoked.

His fondness for introducing supposed classical quotations was so inveterate that George III. one day at a levée advised him to stick to his good law and leave off his bad Latin; advice, however, which he could never be induced to follow. He is reputed to have thus with solemn pathos on one occasion addressed a deeply edified grand jury, "And now, gentlemen, having discharged your conscience, you may return to your homes in peace with full assurance of duty well performed, and as you lay your heads on your pillows you may apply to yourselves the words of the ancient philosopher, *aut Cæsar aut nullus*."*

In a blasphemy case he is stated to have thus thrown light upon the subject: "Above all, gentlemen, I cite to you the Emperor Julian, so celebrated for every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle."

Here are samples of his favorite utterances: "In advancing to a conclusion on this matter am resolved *stare super antiquas vias*;" "we will look into the act with eagle's eyes and compare one clause with another *noscitur a sociis*;" "it is as plain as the nose upon your face, nevertheless *latet anguis in herba*." Small wonder that the judge, seeing one day the learned Dr. Parr in his court, interrupted a sergeant who practised before him with the excuse, "We don't talk the best Latin in these courts, brother."

* "Coleridge's Table Talk."

To several other judges also has been ascribed the address to a dishonest butler convicted of stealing wine from his master's cellars, that he had for years been accustomed to feather his nest from his master's bottles.

Kenyon even studied economy in the hatchment put up on his house after his death. The motto was found to be *Mors janua vita*, at first supposed to have been a mistake of the painter. "Mistake!" exclaimed Ellenborough when he heard of it, "there is no mistake about it; the testator left explicit directions that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a diphthong." And this serves to remind one of the story of the Irish peer who attributed his rise to the reputation he acquired by reporting Mansfield's decisions, and took for his motto *Per varios casus*, as another successful barrister on setting up his carriage assumed *Causes produce effects*, much after the manner of *Quid rides*, suggested by Curran for the prosperous tobacconist.

"A much speaking judge," says Lord Bacon, "is no well-tuned cymbal," and justice has occasionally suffered somewhat in loss of dignity arising from collisions between Bench and Bar. A sharp sparring match took place one day between an Irish judge Robinson and a Mr. Hoare, whom the former had charged with the design of bringing the king's commission into contempt. "No, my lord," said the counsel, "I have read that when a peasant in Charles I.'s time found the king's crown in a bush he showed it reverence: but I will go further and respect it even on a bramble." There is a celebrated reply of Dunning to a remark of Lord Mansfield. "Oh! if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may burn my law books!" "Better read them, my lord," was the sarcastic rejoinder. Poor Sir James Mansfield was so disturbed by the unseemly behavior of the Bar that he used to be heard crying aloud in his dreams, "Damn the sergeants."

We pride ourselves, and justly, on the purity of our judges, but there have been startling exceptions, and we may well congratulate ourselves that judicial corruption is a thing of the past and an impossibility at the present.

In Edward I.'s time wholesale corruption disgraced the Bench, and Chief Justice Weyland was in consequence banished walking bareheaded and with bare feet, with a crucifix in his hand, down to Dover to embark. Not every judge could decline a gift so gracefully as Sir Thomas More. When a wealthy widow who had obtained from him a decree, presented him on New Year's day with a pair of gloves and forty pounds in angels in them, he emptied the money into her lap, telling her that "it was against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift; so he would take her gloves but refuse the lining."

Hale carried his dread of bribery to a length that exposed him to ridicule. A gentleman in a western county was in the habit of sending a buck to the judges, and did so when Hale came circuit, though he was plaintiff in an action set down for trial. The cause being called, Hale insisted upon first paying for the buck, despite the plaintiff's protests that he was only following the custom of his ancestors, who had never sold their venison. "That," said the judge, "is nothing to me. Scripture saith, a gift perverteth the ways of judgment. Let my butler count down the value of this venison." Plaintiff thereupon withdrew his record, indignantly refusing to become a butcher.

The jingle of the Benchers' table describing three degrees of comparison in a lawyer's progress is not wholly void of truth: getting on, getting onner (honor), and getting onnest (honest).

It has been frequently remarked that the profession of the law is one of the ties serving to connect the middle and lower ranks of English society with the aristocracy. The first Howard was a successful lawyer, so also was the first Cavendish. The Duke of Manchester also derives his title from a chief justice of the time of Henry VIII., and it has been stated that more than eighty peerages have been founded by the legal profession.* Saunders, from an errand-boy in Clement's Lane, became a

* Foss, "Lives of the Judges," gives three dukes, thirty-one earls, forty barons, as of legal origin.

chief justice, Lord Chancellor King's father was a grocer at Exeter, Ryder was son of a mercer at Smithfield, Stowell and Eldon were sons of provincial tradesmen, and Holt was for four years a linen-draper's assistant in Oxford Street. Pemberton, himself a "jail-bird," tried Lord Russell and was counsel for the seven bishops. Popham, the judge before whom Guy Fawkes was tried, was at one time a highwayman, and there is a strange story that he became owner of Littlecote, Wilts, as a reward for allowing Wild Dayrell to escape on his trial for the atrocious murder which forms the subject of the ballad in "Rokeby," "The Friar of Orders Gray."

Holt (1689), in his Oxford days, was not above taking purses, and long afterward, when going circuit as a judge, he one day recognized a man capitally convicted before him as an old accomplice, and having visited him in jail, asked after the rest of the gang, and received for answer, "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but me and your lordship."

The story of Charles Abbot has been often told—the scrubby little boy, who, failing to become a chorister, ran after his father through the streets of Canterbury, carrying a pewter basin, case of razors, and a bag of hair powder. The unpretentious dwelling whence the pair emerged was situated in a narrow street opposite the stately west portal of the Cathedral, and its owner, who shaved for a penny and cut hair for twopence, boasted that he had thrice prepared his Grace the Archbishop to deliver his triennial charge to the clergy of the diocese.

A good story is told of Lord Tenterden, as this disappointed little choir-

boy became, having one day, at his own table, asked a county magistrate if he would take venison, "Thank you, my lord, boiled chicken," was the reply. His lordship had contracted an inveterate habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand. "That, sir," said the judge, "is not answer to my question. I now ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no without further prevarication."

Tenterden was habitually down on witnesses, and on one occasion told the chairman of the East India Company, whom he had failed to recognize as he entered the box, "to hold up his head and speak out like a man." The ruling passion is sometimes strong in death, and just "ere the weary pulse of life at last stood still" Lord Tenterden was heard to murmur to himself, "And now, gentlemen of the jury, I leave you to consider of your verdict."

And this brings to mind, in conclusion, that death has, with appalling abruptness, removed some of our judges even as they sat upon the judgment seat. Talfourd (1854), as he was urging the grand jury at Stafford to think *with* and *for* the poor; Watson (1860), just as he had concluded his charge in the courthouse at Welshpool; and Wightman (1863), suddenly stricken with apoplexy while in the discharge of his duties at the assizes at York. In remoter days, Chief Justice Hyde (1663), while apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, dropped down as he was taking his seat, and in the reign of James II. a chief justice died no less suddenly as he was receiving the sacrament in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn.—*Temple Bar*.

CHRISTMAS ON THE NILE.

BY WRAY W. HUNT.

"HE who has once tasted of the water of the Nile can never rest till he drink it again," says an Arab proverb. What amount of literal truth the proverb may possess I will not undertake to say; but certain it is that he whose

soul has once been touched by the fascination of Egypt turns again and again in spirit, if he may not return in body, with great longing to that land of stillness and mystery, of desert solitudes and forsaken temples. This fasci-

nation cannot, of course, be felt in Cairo; Cairo has quite another charm all its own. Nor can it nowadays be felt even under the shadows of the Pyramids, where tourists abound and lawn-tennis flourishes. Indeed, I doubt whether it can now be felt anywhere north of the first cataract—the beat of the steamer has driven it south as surely as it has driven the crocodile. But years ago, when, on board your dahabeah, you might sail up long reaches of the Nile and hear no other sound than the chant of your sailors or the distant song of the Fellahin at their work in the fields, the fascination of Egypt might be felt in all its fulness. Anyhow, never does Christmastide come round, with its inevitable attendants, fogs and bills, but I go back in thought to a Christmas of long ago spent in the careless ease and splendid sun and dreamy silence of Egypt.

One day is very much like another on the up Nile voyage, for sight seeing is left to be done on the down journey; southward, ever southward you go, sailing merrily and easily if the north wind blows fair, being towed along painfully and slowly if wind there is none. But we were fully determined that Christmas Day should not be spent like all the other sixty of the voyage to the second cataract. On the morning of Christmas Eve we became aware, in studying Murray and the map, that we were not so very far distant from Belianeh but that a push might be made to reach it ere night-fall; and that, Belianeh once reached and a halt called there, we might spend our Christmas Day in an inland expedition to the far-famed Abydos. Our dragoman was summoned to consultation, and gave the oracular response, after a form to which by this time we were well accustomed, that we might get to Belianeh that day, or—we might not: “Inshallah,” Belianeh should be reached. We all knew the uncertainties veiled by that pious ejaculation, and our spokesman now announced to the Dragoman that this was not an occasion for weak-kneed concession to the Fates. “We must get to Belianeh to-day, Inshallah or not Inshallah,” said this impious Englishman. It reminded one of the rash deacon’s an-

nouncement in the chapel that service would be held on Wednesday evening “D. V.,” but in any case on Sunday. This recklessness so vastly tickled our dragoman that we heard him chuckling to himself over it for the rest of the morning. Moreover, he repeated it to the reis, who, however, looked shocked, being a religious man. But at noon the smile had died away from the face of the dragoman, and he began to repent him of his levity; for the north wind, which had been blowing all the morning with an ever-increasing force, had by this time grown to a gale, before which we had to run into Girgeh for shelter and to furl the dahabeeah’s huge unwieldy sail.

A difficult and even dangerous process is that of furling the great sail of a dahabeeah. The whole crew are engaged on it, the foremost of them clambering up to the extreme tip of the yard, some ninety feet in the air, and the rest disposed at intervals along its length; then, with arms and legs hanging over, and working with all four limbs, they strive to gather the folds of the sail into their grasp, and bind them firmly to the yard; but again and again, before the work is accomplished, will the sail be blown out to its full extent, threatening to involve in ruin the whole line of monkey-like figures in its mad efforts to free itself. However, on this occasion the sail was furled at last without catastrophe. Then again we put out, and with bare poles drifted southward before the stream. In this fashion we made but little headway against the storm; and as the afternoon wore on our chance of reaching Belianeh seemed to be growing small. The dragoman looked reproachfully at us, and the look said plainly that here was the result of those unseemly words about the will of Allah. But before sunset the wind sank, and once more the great sail was spread, barely filling now with the gentle breeze, and we stole along through the gathering shadows over the broad brown waters of the Nile. Our dragoman was not only a dragoman, he was the owner of our boat, and he loved it as a woman loves her first-born; an anxious man he was when he fancied that the safety of his

beloved was in any way jeopardized. If it ever chanced that we had not come to our moorings before dark, he would be filled with imaginary fears of collision or some other mischance. It seemed this evening as if for once his fears were to be justified. Somehow or another our great sail came in contact with that of a passing cargo boat; then there was a moment of wild shouting, and cursing, and crying, and the excited dragoman, seizing the only weapon which was at hand, and which happened to be a deck chair, began to belabor his helmsman therewith. But soon the sail of the unfortunate cargo-boat rent in twain, and freed ours uninjured. "God is good!" said the pious dragoman; but whether the wretched crew of the other boat, whom we left wailing, took the same view of the intervention of Providence is doubtful. But if their trust in Allah was shaken for the moment, we did our best to restore it by the compensation we were able to send them afterward. Late that night we moored under the steep bank on which Belianeh is perched, beyond the reach of the summer overflow. An unwonted bustling overhead awoke us early on Christmas morning, and when we went above for a draught of the fresh morning air it was to find our upper deck converted into a bower of greenery with Christmas decorations—not, however, of the familiar holly, but of sugar-cane. The decorations served a double purpose, appealing at once to Christian sentiment and to Moslem appetite; and for the next week the whole crew nibbled away at them as so many church mice might do at Harvest Festival decorations at home. Their Christmas feasting, however, was not confined to sugar-cane; for the leader of our expedition announced that he would present them with a sheep to gorge themselves withal, an announcement which brought on a great demonstration by way of thanks—a solemn muster and march-past of the whole crew, each man kissing our hands as he went by. One of them, who passed among his fellows for a great authority upon the English tongue, was put forward as leader of the file, being the one who could do justice to the occasion in the

"Khowaja's" own language. He possessed a choice collection of English phrases, which he produced as his fancy prompted. The one which he selected as fit greeting for this Christmas morning was "Good-night;" his fellows each in turn echoed his greeting as best they might, and passed on well satisfied that everything required by the festival had been most eloquently said.

By this time the donkey boys of Belianeh had got wind of the arrival of a dahabeeah in the night, and now the bank was crowded with animals of varying size and shade, with boys to match. We made our selection, and set off on our ride to Abydus. It was a ride much to be remembered. Once clear of Belianeh, the pathway struck across the plain for the western desert hills; here they are seven miles distant from the Nile, and the stretch of ground between the river and the desert is one of the most fertile in all the land of Egypt. We rode along in the bright sunlight through fields of young wheat most vividly green and bean-fields most delicately scented; the air was filled with the song of larks and the chant of the Fellahin. The plain is dotted here and there with brown mud villages, each built on its own mound, sentinelled by its own group of palms. Very picturesque they looked, these brown islets in the green sea; sometimes with one house, two-storied and white-plastered, conspicuous among its humbler dingy neighbors—the house of the village Sheykh; but the picturesqueness is discounted somewhat as you ride through the village, and are beset by dirty fly-blown children clamoring for backsheesh. The last of these villages, on the edge of the desert, is Abydus itself, squatted on the dust heaps of long-gone ages. These dreary mounds of rubbish are all that remain of This, or Thinis, the oldest of Egyptian towns, where Osiris himself lies buried and where Egyptian civilization had its birth. But there is something more than dust and desolation at Abydus; there are two splendid temples of the later times of Sethi and Rameses II. Of the beauties of these temples it is not for me to speak; are they not written in the books of all the Egyptologists? Who that has read of Egypt at

all has not read of the sculptured walls and columns of the noble Temple (if temple it were) of Sethi, finished just before Egyptian art entered upon its long period of decline? Here we ate our Christmas midday meal, the gods and kings of old Egypt looking down upon us from the walls unmoved; the children of modern Egypt making up for their cold disdain by exhibiting the liveliest curiosity in our proceedings—spying at us from behind Temple's pillars, or peeping at us through its roof. As we sat there in the shadow of the far-off Past, one among us, in a pessimistic spirit which often seizes him, began with all acknowledgments to Macaulay to discourse of the far-off Future when tourists from over the sea should eat their lunch amid the ruins of some English cathedral, questioning of the meaning of the symbols of the forgotten faith which surrounded them, as we now questioned of the meaning of the mystic pictures of Abydos. We stopped his mouth at last with pigeon pie, and with the reflection that Christmas Day was not the time to indulge in these unchristian forebodings. The wonders of Abydos—its temples, its fortress, its quaintest of Coptic churches—cannot be exhausted in one day or many. We did what we could in the few hours we had, and then set off again across the plain for Belianeh, promising ourselves another visit on our return journey. The sun was dipping now toward the western hills and the limitless desert behind them, and casting ever lengthening shadows over the plain in front. The day's work was done, and we passed groups of peasants, with their beasts of burden, making their way home—a camel perhaps stalking along in front, a donkey close behind looking absurdly small, and a heavy, slouching buffalo bringing up the rear. Among one of these groups, or rather lagging somewhat dolefully behind it, was a girl carrying

a broken water jar. "Won't you get a good scolding when you get home?" was the consoling remark our dragoman addressed to her. "No," said she, "they will only say, 'Thank God that our sister has come back safely, and that it is only the pitcher which has been broken.'"

The marvellous afterglow of sunset had passed from the cloudless sky and darkness settled upon the land ere we reached again the steep bank from which Belianeh looks down upon the Nile; below us lay our boat, yet more transformed with Christmas braveries than it had been when we left it in the morning: for now the triumphal arches of sugar-cane were all hung with many-colored lanterns, and our upper deck was a very fairy-bower. Here, after dinner, we lay resting our limbs, wearied with many hours of donkey-riding—lay, like the lotus-eaters,

Lull'd by warm airs blowing lowly
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
And watch'd the wondrous river drawing
slowly
His waters . . . to the far-off sparkling
brine—

listening the while to the weird melody of the Arab songs and music with which our sailors on their deck below were winding up their Christmas festivities. Is there any more plaintive sound than the long drawn "Aäh" which closes every stave of an Egyptian song? The last of these "Aähs" was dying away upon the air when Mohammed, the English scholar, made his appearance on our deck to speed with winged words the parting festival, even as he had ushered it in. He was apparently so well satisfied with his morning effort that he could now do no better than repeat it. But his "Good-night" sounded now upon our ears with more appropriateness than when it fell upon them as the morning greeting of our Christmas Day.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE.

ARCTIC men are agreed that there are only three routes by which the North Pole can be reached.

First, there is the Spitzbergen route, by which Sir E. Parry made the attempt in 1827. He succeeded in reaching North Latitude $82^{\circ} 45'$, but was obliged to leave his ship 172 miles further south, and to go on in a boat. He was, however, unable to get any further in consequence of finding thin ice and open water ahead, while he encountered a strong current which swept him back to the south during the day faster than his men could drag the boat northward during the night.

Those who uphold this route—and Dr. Nansen is one of them—ground their belief on the idea that this is a current coming down from the Arctic Basin. But it so happens that a specimen of this water has been submitted to a learned German analyst, who found that it was *not composed of Arctic water at all*, but was Atlantic water.

Now how, we ask, could Atlantic water be flowing as a southerly current to the north of Spitzbergen? In one way only. It must have been a portion of the drift-current of the Gulf Stream, which comes up as an under-current from the Atlantic between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, and which had been deflected from its course by some vast and continuous coast-line, and compelled by the configuration of that land to return southward along the known east coast of Greenland. It is therefore almost certain that Greenland extends to the eastward in one continuous line from the Cape Bismarck of the German Expedition of 1870 right along to the northward of Spitzbergen, and that the land seen in the distance by the Austrian Expedition of 1872-74, and called by them Oscar Land and Peterman Land, is really the eastern extremity of Greenland; Mr. Jackson, when he returns, will assuredly report that this is the case. But if so, it is an impossibility to approach the Pole in a ship by the Spitzbergen sea, or to return from the Pole that way, as Dr. Nansen thinks he will do.

The next route to be considered is that by way of Smith Sound. For many years the only knowledge we had of these regions was derived from four American Expeditions—the two Grinnell Expeditions, especially the second one under Dr. Kane, that of Dr. Hayes in 1861, and the most extraordinary voyage that was ever made, viz., that of Captain Hall in the *Polaris* in 1871-3.

It used to be the fashion not to believe the reports of these American Expeditions. For instance, when Dr. Kane reported that one of his men, Morton, had reached N. latitude $81^{\circ} 22'$, and was there stopped by open water, that he saw the land on the western side running far up to the north, and that the most distant point of land he could see was a lofty mountain which he named Mount Parry, the whole story was ridiculed. Yet afterward Dr. Hayes found Mount Parry just about where it was reported to be; and though he did not find open water, that is not wonderful, because he was there some months earlier in the year, and we now know that the passage leading to the North Pole by way of Smith Sound is open one year and closely packed with impenetrable ice another year, even in the same month.

Captain Hall, in the *Polaris*, met with an exactly opposite experience to that of Dr. Kane in both his Expeditions and Dr. Hayes in a later one—for we are told by the survivors of that Expedition that the *Polaris* steamed right up Smith Sound, Kane Basin, Kennedy Channel, Hall Basin, and Robeson Channel, without the slightest impediment, to the highest Northern Latitude ever reached by a ship—viz., $82^{\circ} 16' N.$, where he was checked by the ice, but that there was a water sky to the northward. From this point she was drifted southward with the ice for about fifty miles, where she was temporarily released, and, steaming eastward, she found a small harbor in N. Lat. $81^{\circ} 38'$, W. Longitude $61^{\circ} 44'$, which was named "Thank God Bay." There Captain Hall died, and no further effort was made to go North; but

when the vessel was liberated in the following summer she was allowed to drift down Smith Sound and out into Baffin's Bay. And here occurred the most extraordinary experience of Arctic travel. The ship was nipped by the ice, and was in danger of instant destruction. Boats and provisions were therefore got out upon the ice. The nip, however, proved less severe than was expected, and the ship righted; but by some most unaccountable accident, a portion of the crew, consisting of nineteen individuals, were separated from the ship, and never saw her again, for they were drifted upon a floe of ice from N. Lat. $78^{\circ} 23'$ for no less than 196 days, during which they underwent the greatest possible privations, and eventually were picked up off the coast of Labrador, having drifted upon the ice floe for 1500 miles.

The story told by the *Polaris* party of their most northern wintering point, Thank God Bay, was that "the climate was much milder than it was further south, and that in the month of June the land surrounding Thank God Bay was free from snow, a creeping herbage covered the ground, on which numerous herds of musk oxen found pasture, and rabbits and lemmings abounded; the wild flowers were brilliant, and large flocks of birds came northward in the summer."

In 1875 Captain Nares never succeeded in getting his foremost ship as far north as the *Polaris* had been, though it is true that a party from the *Alert* went on northward over the ice in sledges, and exceeded the highest latitude reached by the *Polaris*—indeed, broke the record, as far as the Pole itself is concerned.

The great objection to the Smith Sound route lies in the fact that there is a constant southerly flowing current, and nothing but a steamship, with plenty of coal, could hope to push on against that current; while sometimes (as in 1875) the open water of the *Polaris* is the Palæocrystic Sea of Sir G. Nares' experience. There is, however, hardly a doubt that, in a particularly open summer, the North Pole could be reached by way of Smith Sound, but the difficulties are extremely great.

Dr. Nansen has gone out proposing to overcome these difficulties by utilizing, instead of fighting against, the currents which flow down south from the Arctic basin, and he was theoretically correct in supposing it possible to reach the Pole by way of the New Siberian Islands, for without doubt there is a constant current, as will be proved by what follows, flowing from the vicinity of the New Siberian Islands right across the North Pole, and going out into the North Pacific Ocean by way of Behring Straits and into the North Atlantic by way of Smith Sound.

Let any one consult the Admiralty Chart of the North Polar Sea, and observe the position of the mouths of the great Siberian rivers, the Obi, the Yenissei, the Lena, the Indigirka, the Kolyma, and others, and then reflect that all of these rivers are pouring their waters into the Arctic Basin, tending, of course, to run straight out into that ocean—in other words, converging on the Pole—and thence running on in the resultant line of their forces, and he will at once see why there *must* be a northerly flowing current from the Siberian coast to the Pole and a southerly flowing current from the Pole onward. To this let it be added that the portion of the warm Gulf Stream which has not been intercepted by Greenland also flows on into the Arctic Basin, between Nova Zembla and Peterman Land, and joins the forces of its warm waters to those of all the Siberian rivers, producing the northerly current to the Pole, and helping to keep something like open water in the Arctic Basin.

Some people ridicule the idea of a warm Atlantic current entering the Polar Basin at such a high temperature as to affect in any way the waters of the Arctic Basin; but do these people know that in the Gulf of Mexico there exists beneath the Gulf Stream a cold current which has come down from the Arctic seas, and has arrived there only 3° above the ordinary freezing-point, and therefore has only lost some 7° of cold on its long journey southward, the freezing-point of salt water being below 28° ?

Maury, in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," records the fact: "At the

very bottom of the Gulf Stream, when its surface temperature was 80° , the deep-sea thermometer of the Coast Survey has recorded a temperature as low as 35° Fahrenheit."

Why, then, should not the water of the Gulf Stream, leaving the Torrid Zone at a temperature of 85° , reach the Polar Sea by the same kind of submarine current at a temperature of say 50° , or even higher, and thus help in creating, at all events for some distance, open water toward the Pole? The place where we should naturally look for such open water would be in about the position Dr. Nansen wished to enter the ice. It has already been said that all the water within the Polar Basin flows out either through Smith Sound or through Behring Straits. Dr. Nansen himself thought there was a surface current running into the Arctic Basin through Behring Straits, but there is only one instance known of this being the case, and that was when H.M.S. *Plover* drifted for a certain distance inward. The surface current has always been found to be an outward one, and numbers of ships have been drifted out of Behring Straits by it. There is, however, an under-current running inward, and that probably accounts for the *Plover's* drift.

Besides these two outlets there are no others by which any water can run out of the Arctic Basin; but of course all water finding its way south through the Parry Islands, by way of Barrow Straits and Lancaster Sound, or by way of Jones's Sound, must be taken to be the same outlet as Smith Sound, since all Arctic Basin water in these directions flows alike into Baffin's Bay and down Davis Straits into the Atlantic Ocean.

In 1820-24 both Baron Wrangel and Lieutenant Anjou visited the northernmost island of the New Siberian group, Kotelnoi Island, and from thence the latter officer made a desperate attempt to push northward toward the Pole. This young officer is named in preference to others simply because he succeeded in getting nearer to the Pole in this direction than any other explorer; but, on the other hand, the weakness of his expedition consisted in the fact that he was travelling over the winter

ice in sledges from the Siberian coast without so much as a boat, and therefore his experience would of necessity be of the most unfavorable kind, for what he wanted to find was firm ice running well up to the Pole and supplying a good road for a sledge. But, as a matter of fact, Anjou, who started in a sledge from Cape Anissii, the northernmost point of Kotelnoi Island, upon the 140th meridian, was only able to proceed thirty-two miles in a northwesterly direction, and then ten miles more due north, when he was stopped by thin ice, only two inches thick, and was made aware of open water to the northward by clouds of vapor rising from the sea and what is known to Arctic men as a "water sky." Moreover, this has invariably been the experience of all those who have tried to get to the Pole from this direction.

Only let Dr. Nansen get his ship safely to the point reached by Anjou, and meet with a similar experience, and the North Pole must be reached. Dr. Nansen will, however, stand a better chance if it is found that he did not go on so far as the New Siberian Islands, but struck north about off Taimoor Point, on the 104th meridian, because the distance to be travelled would be shorter and the drift of the current more direct to the Pole. But here comes in the special danger for Dr. Nansen, for he imagined that he would find a southerly current bringing him out by way of the east coast of Greenland, whereas Greenland will be found, as has been shown, to extend from Hall Land right on to Peterman Land, rendering this impossible, while he will be trying to force his ship away from the entrance to Smith Sound, his only possible exit from the Pole, if he reaches it.

There is another reason why we know that, at all events for a part of the year, there is open water communication from the vicinity of the New Siberian Islands right across the Pole, and beyond it, too. The well-authenticated position of drift wood supplies this proof, and I will, therefore, give a very strong instance. An Arctic traveller on visiting the northern shore of Prince Patrick's Island, one of the Parry Islands, just to the north of Melville

Island, reported that he found the trunk of a larch tree, with the bark hardly scratched, thrown up on that island. Now, the nearest place from which that larch tree could have been drifted is the River Lena, which flows out into the Arctic Basin to the westward of the New Siberian Islands, or else from the Indigirka, whose mouth is to the eastward of those islands. In this case that larch tree went out with the river water a little to the east or a little to the west of the New Siberian Islands, and drifted almost over the North Pole, until it was cast up on the northern shores of Prince Patrick's Island. It is absolutely impossible that this larch could have come from any other place than from some one of the rivers lying between the Kara Sea and the River Indigirka, and it matters not, therefore, from which of them it came, for the route taken must have been the same—viz., almost across the North Pole. If it had come from any point to the east of the Indigirka it must have been intercepted by Kellet Land and carried out into the North Pacific by Behring Straits.

It is quite clear that, during parts of the year, and in favorable summers, there is practically an open water passage, so that a ship could be drifted by the Arctic currents from the region of the New Siberian Islands right across the North Pole, and then, by careful handling, be carried into the entrance of Robeson Channel, and so be drifted down Smith Sound, as the *Polaris* was.

Dr. Nansen, when in England, spoke of certain relics of the ill-fated *Jeannette* which, as we know, were found on an ice floe at or near Julianes-haab, a little to the westward of Cape Farewell, which is the southernmost point of Greenland; and he assumed that these things must have been carried from the spot where the *Jeannette* went down by way of the east coast of Greenland, but from what has gone before, this has been shown not to be possible. Here it will be said—Then how did those *Jeannette* relics get to Julianes-haab? The answer is very plain. They came down out of the Arctic Basin by way of Smith Sound, or possibly Jones's Sound, and drifted

over the North Pole in doing so. Dr. Nansen himself gave the position of the *Jeannette* at various times. He said that she was beset in the ice on September 6, 1879, off Herald Island, in Lat. $71^{\circ} 30' N.$, Long. $175^{\circ} W.$, and that, after drifting about for nearly two years in a north-westerly direction, she finally went down on June 13, 1881, to the northward of the New Siberian Islands, in about Lat. $77^{\circ} 15' N.$, Long. $155^{\circ} E.$, so that the *Jeannette* was actually trying to force herself toward the North Pole by the help of the northerly flowing currents set up by the Siberian rivers, and she had gone a considerable distance toward it when she was crushed in the ice and sank. From that spot the relics of the *Jeannette* must have drifted over the North Pole and gone down into Baffin's bay, probably through Smith Sound, from whence they were driven across toward the coast of Greenland nearly as far as Cape Farewell, at which point they would meet the southerly flowing current coming down from the other side of Greenland, and in the swirl of impinging currents they might easily be deposited just where they were found—viz., at Julianes haab.

I am quite aware that the current, at least the main part of it, coming down Smith Sound flows, as a rule, more over on the other side of Baffin's Bay, and that the survivors of the *Polaris* were drifted down on the huge ice floe and eventually rescued off the coast of Labrador; but also there is the southerly flowing current, which comes down through Barrow Strait and Lancaster Sound, which strikes the Smith Sound current almost at right angles, and it is highly probable that in this way light articles floating on small ice floes on the surface would be driven right across Baffin's Bay, and so be carried down the Greenland coast to the spot where the *Jeannette* relics were found. Thus it will be seen that even the drift of the *Jeannette* relics, in the course I have imagined them to have taken, establishes the feasibility of Dr. Nansen's ship *Fram* being drifted from the neighborhood of the New Siberian Islands and across the North Pole. Arrived at the Pole, the difficulty would be to direct the drift of the ship

somewhat to the westward of north, as the compass would then be pointing, so as to clear Grant Land and enter Robeson Channel, when all difficulty would be over and the problem of the century solved.

With good luck there is no reason why the *Fram* should not eventually get through to the Pole, and especially if sufficient coal has been saved, so as to take advantage of steam power, for only a few days, should open water be found a little to the northward of the New Siberian Islands. The great danger will, of course, be in possibly having to winter in the pack, and of the ship being nipped by the ice; but it is more than likely that at and about the North Terrestrial Pole there are numbers of islands, where shelter might be found, and even food obtained; for all travellers alike, and especially up Smith Sound, have told of flights of birds going north in search of more genial climes than were to be found further away from the Pole, and I for one believe that instinct did not mislead these birds.

If the *Fram* is forced to the northward from about the point already named she may have wintered at the North Pole, and in the next summer have been able to make for the mouth of Robeson Channel. On the other hand, she may have been nipped in the ice before getting near the Pole. Let us suppose that this took place in about the same latitude as a similar accident happened to the *Jeannette*. This latter vessel was, if my memory serves me, no other than Sir Allen Young's *Pandora*, which had been purchased by the proprietor of the "New York Herald;" and if so, she was not particularly well qualified to resist an ice nip. The *Fram*, however, is perhaps the strongest ship ever built for Arctic work, and might be expected to resist the nip which destroyed the *Jeannette*. It sometimes happens that a vessel will slip up, and so avoid the nip, resting safely, as the *Fram* would in this case do, on the ice floe. She would then have to winter in the pack, and possibly have to spend more than one winter there; but whenever the ice began to move she would be gradually drifted with it toward the Pole. Assuming

that she avoided being nipped, and that she was not released from the ice in the following summer, which might happen to be a very inclement one, it might easily take her two or three years in drifting as far as the Pole itself. She, however, carries provisions for five or six years, and certainly, if she is ever to perform her intended journey, she ought to do it in less than that time.

But now let us suppose that the worst comes to the worst—that the *Fram* herself shares the fate of the *Jeannette* in somewhere about the same latitude, but about as far to the west as the *Jeannette* was to the east of the New Siberian Islands, for this is about where Dr. Nansen expected to take the ice. Then his plan was to hoist out two 29 ft. boats, very large and very heavy, to house them in on the ice and live in them, so that when the ice broke up in the next summer he might have one more chance of safety. If an accident had happened to his ship, and he became entirely dependent upon his boats, there would be no possibility of returning the same way he came, unless he was able with only twelve men to drag one of these heavy boats back over the ice to Kotelnoi Island, where he would have to remain until help came or the party died of starvation. Assuming that the same thing happened to the *Fram*, but much nearer the Pole, say after one or two years' drift, then it would be absolutely impossible to retrace his steps to Kotelnoi Island, and he would be compelled to push on with his boats in the struggle for dear life. He would, however, very soon find it necessary to abandon one of the boats, and to transfer his crew and provisions to the other one, and in her make his last desperate attempt to reach the Pole.

In this case much would depend upon the whole of his crew, only twelve in number, having been saved from the wreck of his ship, and upon his having been able to provision the boats for at least two years; and it must be remembered this cannot always be done when an Arctic ship suddenly experiences a nip. This, more often than not, happens when it is not at all expected, so that if the crew are on board the ship

at the time the nip happens it is all they can do to get out on the ice in safety; and unless all precautions have been previously taken, boats got out on the ice ready loaded with water, stores, warm clothing and provisions, they would find themselves adrift on an ice floe, cut off from the ship or any means of independent locomotion. It need hardly be said that if Dr. Nansen's party ever found themselves in such a position their rescue would be absolutely impossible. Their one and only chance would then be that they might involuntarily be drifted on a floe toward the mouth of Robeson Channel, where they might find provisions left by the *Alert*. If, however, the floe took a more westerly course, it would soon form a portion of Sir G. Nares' Palæocrystic Sea, where vast masses of ice are heaped up in the shallow water approaching Grant Land; while if it took a course to the eastward of Robeson Channel it would be driven upon the northern shores of Greenland. I am aware that this is the exact spot to which Dr. Nansen hoped to be drifted, under the erroneous impression that there is a water passage down the east side of Greenland. I hope Dr. Nansen has since altered his mind on this point, for it is quite a possibility that he was very fortunate in getting through to the Pole in his first season, and that afterward he was able to direct the course of his ship, and deliberately steered to the eastward of Hall Land and the entrance of Robeson Channel, and there found himself utterly unable either to proceed or to return. In this case the Jackson expedition will very likely come upon him not very far from Lieutenant Lockwood's furthest point, for when Mr. Jackson finds that Peterman Land is only the eastern part of Greenland he is sure to push on north, and when he comes to the Arctic Basin to endeavor to follow up the coast to the point reached from the opposite direction by Lockwood, and that is Dr. Nansen's chance of safety if he is able to follow his own ideas.

I think I have the right to express a strong opinion upon the geography of this particular region, because in 1875,

before the *Alert* and *Discovery* started, I delivered lectures at various places predicting what must be found a little higher up Smith Sound than the furthest point which had then been reached, and I have the manuscript of those lectures now before me. I also paid a visit to the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty, and gave my reasons for believing that there was no continuous land running up to the Pole, as was then supposed to be the case, and upon the truth of which the Expedition had been planned, so as to reach the Pole by sledges hugging the land. And upon the return of the Expedition I again paid a visit to the Admiralty, and was shown the charts with the land on both sides of Robeson Channel laid down just as I had roughly drawn it in pencil at my first visit. I had arrived at a correct conclusion by a process of inductive reasoning founded upon the known results of previous Arctic discoveries; and I feel now quite as certain that Dr. Nansen will find himself mistaken in supposing there is a water passage from the Arctic Basin down the east side of Greenland into the Spitzbergen Sea; but, unfortunately, this is the key of his whole plan.

It is very easy to say after the event "I told you so." It is not always so easy to say beforehand, and especially as regards the geography of the Arctic regions, what of necessity must be found, and therefore he is the real friend of the present Expedition who can throw light upon any part of Dr. Nansen's plan, so as to help in his rescue if needed.

It must be borne in mind that this Expedition is unlike any other that has ever gone north. In every other case it has been possible to send a Relief Expedition, following in the explorers' track or by meeting them, through a knowledge of the exact route to be attempted; but in this case, after the Expedition has once left the New Siberian Islands no one can tell exactly in what direction to look for it.

With the sole exception of the first disaster I have imagined as happening—viz., that the ship comes to grief within a reasonable distance of the New

Siberian Islands, where a Relief Expedition might, and probably would, find the survivors on Kotelnoi Island, there is no possibility of sending help in their track. The only way of relief would be in hitting off the exact spot on the other side of the Pole to which the *Fram* had been carried, and this would depend, all going well, upon the final decision arrived at by Dr. Nansen as to the course he shall steer, if he can control that point, after leaving the Pole.

It does not appear that any sledges were taken, unless these were added at the last minute, and this seems a weak point in the Expedition; not, however, that they could be used at all if the explorers get through in their ship, or in a boat, and it is evident that Dr. Nan-

sen intended to risk everything on being able to do this.

At the same time it would have been wise to have taken two or three sledges in case any land journey should have to be attempted, or in case Dr. Nansen should find himself beset within reach of the *Alert's* last wintering place, where provisions would be found and from whence he might be rescued.

After all has been said, Dr. Nansen and his crew started with the best chance of reaching the Pole which any Arctic explorers have ever had, because they are going on the right lines; and yet, for all that, theirs is the most hazardous of all, because of the impossibility of retiring upon any base of operations.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

PASTIME AND BUSINESS.

POSTERITY will with good reason select as one of the most remarkable features of the social history of the nineteenth century—indeed, of the later half only of the nineteenth century—the extraordinary alliance which was brought about between pastime and business.

In the estimation of not merely our ancestors, but of our predecessors of half a century ago, there could not be the slightest relationship between pastime and business. Not only was the contemporaneous existence of the one with the other deemed incompatible with the proper working of the affairs of life, not merely was it inconceivable that the development of a people's pastimes could be an enormous factor in the wealth and weal of the nation, but the two were regarded as absolutely antagonistic, and the pastime-loving nations of the south were pointed to as instances of the corruption and feebleness which naturally were the fruits of such an inclination. The business man of a by no means remote generation had an actual suspicion and dislike of all pastime which necessitated the occasional encroachment upon the working hours of the week, and the absolute refusal of our grandfathers to tolerate any form of recreation upon the one

day of rest served to perpetuate the Puritanical Sabbath which had been created more than two centuries before. A pastime-loving clerk or 'prentice lad was regarded as on the high-road to ruin; and we need only turn back to an old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* to note how strongly and vehemently employers of labor and fathers of sons who had to make their way in the world declaimed against the evil influence on the young mind of cricket matches.

It is frequently shown that in the departments of discovery and invention there is really nothing new under the sun, and the modern schoolmaster abroad can give us chapter and verse proofs of a pre-knowledge, or, at any rate, a pre-suspicion in past days of the existence of almost every startling discovery and invention of modern times; but there is not one jot or one tittle of evidence that our forefathers ever had the smallest idea that an enormous proportion of the trade of a nation should become dependent upon the pastimes of that nation.

Pastime of any kind—active pastime, that is—was essentially the property of the young and the wealthy. When a youth left school he was supposed to leave his pastimes behind him,

and, as we have said, if he afterward betrayed a sneaking fondness for them, he was regarded as unfit for the business of the world, which was performed in so grave and ponderous a way as to permit no deviation into frivolous paths. In fact, for ordinary men there were no pastimes. The hours of business over, a man either went straight home, or to his coffee-house or club, with the result that gambling and heavy drinking too often occupied the hours employed by the middle-aged Englishman of to-day in recreating his mind and invigorating his body. As for the young men—well, contemporary social pictures sufficiently inform us as to their method of killing leisure time.

Even the sports of hunting, shooting, fishing, and horse-racing, which were termed generally popular, only occupied the attention of a proportionately very small section of the community, and were not conducted on the principles which make them now such invaluable aids to business and trade. Moreover, our province in this paper is strictly that which comprises pastime as distinguished from what is properly called sport.

It is almost impossible to contemplate without a shudder the result of such a phenomenon as the sudden collapse of one of our seven great national pastimes—cricket, football, rowing, tennis, athletics, cycling, or golf. Half a century ago not one of these was deemed of more than transient interest to anybody above the age of a schoolboy, and still less of being a factor of national prosperity. Even golf, which has only become well known south of the Tweed within the last few years, must be an enormous contributor to the circulation of money, must be associated with the welfare of thousands of families, and, as in the case of only one other sport (cycling), has actually wrought an appreciable change in the aspect of the country itself, inasmuch as it has rescued from inevitable decay more than one English town, and rendered available for man's use great stretches of land which would otherwise have remained solitary and unprofitable.

This process of the resuscitation of a

town by an influence which, not so long ago, was actually regarded as evil, is exceedingly interesting, and, so far as we know, has no parallel at any other period of history. As a rule, when a town begins to sink, no human efforts can restore it. There are watering places which have lost prestige, and which no royal patronage, no puffing, no local enterprise, no builder's genius has been able to restore to their former glory. There are ports to which, once they have been deserted by the current of commerce, no amount of dock and pier and warehouse building can restore their old importance. In a happy hour some enthusiastic golfer discovers that the land in the neighborhood of the faded watering-place or the decayed port is admirably adapted to his requirements. A club is formed, the land is rented, local labor is employed in the laying out of the links; the players come down, so do their sisters and wives, and cousins and aunts; houses spring up, the old-world inn blossoms forth as a grand hotel, the local tradesmen have something more to do than to stand sunning themselves at their shop doors—in short, a new flow of life sets in, and the old place once more holds up its head.

Those who remember what Sandwich was before the St. George's Club came to utilize the stretches of grass and sand which surround it will appreciate these remarks—as also those who knew New Romney before Littlestone was anything but a geographical speck. But such folks are few, not because it is so long ago, but because places like Sandwich and New Romney were, until five or six years ago, the peculiar property of a few antiquaries and artists. And, be it noted, golf has but recently become a popular pastime in the literal sense of the phrase; till of late it was but the recreation of a comparatively small section of the community.

It is when we consider an essentially popular pastime that the influence upon trade is seen to be the most remarkable. If we take cycling, for instance, we find that not only has it created an industry which must give support to many thousands of workpeople, not

only has it done for Coventry what golf has done for Sandwich and New Romney—for when the ribbon trade left Coventry there was nothing but ruin before it; but it has poured fresh, vigorous blood through what were, before the era of railways, the very arteries and veins of our country—the high-roads and by-roads. Just think what this single act of reviving an old road means. Choose any favorite wheelmen's road and try to remember what it was a quarter of a century ago. Take the Great North Road. Except upon market days, one might have travelled any fifty miles along it between Highgate and York without meeting fifty people. The famous old inns were in the condition of the "Dolphin's Head, by J. Mellows," as described by Dickens in his capacity as an uncommercial traveller. Towns which literally lived by the road had drifted into a helplessly somnolent condition, from which no apparent human agency could awaken them, and the stranger thereto was stared at as much as if he had been a Highlander or an Iroquois in full war-paint. The highway itself, being of no particular value to anybody since the Great Northern Railway began to whirl the old patrons of the road along at forty-five miles an hour, was allowed to decay, and in wet seasons or snowy weather was well-nigh impassable.

The rage for wheeling produced a rapid transformation. Station yourself at any point you like, and try to count the machines which pass on a fine Saturday afternoon during the course of an hour, and you will soon abandon the task as hopeless. Then, consider that every rider of every machine spends something during his trip, even if it be but the cost of a temperance drink: consider that a very large number of Saturday riders sleep out and make good meals during their journey; that they are constantly spending something over and above their actual travelling expenses; that the wonderful extension of our acquaintance with our own country resulting from these peaceful invasions of it by the inhabitants, not merely of the Metropolis, but of every city and considerable town in the land, has led to the refurbishing

up of such local lions as the castle, or the abbey, or the great Somebody's birthplace, or the waterfall, or the view (the inspection of all of which means the expenditure of money), and an approximate idea may be gained of the influence upon national trade which this pastime alone exercises.

What cycling and golf have done for our inland roads and decayed towns and watering-places, rowing has done for our rivers.

The instance of the Thames naturally presents itself first to the mind. Half a century ago, mention of rowing on the Thames was chiefly associated with the river about Hampton Court, Richmond and Windsor, and faintly with Henley. Above Henley one might rusticate at ease, and not the least charm of such rustication was the simple, homely accommodation afforded by the river-side inn. Men who had rowed from Oxford to London were regarded as having performed a feat; and the number of men who made the river their recreation world during the summer, the number of people who owned river-side houses, and the number of people who owned house-boats, was very inconsiderable.

Nowadays the Thames runs through a world of toilers whose earnings depend entirely upon the pleasure traffic on the river; and the amount of money taken during an average English summer by boat and oar makers, watermen, loafers, innkeepers, lodging-house keepers, town and village tradesmen, and the Thames Conservancy, in the shape of boat-rents and lock-dues, would amaze the statistician. To this should be added, in a general survey of the development of this particular pastime, the increased value of river-side land, and the money which has found its way into the pockets of landowners and builders.

It is only by recalling the state of things so short a time ago as half a century, that we are able fairly to realize what this one pastime has done for the trade of the country, especially when we consider that what is true of the Thames is true of every river which offers even but moderate facilities for boating.

That most universal of all our Eng-

lish pastimes, lawn-tennis—unknown little more than a quarter of a century ago—has now a claim to rank among the first of those which materially influence the trade of the country. If we only consider that nearly every house in Great Britain to which is attached a piece of lawn large enough for the game, has its net and its balls and its rackets, the size of the industry created by the invention of the game can be somewhat appreciated. If we go further, and remember that all through India, and Australia, and Canada, in the farthest East and the remotest West, in the islands of every ocean, in the cities and ports of both coasts of South America, and in every part of Europe whither the Briton resorts, the game is played, and the materials for it are shipped from the old country, the only word applicable to the volume of trade thereby developed is "enormous."

We may pass athletic sports without comment, as the remarks applicable to the foregoing pastimes are equally relevant to them, and we come to what may be termed the typically national pastimes of our country—cricket and football. Until the beginning of the present century cricket was essentially the game of the people. When George IV. played the game on the Steyne at Brighthelmstone, about the year 1782, that *cachet* was given to it which made Strutt say, in 1834, that "it is become exceedingly fashionable, being much countenanced by the nobility and gentlemen of fortune;" although it was some years before it became recognized as a national or practically universal pastime. Schoolboys, idle men of means, and the peasantry played, but the great mass of Englishmen, the upper middle class, still stood aloof from it. Even when the counties began to measure strength with each other, it was limited to Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire; and it was not until within the last half century that the midland and northern counties adopted it.

Cricket, as played by many, cannot be accounted an inexpensive pastime. With the exception of golf, indeed, it may be considered the most expensive—it being understood that this paper

deals with pastimes proper, and not with sports like hunting, shooting, and fishing. It is, of course, impossible to calculate the average cost of a cricket season to an individual gentleman, including his paraphernalia, his club subscription, his travelling, luncheon, and incidental expenses; but it may be estimated that the daily cost of a match played, even at but a moderate distance from home, cannot be much less than ten shillings.

We may then form some notion of the powerful influence of cricket upon the national trade: the thousands of gentlemen who are playing north, south, east, and west, certainly one day in every week, and very often more, during five months of the year; the large army of ministers to the game—the manufacturers of cricket materials, the ground men, the hundreds of professionals, the caterers, the large number of men and boys who live somehow by the game. We must remember that cricket is played in every town, and in a very large proportion of the villages of England, at any rate every Saturday during the season; that the Metropolis alone cannot provide sufficient space for its players, and that suburban clubs are ready to pay almost fancy prices for good and convenient grounds. We must remember also that cricket has become a feature of the educational curriculum of every school in England, so that, in a school of five hundred boys, not fifty will be found who do not possess cricket outfits of their own.

Add to all this, that although Australia makes her own cricket materials to some extent, the articles requisite for the game are sent out by home manufacturers to every place where the game is played—in other words, to all parts of the world.

If cricket has but comparatively recently become an universal national pastime, it is an old favorite compared with football. Until well toward the middle of this century, the only football played in England was at some, not all, of the public schools, by the Irishmen in Copenhagen Fields, at some village fairs, and, in accordance with an ancient Shrovetide custom, at such places as Kingston-on-Thames,

Chester-le-Street, Bishop Auckland, and Chester; and it was played in so simple a fashion, and with such crude materials, that there can hardly be supposed to have been any industry worthy of consideration depending upon it.

Strutt, writing in 1834, says: "It was formerly much in vogue among the common people of England, though of late years it seems to have fallen into disrepute, and is but little practised."

About the middle of this century the game spread from the public schools into the upper and middle-class world—no doubt carried there by old boys of Tom Brown's type; and after 1870 it developed by amazing strides into being what it now is—not merely the pastime, but the rage of both classes and masses, more especially of the masses.

In itself football is the most inexpensive of pastimes, but more money is put into circulation by a big north country or midland football match than by any but the very biggest cricket matches. Taking the first half-dozen matches played in the north, as recorded in one Monday morning paper, I added the total of spectators as being fifty thousand, every man of whom had paid for admission to the grounds, very many of whom had travelled long distances to see the matches, and most of whom, it may be believed, spent some money in incidental expenses.

The influence of football upon the traffic of railway companies alone must be enormous. Football may be considered a literally more popular game than cricket for two important reasons. First, it appeals far more to the sympathies and the understanding of non-players than does cricket. Second, the crowd gets a *multum in parvo* for its money—a good deal compressed into a conveniently short space of time. The popularity of cricket, from a spectatorial point of view, is limited to three classes of people—players, old players, and picnickers. Hence, ten thousand is a very big "gate" for even a first-class county match; whereas every Saturday, in the north or midlands of England, there is tolerably sure to be at any rate one football fix-

ture which draws as many people as have made the record attendance at Kennington Oval on the occasion of an England and Australia cricket match. Distance and cost are no obstacle to the frantically enthusiastic partisans of a north country or midland football club: a cup tie will bring excursion trains laden with people from all parts of the country, and these excursions are, it is hardly necessary to say, very rarely undertaken in an economical spirit.

On the other hand, it must be candidly admitted that, great as are the benefits to trade arising from this football mania, there is great danger of the fulfilment of the fears expressed by the *Gentleman's Magazine* correspondent of 1743 with regard to the popularization of cricket. North country and midland employers of labor have been driven to recognize the fact that the world of their men from the beginning of September to the beginning of May is the world of football. Rather than miss a good match, these men readily sacrifice a day's pay. Immense sums of money change hands over every game, and the mere fact that the players of nearly all our northern association clubs are imported strangers, stamps the game at once as partaking far more of the character of a business than of a pastime, and a business in which the public has as large an interest as the promoters.

This is certainly not as it should be; the game which actually supplants business in the minds of many hundreds of thousands of a nation's population not only ceases to be a pastime, but must sooner or later bring about an actual catastrophe. The base-ball rage in the United States is occupying very seriously the minds of social economists, who view the strides with which it is advancing, and the essentially commercial character with which it is becoming invested, as likely to exercise an unwholesome influence upon the morals and business aptitude of the rising generation. Business in Spain is absolutely subservient to the bull-ring, the result being that the proportion of the trade of the world shared by Spain is infinitesimal.

But no healthier influence can be

brought to bear upon a nation's trade than that of a wholesome, genuine pastime; and as, since the spread of pastimes, there is no sign that aptitude

for business has degenerated, it is a connection upon which we may sincerely congratulate ourselves.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE SOFT SEX.

BY MRS. HAWEIS.

THERE was never a time when the eternal feminine had so much done for her and said about her. She is positively bristling with new privileges.

There is not a newspaper that does not contribute at least one paragraph for the re-gilding of the hem of her garment. In that useful list of current periodicals in the *Review of Reviews*, which is worth all the money, it is amusing to tick off the articles that concern themselves about women, and then to count them! In court the jury gives her "the benefit of the doubt." In the railway carriage she is a word of fear to the lone bachelor. At Henley she bashes in other people's punts with her own, nor stoops to apologize. Round the Park she asserts the equality of the sexes and the classes by bicycling in the wildest garments, for the delectation of the unemployed on the green chairs. Maiden, she has her university degrees, her profession, her club; wife, she can possess property and even earn it, and cannot be beaten or locked up by Strephon: she can commit crimes, and incur debts all her own. New Zealand and South Australia have lifted her from her place among the "catel," and put her on a level with her sons by the grant of the parliamentary vote. She will soon, if we do not look sharp, claim the same protective legislation as her American sisters, and insist on its endorsing the pleasant fictions of the marriage service; while filial indulgence may in time make her partner also in her children—the queen, and not the drudge, of the home and the family; but—

However beneficent the new lights and the new leading, in the broad sense, in the narrow one there are ugly perils! Revolt against received opinion and regular habits, the destruction of standards, the loss of the old piety

without new ballast to replace it, all sorts of discomfort and mischief—well, we have seen a little of it in the Revolt of the Daughters, and it was not pretty. That is the child over-indulged, growing up without heart and discrimination, the "spoilt" child. And now comes the *cruz*. Will all the modern indulgences "spoil" women?

As the softer sex learn to see out of their own useful eyes, and steer themselves on their own healthy feet "just like a man," as the odd phrase goes, they no doubt become very different beings from that old-fashioned, clinging, trustful, "helpless Anna" bewailed by the poor schoolmaster in Elia's essay. They become less subordinate and more headstrong—"unsexed" is the pet term of those who consider the sex (like pet-dogs) more valuable for their entirely artificial deformities.

The pet-dog was the real old soft sex thirty or forty years ago, among the richer classes in London at least. "We shall not have a soft sex any longer," say the croakers, and the croakers we have always with us. "Women will be as 'hard as nails.' But will they?

My point is this—not that the soft sex were not soft, but that they are growing softer, as more is conceded to them. And this is an ugly peril not only to them, but to the men they live with, and the children they bring up. Of course I mean softness, not in the way of sympathy, but in being able to put up with nothing.

The way to harden a Brave is to hurt him. Make him bear the live coal on his flesh, the needle in his cheek; make him smile as the blood runs from the knife-cut, and the cord scores his brown back. After this, hunger will never vex his strong spirit,

nor the foeman's spear call forth a groan. He is doubly armed, to suffer alone or to bear with others; and he is the better for it as a warrior—for this is a vale of tears!

The softer sex was morally so treated for hundreds of ages. Tradition and history, and even our common law attest it. That old story told so tenderly by Chaucer, of Walter and patient Grisell, was a type of frequent married life under the old conditions (and not married life at its worst), though it may not have always the physical offspring which he cut off from her, but a hundred natural faculties and pleasures. No doubt the good husband made his wife happy in her subservient sphere as long as she kept within it; but the bad husband (whose name was legion) made her wretched with a wretchedness impossible to-day. And her endurance became a proverb, so that it is still sometimes claimed as his right by her mate, and gives the last touch to her attractiveness: Was it not written the other day—it seems the savage utterance of a vicious circle, and we hoped better things from the well-known author—"It is the essential nature of a woman to forgive?" "Take away her forgiving quality, and you rob her of her sublimest attribute."

Yes, God knows forgiveness is God-like, in all His creatures alike, even the faithful dog, and carries its own joy with it, for

"it is sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language—on earth it is called
forgiveness."

But too much is said concerning women as a class *required* to forgive even unto seventy times seven. The inference is often as in the above case, "Give her something to forgive, that we may enjoy seeing how well she bears it!"

But this treatment made woman morally tough; and, cruel as was the process, she may have been a gainer in the end—if not on the earthly plane. To hear and say nothing was the Spartan life of many a well-appearing woman, and the simple creed had its beauty. Many a girl faded—Miss Ferrier quotes some—the apotheosis of helplessness, when women were "not expected to understand," or when the strong, old-fashioned, filial instinct was abused.

A wife recently told me, "I would rather have disobeyed my husband than my father, if it had come to the choice, and even if my father was wrong," so strong and holy that filial instinct used to be. But the law gave the husband supreme power when there was no male relation to check him; and supreme power is over-much for most people. Between the two sexes it was an absurd distribution of power.

"I knew a wife who disobeyed her husband (said a middle-aged man when I was a child), and she sang in the streets for it! She sang in the streets!" he reiterated triumphantly. He had turned her out of doors, the wife whom he had solemnly vowed "to cherish for better, for worse," and to "endow with all his worldly goods"—turned her out, not for a deep moral wrong, but for petty "disobedience." What interval elapsed, what circumstances intervened, I knew not, but the end was such, and the man and his men friends made merry. But what did it mean for the woman, sick, hungry, angry, separated from her children? Too much power—too much pain. Such scandals are no more. They were not common, but they were possible, when there was too much power. George Eliot gives a not dissimilar instance in her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Now they are impossible.

She was often a helpless, soft thing externally, was woman of old, as in the rough classes she is still; but within she was a hardened brave, covered with honorable scars that must glorify her when they come to the astral condition! And so even now the "slings and arrows" that many a disappointed woman has had to bear, wrenches to her once spontaneous nature, gibes and slights, are very real blows—they do not show but, as Stevenson somewhere says, they bring blood and leave marks as lasting as physical hurts, and sometimes callosities. So the brave becomes a brave.

Things are too much the other way now. Look at our children—"fathers of the man," the mothers *in futuro*.

They used to be brought up "dry," with few pleasures that they did not make for themselves, and under nursery rules as rigid as ours are lax. The sys-

tem sometimes formed splendid men and women; there is no grace and dignity, no solidity and "finish," like that of the old-fashioned man or woman at the best. It trained the women who were afterward moral warriors; it trained men who made the endurance of English soldiers and sailors a word of world-wide honor. In that fascinating autobiography of my valued friend, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, whose lonely childhood would not appear delightful to children to-day, she voices sweetly and nobly the contented old spirit made sweeter by distance. "In this healthful, delightful nursery and in walks with my nurse about the lawns and shrubberies, the first years of my happy childhood went by, fed in body with the freshest milk and eggs and fruit, everything best for a child; and in mind supplied only with the simple, sweet lessons of my gentle mother. No unwholesome food, physical or moral, was ever allowed to come in my way till body and soul had almost grown to their full stature. When I compare such a lot as this (the common lot, of course, of English girls of the richer classes blessed with good fathers and mothers) with the case of the hapless young creatures who are fed from infancy with insufficient and unwholesome food, perhaps dosed with gin and opium from the cradle, and who even as they acquire language learn foul words, curses, and blasphemies—when I compare, I say, my happy lot with the miserable one of tens of thousands of my brother men and sister women, I feel appalled to reflect by how different a standpoint must I be judged by Eternal Justice?"

The old bracing system, in fact, gave us such women as Miss Cobbe, Mrs. Ellis,* and many more. The results of the present relaxing system are to come. But meantime, children, though promoted almost to be household rulers, are merely critical and seldom contented, and being never forced to put "I ought" before "I like," how are they armed for the battle of life?

It is a reaction, no doubt. Because we have ourselves acquired more dependence on pleasures, we try to give

our children all the external joys withheld on principle from us. So we remove their power of internal resource. Was the mother forbidden sweets? She gives her little girl too much. Does the child feel cross and not wish to go to school? (The mother would never have dared demur, in her time.) "Don't go, my precious—of course you are not well enough"—and the child soon becomes really delicate. Is the child "so tired of that school?" The well-meaning parent shifts her, or him, from school to school, requiring fresh privileges at each, till at sixteen the child cannot pass the easiest "prelim."

The new system hardly generates respect for pastors, masters, and mistresses (to say nothing of a Higher Power), who in the case of an *insurgée* are without the means of pressure by reward or punishment; and the commonest incentive to work is a heavy and demoralizing bribe from papa.* Is the schoolmistress warm-hearted, eager,—as such deem it—unfortunately religious? The little puss spends half the time in defeating her, caricaturing her, making fun of all strong feeling, admiring notable criminals, and sneering at that horrid old Church, till the moral sense really seems to get blunted through the jesting which is not convenient. Certainly lying is no longer regarded as an evil or a disgrace: it is rather belauded as a fine art by the new generation, and that comes out even in the novel and ephemeral literature of the day. "Do you always tell lies?" queries Edwin. "Always when it seems desirable," bodily returns Angelina, and she means, when it seems easiest.

Nor is the affection for the invertebrate parent secured by the indulgences—but this is only discovered gradually. The moneyed minor is ordered to contribute to the maintenance of her mother, impoverished by some legal error. "Six hundred a year out of a paltry two thousand!" grumbles the sweet girl, "*and jolly well I grudge it!*" Presently the boy slips into debt, the

* I knew of a parent who offered his young son £200, another who gave £100, for his absolute disposal.

* Author of "The Women of England."

girl "revolts"—she has run through the gamut of all emotions and is still "dull" for want of new ones, and she ends (with a little outside abetting) in Bohemia. On the other hand, what complete maternal absorption comes to is well pictured in "The Woman who Did," and (though I am sorry she did) whatever else in woman Mr. Grant Allen may not understand, he certainly understands the daughter. Equally novel accounts of schoolboys reach us. Public school-men complain of new comers as mollicoddles, protected by the masters from the most harmless and wholesome bullying, fetched back in broughams to homes in the next street, and all professing to be "delicate." In the United States, where parental devotion is more a *culte* than with us as yet—I say it in a warning spirit—the excessive indulgence of the young people in season and out of season is actually in many cases unfitting them physically for the ordinary sacrifices and duties of married life, by softening the moral fibre; and not a few instances of mental disease are traceable to nothing else in the establishments answering to our asylums. I was told this by both married women and clergymen in Detroit, Long Island, and Chicago.

When we remember that our qualities are to be transmitted, is not this softness with a vengeance! Indeed, it becomes a question only which sex is the softer now. For the tenderness thus bred in the child makes self-indulgence afterward inevitable; and all this means the utmost intolerance of spirit. No one can put up with anything, from a chaperone to a contrary view on Free Trade or the Voluntary schools; and through this unhappy condition half society is in revolt against something or another—mainly against doing anything across the grain at the moment. Were happiness attained in the process, there would be some justification; but alas! we can hardly lay that flattering unction to our souls, because, as every fresh check is relaxed, fiercer revolt follows, which proves that they suffer—still they suffer! The daughter, the husband, the wife, the mother, the servant, the

miner, the cabman, the master: all are "on the strike," flinging off on the one hand tiresome responsibilities, and on the other, even protective restraints. And when every authority is denied, to obey is absurd: responsibility ceases with authority, and yet—we are not happy!

Not that the suffering is not real; or that the princess does not suffer agonies from the pea underneath twelve featherbeds. She does suffer. The moral epidermis can really be abraded by the wilt in the roseleaf. But the condition is morbid, and is dangerous not least because it is so contagious. It may be "all nerves." But when Professor Clifford Allbutt* tells us—it seems at first blush to traverse experience—that it is *not* the result of our rapid living, that excessive work is *not* bad for the brain, nor even the oft-quoted "worry," anxiety, and broken hearts; that the chief defect in neurotic patients is by no means that they are over-sensitive, but that they are not sensitive enough, we can easily see that nervous disease is a real malady. Not the utmost exercise of our nerves, but *defective control*, is the true cause of misery, the true danger of our softening course of education. As athletics harden our muscles, so strong and continuous feeling may invigorate our nerves and make them serve us better, and the experiment has already been medically tried.† But athletics mean the endurance of aches, and fortitude under sharp and ruthless handling is a similar process to be borne if not enjoyed; and perhaps the cruellest of all cruelties in the end is the kindness which makes us dependent on kindness and then reverses the treatment.

Under such mistaken training as we pursue, just as the pain of the rack which the early martyr bore would kill us at once, so the shocked but untrained currents of feeling may cause a moral anæsthesia, that is not unlike physical death, and as unalterable; and this really may account for many of the blunted acts and sentiments per-

* *Vide Contemporary Review*, February, 1895.

† By Dr. Playfair.

mitted by society, especially among the younger soft—unwholesomely soft—sex.

Now before the "Eternal Feminine"—or the "bawling brotherhood" for the matter of that, for all classes and ages are involved—claims and gets more liberty and wider and ever wider indulgence, the *nouveaux-libres* must awake to this fact, that they have got to put up with *some* harness anyway, while they inhabit this sublunary spheroid, and every change only *shifts* it. It is good for us to have liberty, but not lawlessness; to bear our own sins, but not to forget that our parents bore them for us,* and spent themselves, and were spent, till we were of age to do it. Good for us to have the privileges of maturity, and good for us also to have the strong harness of a decent and God-fearing social system.

I do not want women, or children, or men to be handled cruelly, but whether in the heyday of youth or in the prime of advanced life, they cannot dispense with all duties and all restraints, whatever names they call them by. Nothing can be done by running away from all pains, for as we

try to bear less we actually suffer more. We sensitize ourselves while weakening our moral fibre, our physique harmonizing with our will. Five degrees less in temperature and we catch cold, five degrees more and we have blood to the head—a reduction in pocket-money is a life-long wrong, a quick answer is torture, a letter not all flattery brings on palpitation; a word of advice, and a scream at the persecution follows, drop the advice and neglect is the next cry; and after all, are not the grievances as many as ever?

High culture having brought us to this ticklish pass, we have got to keep our heads steady as well as our "pecker" up, and if the soft sex would command respect as well as the other advantages, the aim must be right's sake, and not simply its own personal pleasure, and the work must be for others, not solely its own dainty self. The soft sex, be it feminine or unfeminine, should cultivate soft hearts but not soft heads; and it lies with them to create a new generation of self-governed and far seeing men and women with a little more lime in their moral bones.—*Good Words*.

RECENT SCIENCE.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

I.

RÖNTGEN'S RAYS.

SINCE the year 1860, when Kirchhoff and Bunsen endowed science with a new method of chemical analysis—the spectral analysis—no scientific discovery has so rapidly conquered a wide popularity as Röntgen's discovery of "the photography of the invisible by means of an invisible light." The wonderful photographs of the bones within the living human body obtained by the Würzburg professor, and their possible applications in medical practice, as well as the mysterious character itself of "invisible rays of light which reveal things concealed from the human eye," have certainly contributed a great

deal to render the discovery so widely popular. But there is in it something more than that: it arms science with a new means of investigation; it opens a new field of research; and it touches upon one of the most vital physical problems of the moment—the relations between electricity and light. This is why the new radiations are so eagerly studied by this time in all centres of learning in Europe and America.

That our eye is but a very imperfect optical instrument, which is not affected by most of the vibrations of which a beam of light is composed, and that vibrations to which it is blind affect, nevertheless, the photographic plate, was certainly known long since. We know perfectly well that just as with our ear we perceive only such vibrations of air-molecules as are not slower

* The Jewish ceremony at maturity.

than 30 and not quicker than 30,000 per second, so also with our eye we perceive only such waves in the ether as are not shorter than $\frac{1}{10000}$ part of an inch, and not longer than twice that length; and we know also that the invisible shorter waves, which appear in a spectrum at its violet end and far beyond it, are precisely those which the photographic plate is most sensitive to. Photography "by means of an invisible light" would thus offer nothing new. But the dark radiations discovered by Röntgen display many other remarkable properties besides: they are different from the just-mentioned ultraviolet rays of the spectrum, and they so widely differ from light altogether as to upset our current notions about light. In fact, they belong to the wide borderland between electricity and light, discovered by Hertz,* and only those who have closely watched the latest researches in that domain, made on the lines indicated by Hertz and recently followed by the Hungarian Professor, Philipp Lenard, could foresee the existence of radiations endowed with such remarkable properties.

Among the many sources of light which we have at our disposal, the most interesting of all is undoubtedly the Geissler tube. A glass tube, sealed at both ends after air has been pumped out of it as much as possible, and having at its ends two platinum wires sealed through the glass, which are brought in connection with a source of electricity—this is the simplest form of what is known in physics as a Geissler tube, or, in its perfected and modified forms, as a Hittorf's or a Crookes's tube, or simply as a vacuum tube.†

* Hertz's discoveries were discussed in this Review in May 1892.

† Geissler was its first inventor and maker; but in the hands of Hittorf, and especially of Crookes, it has been improved and turned to such a splendid account that it often goes under the name of a "Crookes's tube" or a "Hittorf's tube." Geissler used to exhaust it so as to leave in it no more than one three-hundredth part of the air which it contained when it was open. Now, with the Sprengel air-pump, the exhaustion may be rendered so complete as to leave in it only one-millionth part of the air, or even less. It is evident that the tube may also be arranged in such way as to pump out the air (or any other gas

When its two wires are connected with the two poles of an induction coil, or with the two electrodes of an influence electrical machine, the most striking luminous effects are obtained. A stream of luminous matter, partly composed of minute particles of metal torn off the negative pole (cathode), rushes toward the other pole; and where it meets it, or where it strikes the glass, a beautiful glow is produced, especially if the glass is such as to become easily fluorescent. And beautiful as these effects are in their simplest form, they may be embellished and diversified almost infinitely by varying the nature and exhaustion of the gas with which the tube was filled, the shape of the tube itself, and the nature and the shape of the electrodes; while the study of the intimate nature of the luminous emanations which proceed from the cathode—the so-called "cathode rays"—opens an immense field of investigation into some of the most arduous problems of physics. Suffice it to say that Tesla made his striking experiments by passing rapidly alternating currents through such tubes; and that the suggestive researches of Mr. Crookes into what he named "radiant matter," and of J. J. Thomson into the substance of these emanations, lately analyzed in this Review,* were made with the aid of the same apparatus.

However, it was not before 1892 that Hertz, shortly before his death, discovered a remarkable peculiarity in these streams of luminous matter—the cathode rays: namely, that they pass through thin plates of various metals, although the same plates are quite opaque to ordinary rays of light.† The Hungarian Professor Lenard at once utilized this property of the cathode rays for bringing them out of the vacuum tube into another glass tube, where he could experiment upon them at his ease under a variety of condi-

it may be filled with) during the experiments themselves. Instead of two platinum wires we can also introduce two or more electrodes, of any shape and of any metal, to vary the experiments. Tesla often used one electrode only.

* *Nineteenth Century*, January 1894, p. 141.

† Wiedemann's *Annalen der Physik*, 1892, Bd. xlv, p. 28.

tions. He made in a vacuum tube a little "window," out of a very thin leaf of aluminium (about $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch thick), and directed the luminous stream emanating from the cathode upon the "window." For ordinary light an aluminium plate evidently would have been a shutter; but for the "cathode rays" it really proved to be a window. They passed through it and entered the next tube, producing a strong smell of ozone.

Most of them, after having emerged from the "window," were invisible to the eye; but as soon as they fell upon a screen covered with some fluorescent matter, this matter began to glow as if it had been struck by a beam of sunlight or electric arc light; but when Lenard made the rays pass through different gases, liquids, and solids, their behavior proved quite different from that of ordinary light. Various substances are, we all know, not equally transparent to sunlight, but their different degrees of transparency depend upon their inner structure, or their chemical composition, not upon their density. Glass has a greater density than paper, but it is transparent to ordinary light, while paper is not. With the cathode rays it was quite the reverse. Paper was more transparent to them than glass, and aluminium, which is slightly less dense than mica, was more transparent than mica; as to the denser metals, such as gold and silver, they were quite opaque for the cathode rays even in very thin leaves. The same was noticed with all gases: their transparency too depended entirely upon their density. At the ordinary atmospheric pressure the cathode rays ceased to act upon the phosphorescent paper at a distance of a little over two inches; but in rarefied air they travelled a distance of six feet without being absorbed; and when Lenard experimented upon gases of different densities, such as oxygen and hydrogen, he found that it was sufficient to rarefy oxygen to one sixteenth part of its usual density to render the two gases equally transparent. In short, the absorption of the cathode rays proved to be in direct proportion to the density of the medium which they passed through. Like inertia and

gravity, Lenard wrote in December last, the cathode rays depend in their absorption upon the mass of matter they traverse. They do not behave like light, but like a cannon-ball which is arrested in its course by the density of the heap of earth which it has to pierce. Moreover, while usual luminous vibrations would take no heed of a magnet placed near their path, the cathode rays explored by Lenard were deflected by a magnet from their ordinary rectilinear directions. And yet—such is at least Lenard's opinion—the magnet acted not upon the rays themselves, but upon the medium they passed through; and what seemed still more incomprehensible was that the action of the magnet depended upon the way in which the cathode rays were generated; the more the air was rarefied in the vacuum tube where they took origin, the greater was the magnetic deflection. At every step the physicist thus met with some new problem which he could by no means explain under the now current theory of luminous radiations.

And finally, as if it were to establish one more affinity between these extraordinary rays and common light, Lenard discovered that when a photographic plate was brought near to the aluminium "window," the silver salts of the plate were decomposed by the invisible rays. One step more—a simple piece of wire placed between the "window" and the plate—and Lenard would have obtained a shadow photograph similar to those obtained a few weeks later by Röntgen.*

This step was made by Röntgen. His researches, however, were carried on on a somewhat different plan. He also took a vacuum tube, and made it glow in the usual way; but he entirely wrapped it up in black paper, and when its light was thus intercepted, and the room was quite darkened, he saw that a piece of paper striped with fluorescent

* Philipp Lenard, "On Cathode Rays in Gases under Atmospheric Pressure and in Complete Vacuum," in *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, 1893, p. 3; "On the Magnetic Deflection of Cathode Rays," and "On the Absorption of Cathode Rays," in *Wiedemann's Annalen der Physik*, 1894, Bd. lli. p. 23, and 1895, Bd. lvi. p. 255.

matter began to shine when it was approached to the tube exactly as if it were struck with rays of sunlight or arc-light.* The effects were thus similar to those which Lenard obtained with his cathode rays; but there was a great difference in intensity. The invisible radiations which emanated from the vacuum tube wrapped in black paper made the fluorescent screen shine even at a distance of six feet. Their force of penetration through solids was also much greater. Pine boards one inch thick, a book of a thousand pages, two packs of cards, and a block of ebonite over one inch thick, proved to be as transparent to the new rays as glass is to ordinary light; they passed through these bodies and made the fluorescent screen shine. Even metals, especially the lighter ones, were to some extent transparent to the new radiations; a sheet of aluminium over half an inch thick still allowed them to pass, and only the heavier metals easily intercepted them; still, a thickness of $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch of platinum and of $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch of lead was required to secure practical opacity to these rays. And finally, when the hand was placed between the tube and the fluorescent screen, the result was especially striking; the flesh was pierced by the rays without any trace of absorption, while the bones totally intercepted the rays, and threw black shadows. A shadow of the skeleton of the hand, devoid of the flesh, thus appeared in black on the fluorescing screen.

More peculiarities became apparent in the course of investigation. Light, as we all know, is reflected from polished surfaces; and when a beam of ordinary light passes from one transparent medium, such as air, into another transparent medium of greater density, such as glass, or *vice versa*, the beam is broken. But the new rays had not that property. A glass or an ebonite lens placed in their path had no effect upon them. A mica prism filled with water, or with carbon bisulphide, which would break a beam of ordinary light, was traversed by the new rays

without deflecting them from the straight line; and although a very thin prism of aluminium seemed to have some breaking effect, its action was, at any rate, very small. Regular reflection of the new rays could not be obtained, although they spread, like ordinary light, along straight lines. As to powders, such as glass powder, which evidently stop the passage of ordinary light because every grain reflects and refracts light in all possible directions, they were, on the contrary, as transparent for Röntgen's rays as the coherent solid itself.

Like Lenard's cathode rays, Röntgen's radiations also decomposed the silver salts of the photographic plate, and consequently photographs of the above-mentioned shadows, or "shadowgrams," could easily be obtained. It is evident, however, that for such photographs the camera is of no use, as its lenses have no effect upon the rays. Besides, wood being transparent for the new radiations, the dry plate need not be taken out of its flat wooden box, nor need its wooden shutter be removed. The plate can be kept in its protecting box, or, still better, it can be placed in a black cardboard envelope and laid on the table; the hand, or any other object of which we wish to obtain a shadowgram, is placed upon it; the glowing vacuum tube is then brought above the object, at a distance of from four to twenty inches, and after an exposure of a few minutes the photograph, or rather the shadowgram, is ready.* Those portions of the negative upon which the rays fall unhindered are decomposed, while all those portions which are in the shadows of opaque bodies (the bones, or pieces of metal and so on) remain unaltered. If a hand or a foot is photographed in this way, all the bones, and the bones alone, appear on the positive in black, while the flesh, being quite transparent to the Röntgen rays, does not appear at all, or is indicated only as a faint shadow round the bones. On the con-

* Barium platino-cyanide was used in this case. Other fluorescent bodies, such as rock-salt, Iceland spar, uranium glass, and calcium sulphide, produce the same effects.

* The length of necessary exposure evidently depends upon the intensity of the rays, which varies according to the character of electrical excitation in the vacuum tube. With strong Wimhurst machines, exposures of less than one minute seem to be sufficient.

trary, the metals, such as a ring on the finger, or a piece of wire laid upon the hand, come out in dark black on the positive. Again, when a closed wooden box containing a set of metallic weights, or a leather purse containing coins, a key, and a lead pencil, were photographed by the new rays, the wood of the box and the leather of the purse left no traces whatever, while the metallic weights, the coins, the key, and the graphite of the lead pencil appeared with a remarkable accuracy.

As soon as Röntgen's discovery became known through a preliminary communication which he made in December last at the fiftieth anniversary of the Würzburg Society of Physics and Medicine,* his experiments were repeated all over Europe, with full success, and attempts were made at once to utilize them for medical purposes. It often happens, indeed, that a needle, or even the point of a fishing-hook, enters our flesh, and before it has been extracted it goes so deep that there is no means to find where it is lodged and to get it out. Then it may travel for years through different parts of the body, its presence always offering a certain danger lest it may affect some vital organ. Röntgen's rays will often offer the means for making out the exact position of such an intruder, and both at Bern and in this country needles have already been extracted, and pellets of lead have been found out, with the aid of the new photography. A malformation of one of the bones in the foot, the actual state of a broken bone, a tubercular growth on a finger, nay, even the consequences of a tubercular outgrowth in the knee and of a disease in the thigh-bone of an eight years old child,† could be studied in this way, the inner structure of the bones becoming more and more apparent in proportion as the methods of the new photog-

raphy are improved. Professor Neusser at Vienna could even exhibit before his students two photographs, one of which represented gall-stones in the liver of a patient, while the other indicated the presence of a stone in the bladder. The former appeared admirably, while the latter, which seemed to be half transparent to the rays, was shown, nevertheless, quite well as to its form. To be enabled thus to explore the inner cavities of the human body is evidently an immense advantage, while other useful applications of the new method will undoubtedly be discovered in time.

For theoretical science, however, the chief interest of Röntgen's rays lies elsewhere. The Würzburg professor was quite right in describing them as "x rays," because they are different from all luminous rays previously known, even from the ultra violet radiations and from Lenard's "cathode rays," and all we can do now is to make hypotheses as to their true nature. That they should pierce wooden planks and other dielectrics is one of their less astounding properties. Since Hertz proved the affinity which exists between electrical waves and waves of light, and, producing his waves on the one side of a wooden door, detected them in the next room on the other side of the door, we see nothing extraordinary in the fact that Röntgen could obtain a shadowgram with rays which had passed through a wooden door devoid of its usual white-lead painting. This is only the chemical counterpart of Hertz's experiment. But the chief feature of Hertz's electric waves is that they have all the properties of ordinary light; they spread at the speed of 200,000 miles in a second, air is transparent for them, and they are reflected, broken, and polarized in exactly the same way as waves of light are reflected, refracted, and polarized. Röntgen's rays, on the contrary, seem to have an incomparably smaller speed, and they are not capable of either regular reflection or refraction. They differ also from the invisible ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, although they have something in common with them, especially in their electrical effects. And they are certainly different from

* An English translation of this paper was given in *Nature*, January 23, 1896, vol. liii. p. 274.

† These two last were obtained by Lannelongue and Oudin (*Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, February 10, 1896, vol. cxii. p. 283). Nothing which would not have been known to the surgeons was discovered, but photography confirmed their provisions in every point of detail.

the above-mentioned cathode rays studied by Lenard. They do not emanate from the cathode itself, but originate from the glass of the vacuum tube, at the spot where it is struck by the cathode rays. They are thus the descendants of the cathode rays, not those rays themselves; and while these latter are deflected by a magnet, Röntgen's radiations take no heed of it and pursue their course in a straight line. It may thus be said that they are neither ultra-violet radiations, nor cathode rays, nor Hertz's electric waves, although they have something in common with all of them. What are they in such case?

The readers of this Review may perhaps remember that the same question was raised with regard to the cathode rays themselves. In those flows of luminous matter which rush from one pole of the Geissler tube toward the other pole, Crookes, J. J. Thomson, and many others see a stream of minute electrified particles, or perhaps molecules or atoms of matter; while Hertz, Goldstein, and Lenard consider them as vibrations of the ether similar to ordinary light, only of a very short wave-length; and quite lately Mr. Schuster, in a letter to *Nature*,* suggested that the same explanation might apply to Röntgen's radiations. Two explanations, almost equally probable, are thus advocated for the cathode rays, and scientific opinion remains undecided between the two. Still more we must be in the dark with the newly discovered radiations. Consequently Röntgen is very cautious in his hypotheses, and only ventures at the end of his paper the suggestion that the new rays may be ascribed to *longitudinal* waves in the ether. As there is, however, something more to say in favor of this suggestion, a few words of explanation as to its real meaning may perhaps be welcome to the general reader.

When a fan is waved to and fro in the air, each time that it is moved one way the air is pushed before it, and as

all the mass of air cannot be moved at once, part of it is condensed in front of the fan; a wave of slightly condensed air is thus sent into space, and can even be felt with the hand at a certain distance. But when the fan is moved the other way, a slight rarefaction of air takes place behind it, which rarefaction will again be followed by a condensation when the movement of the fan is reversed. Waves of slightly condensed and slightly rarefied air are thus produced, and sent into space. The same, we know, happens when the tuning-fork is set vibrating; only the waves of condensation follow each other much more rapidly—at the rate of, say, several thousands in the second. This is what is described in physics as a "wave" of sound. If we could follow that "wave" as it travels from, say, the fork to the ear, we should see all the molecules of the air on this line vibrating and describing circles or ovals, which are all placed lengthwise along the line followed by the sound; we should say in such case that these vibrations are "longitudinal."

Now, light is supposed to be due to vibrations or oscillations of the minutest particles of ether; but in order to work out the laws of propagation of light in full accordance with the observed phenomena, mathematicians were compelled to postulate that the luminous vibrations take place in a medium absolutely incompressible, in which no waves of compression or rarefaction and, accordingly, no vibrations in the direction of the beam, such as are produced by the fan or the fork, can originate. The particles of ether, they suppose, vibrate only *across* the line of propagation of light. To speak, therefore, of longitudinal vibrations is a sort of heresy, because it means to imply that ether is compressible to some extent, and that it differs from ordinary matter by only being extremely rarefied. However, the number of heretics who take this last view grows every year, and Lord Kelvin is one of them. In his Baltimore lectures, delivered in 1884, he even forcibly developed his arguments in favor of the possible compressibility of the ether, and the possibility of longitudinal waves in

* *Nature*, January 23, 1896, vol. liii. In the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy (December 30, 1895) M. Perrier has also described experiments, giving some new support to the views of Crookes and J. J. Thomson.

it.* True, the "longitudinal vibrations" of the ether enjoy a bad reputation—witty critics insinuating that physicists resort to them, as physicians resort to "nerves," when they can find no better explanation. But quite lately Jaumann, in Vienna, has submitted the whole subject to a thorough experimental and mathematical investigation; he has even devised a method for ascertaining by experiment in which direction the luminous oscillations take place; and, applying his method to ordinary light first, and then to the study of Lenard's cathode rays, he came to the conclusion, confirmed by mathematical analysis, that the latter are nothing but electrical radiations consisting of longitudinal vibrations.† One objection, however, has been raised against this conclusion by the great mathematical expert in molecular physics in France, Poincaré,‡ namely, that longitudinal vibrations could not be deflected from their path by the action of a magnet. But this is precisely what Lenard insists upon with regard to his cathode rays. The magnet, he says, has no action upon the rays themselves; it acts upon the medium they pass through, and this medium is the ether. As to Röntgen's rays, it is most remarkable that they fully answer to Poincaré's requirement: they are *not* deflected by the magnet.

Supposing that the experiments are

* See the abstracts from these lectures, now in print, communicated by Mr. Bottomley to *Nature*, January 23, 1896, vol. liii. p. 268.

† Taking the last researches of Elster and Geitel, he has proved that ordinary light, when it penetrates into a rarefied air medium or is reflected from it, gives origin to coherent longitudinal waves which have an amplitude three times smaller than the amplitude of the transversal vibrations. Applying, further, the same method to Lenard's cathode rays, he proves that they are electrical rays, consisting of longitudinal vibrations, and having periods of oscillation of from one-millionth to one-hundred-millionth of a second. He has developed, moreover, the mathematical theory of these vibrations on the basis of Maxwell's theory. (*Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy, Bd. civ., January and July 1895; summed up by the author in *Ostwald's Zeitschrift für physikalische Chemie*, 1896, Bd. xix. p. 164.)

‡ *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, 2 décembre 1895, tome cxxi, p. 792, and 13 janvier 1896, tome cxxii, p. 74.

decisive—is this a mere coincidence? Or must it be taken as a confirmation of the view which gradually gains ground in chemistry and physics, and according to which waves of rarefaction and compression really exist in the ether, because it is simply a more rarefied form of ordinary matter? Time alone, and further research, can solve this important question. In the meantime we can only say that the electrical properties of the new rays and their mass effects become more and more apparent. It results also from some remarkable experiments made in January last by Gustave Le Bon at Paris,* and continued by Professor Sylvanus Thomson and Lord Blythswood,† that similar dark rays, also capable of piercing metallic plates and of acting upon photographic films, exist not only in the light of the glow tube, but also in the light of an ordinary lamp. "Black light," as Le Bon names it, consisting of certain vibrations different from those of ordinary light, would thus seem to be a regular accompaniment of all the vibrations which we have hitherto known as light.

All this shows that the discovery of Hertz, Lenard, and Röntgen is even more important for the theory of light than it seemed to be at the outset. But when all the immense amount of research that has been made in the borderland between electricity and light is taken into account, and when one realizes the amount of *thought* already evolved in connection with these researches, one cannot expect that the new step, now made in advance, should solve all the difficulties. All that can be said is that it is a step in the right direction, which makes one feel a little nearer to the solution of the great problems of the day relative to the structure of matter and the movements of its finest particles.

II.

THE ERECT APE-MAN.

Step by step the theory of evolution has fought its way against many hos-

* *Comptes Rendus*, 27 janvier and 3 février 1896, tome cxxii, pp. 188, 233.

† *Nature*, February 13, 1896, vol. liii. p. 310.

tile criticisms. The builders of this theory have proved that variation is continually going on in organisms, even nowadays under our very eyes; they have studied and indicated its causes; and to the anti-evolutionists, who defied them to produce from the older strata of the earth the organisms which could be looked upon as common ancestors of different now existing species, they have answered by producing whole series of such common ancestors, not only for species nearly akin to each other, but for different families as well, and even for whole classes of the animal kingdom. The birdlike feathered lizards, or lizard-birds; the ancestors of the great flightless birds; the ancestors of the ruminants, of the horses, and of the entire group of the hoofed quadrupeds—i.e., the even-toed and the odd-toed ungulates—nay, even the common ancestors of both the ungulates and the rodents—all these have been disentombed in such numbers during the last twenty years that genealogical trees of whole classes of animals have lately been reconstituted almost in full. In one point only the evolutionists had failed; they had not yet succeeded in discovering the fossil remains which would bridge over the gap between man and the higher manlike apes; and the words with which Huxley concluded, thirty-two years ago, his review of evidence relative to man's place in nature, continued to hold good almost up to the present day—that is, all fossil remains of man hitherto known were distinctly human in their characters and represented but a very slight approach to the apes; while the oldest fossil remains of apes, obtained from Tertiary strata, were hardly nearer to man than the now existing chimpanzees, gorillas, or gibbons. Quite lately some new and important evidence has been added to the above, and only a few months ago the remarkable discovery by Eugène Dubois, in Java, of an intermediate organism between ape and man came to fill up to some extent the above-mentioned gap.

The difficulties which stand in the way of a discovery of this "missing link" are evidently enormous; but their proper nature is not always well understood, because we are all inclined

to underrate the necessary antiquity of the organism which once occupied an intermediate position between man and the primates. That such an organism need not be searched for in our superficial post-glacial deposits, even though they represented a duration of at least ten thousand years, becomes evident as soon as we consider the human remains concealed in these deposits. Numerous and widely spread human populations, belonging to the Neolithic age, have left their traces in the post-glacial beds; but their manners of life, their industry, and their implements were so similar to the manners, industry, and implements of so many of our contemporary savages, that their physical features must have been, and really were, the same as those which we see now when we travel in lands untouched by civilization. Whole tribes of now living savages may still be described as living in the later stone age.

For the same reason we cannot expect to find ape-like ancestors of man in the deposits of the glacial period, or immediately pre-glacial, when the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the reindeer, the cave bear, and the cave hyena inhabited Europe. The Palæolithic flint implements which we find in the deposits of that period differ so little from those which are still in use among certain lower savages, such as the Papuans or the Fuegians, that the men who used to make the Palæolithic flint scrapers and knives could not have been immensely different in their physical features from the lowest representatives of the human race who are still in existence. Even now the New Guinea Papuan lives partially in the Palæolithic period. He uses fire, but he does not know how to obtain it; and when he wants a knife, he breaks a chip off a flint and uses it, such as it is—very effectually, it must be said, as Miklukho Maclay convinced himself when he gave his foot to be shaved with a chipped flint obtained on the spot by merely breaking it off a flint stone picked up on the beach.*

Although representing an antiquity of some twenty thousand years or much

* Miklukho Maclay, in the *Izvestia* of the Russian Geographical Society.

more, the Palæolithic age is still too near to us. And yet, even from that age, the fossil remains of man are scarce, and we have up till now no more than four or five human skulls, undoubtedly Palæolithic.

True that the two skulls discovered at Neanderthal and at Spy, the fragment of a skull unearthed at Bury St. Edmunds, the jaw which was found at La Naulette, and the Kanstadt skull decidedly point to a very low organization of man. The low cranial arch of these skulls, their depressed frontal area, their narrow foreheads, and their immense superciliary ridges are characteristic of such low specimens of the human race that when the Neanderthal skull first became known it was described as the skull of an idiot; and this opinion was held by the antagonists of evolution so long as more skulls bearing exactly the same characters were not produced. But still, even the Neanderthal cranium shows a brain capacity estimated at nearly 1200 cubic centimetres, while the highest skull of an anthropoid ape has only a brain capacity of 500 cubic centimetres. The distance between ape and man, which thus remains to be bridged, is still very considerable.

This is, however, as Huxley wrote years ago, only what might be expected from Palæolithic men, who knew the use of fire and could already shape pieces of flint into more or less perfect implements. In order to find beings still more simian in their characters, we evidently must ransack the Pleistocene deposits—i.e., the uppermost deposits of the Tertiary age, then the Pliocene beds, which probably represent a length of time twice as great as the preceding division, and finally the Miocene strata; but to look for ape-like ancestors of man in the Quaternary period was simply to pay unconsciously a tribute to the current prejudice as to the quite recent appearance of man. It is the Tertiary deposits that we must now explore, the more so as the existence of human-like, reasoning beings during the middle portion of the Tertiary age—i.e., the Miocene times—can be taken as fully granted. True that when the French geologists came for-

ward to claim so high an antiquity for man, or at least for human-like beings, their evidence was met with distrust and was submitted to a very searching criticism. The scratched and cut bones which were unearthed from the Tertiary strata in France and Italy, and which were brought forward as evidence of man's existence at that time, certainly could have been scratched and cut by some other agency than man's hand, and it was necessary to discuss these agencies. But after all sorts of tests had been applied to those bones, and after a most minute inquiry had been made into the causes which might have produced similar cuts, anthropologists gradually came to the conclusion that some, at least, of these scratched bones must have been cut, when they were still fresh, by some trenching instrument other than the teeth of any known animal. As to the flints discovered by the Abbé Bourgeois at Thenay, in the department of Loir-et-Cher, and better explored since, although very little art appears in their shaping, they are now generally considered as having been obtained or fashioned by some reasoning being which lived in France during the Miocene times. The fossil flora of the same deposits having been studied by no less an authority than Oswald Heer, and the fauna by Gaudry, it is now certain that both belonged to the Upper Miocene age, so that there can be no doubt concerning the high antiquity of these remains. As to whether the reasoning beings who fashioned the Miocene flints were human-like creatures or highly developed apes—as Gaudry and Boyd Dawkins are inclined to believe*—this is a question which necessarily must remain unset-

* Albert Gaudry, *Les Enchaînements du Monde Animal; Mammifères Tertiaires*, Paris, 1878, and *Fossiles Secondaires*, Paris, 1890; W. Boyd Dawkins, *Early Man in Britain and his Place in the Tertiary Period*, London, 1880, p. 68. The works of Lyell, Huxley, and Sir John Lubbock, and Mortillet's *Le Préhistorique* (Paris, 1883), are so well known as sources of general information upon the subject that they hardly need be mentioned. A very valuable addition to this literature is the tiny book published last year by Mr. Edward Clodd, *The Story of Primitive Man*, London, 1895.

tled so long as no fossil remains of those beings are known.

Better results might have been obtained in the search for fossil remains of anthropoid apes. During the Miocene period, when our continent enjoyed a much warmer climate than now, and even the arctic lands were covered with forests now characteristic of Southern Europe, apes and monkeys lived in great numbers all over Europe and Asia, even as far north as these isles. Properly speaking, it was an ape-age, and fossil remains of apes dating from that period have been found in many parts of Europe and Asia. But while the hitherto known fossil Miocene apes represent less differentiated forms than the now living ones, and combine in one single form the characteristics of several modern genera, there is only one of them, the *Dryopithecus Fontani*, discovered years ago in France, which represents a form considerably higher than the now existing anthropoid apes. It had a nearly human size, its incisor teeth were small, and the cusps of its molar teeth, although less rounded than those of a European's tooth, had a great resemblance to the cusps of the teeth of an Australian.* However, it must be said that the Tertiary deposits, from which the best finds might have been expected, continue to be very little known. Even the Pliocene deposits of the Siwalik Hills, at the foot of the Himalayas, where the remains of a chimpanzee which had affinities with both man and the gibbon were found, still await the geologist who can explore their treasures in the same way as the American geologists have explored the "Uinta" formation in the United States and the Pliocene beds of the Argentine.

Such was, in brief sketch, the state of our previous knowledge when Eugène Dubois made his remarkable discovery of the "erect ape-man"—the *Anthropopithecus erectus*. There are in Java, on the southern slope of the Kendeng Hills, thick layers of a volcanic tuff, consisting of clay, sand, and volcanic lapilli, cemented together and rearranged by rivers. The Bengawan River has cut its channel through them.

These beds, over 1,100 feet thick, lie upon marine deposits of the Pliocene period, and may be safely taken as belonging to the earliest subdivisions of the following period, the Pleistocene. They contain, indeed, considerable numbers of fossil bones of stegodon, the hippopotamus, the hyena, several species of deer, a gigantic pangolin, three times larger than the same ant-eater now living in Java, and so on. Attention has been paid to these deposits since the time of Junghuhn's visit, and in the years 1890-1895 M. Eugène Dubois explored them for the Dutch Indian Government. There he found, in September, 1891, the cranium and one molar tooth of a human-like being, and, resuming his excavations next spring, he succeeded in digging out of the same bed, at the same level, another molar tooth and the left thigh-bone of presumably the same individual. The thigh-bone was nearly three times as heavy as the average femur of modern man, and indicated a high stature of the individual; it combined, moreover, both human and simian characters, while it indicated at the same time that the creature to which it belonged walked in an erect posture. As to the skull, it was decidedly too small in comparison with that big thigh-bone, if we judge from the present human proportions; but it was at the same time much bigger than the largest skulls of the present apes, and represented such a combination of human and ape characters that M. Dubois did not hesitate to describe the individual to whom the skull, the teeth, and the femur belonged as a *Pithecanthropus erectus*, an "erect ape-man."*

As might have been foreseen, Dubois' discovery was met with mistrust in Europe so long as the actual specimens were not known to anatomists. When the subject was introduced before the Berlin Anthropological Society in January, 1895, by W. Krause, the German doctor unhesitatingly declared that the tooth was the molar of an ape, the skull, notwithstanding its remarkably great capacity, was that of a gibbon, and the thigh-

* *Pithecanthropus erectus*: eine menschenähnliche Uebergangsform aus Java, by E. Dubois Batavia, 1894

* Gaudry, l.c. p. 236.

bone was a human bone; that consequently the three could not belong to the same individual, although each of them, taken separately, represented a remarkable find, as no one could expect to unearth an ape of such a great brain capacity, or to discover in the Pliocene age a fossil man attaining the stature of five feet seven inches.* Virchow also submitted Dubois' conclusions to a strong criticism.†

A few days later the fossil ape-man received as somewhat better treatment at the Dublin Royal Society, where the subject was introduced by Dr. Cunningham. In full opposition to Virchow and W. Krause, Dr. Cunningham described both the cranium and the femur as distinctly human; and in support of his views he produced two very interesting diagrams upon which the fossil Java cranium was compared with an average Irish cranium, the Neanderthal and the Spy (No. 2) cranium, and the skull of a young gorilla. The results of the comparison are striking.‡ The Java skull has the same depressed frontal region and cranial arch as the Neanderthal skull, the same striking development of the superciliary ridges, and very much the same general aspect; but all these features being still more marked, it belongs to a still more inferior being; it has decidedly a much more simian character, and by its shape it stands exactly midway between the European skull and that of a gorilla. Dr. Cunningham's conclusion was that the cranium is decidedly human, but represents a form "considerably lower than any human form at present known." Two specialists thus pronouncing, the one for man and the other for a gibbon, gave the exact description of what the cranium is in reality—an intermediate form between ape and man.

A further change in favor of Dubois'

* Five feet five inches would perhaps be more correct. The length of the femur being 455 millimetres, Dr. Cunningham obtains 1,654 millimetres (5 ft. 5 in.) for the height of the individual. This is, he remarks, the average size of a Frenchman.

† *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 1895, Jahrgang xxvii. p. 78.

‡ The two diagrams are given in *Nature*, February 28, 1895, vol. li. p. 528, where Cunningham's paper is reported in full.

opinions took place at the last International Zoological Congress at Leyden, when the fossils themselves were laid before specialists, together with a number of bones and skulls intended for comparison. Such a specialist in fossil bones as the American palæontologist Professor Marsh is did not hesitate to support many of Dubois' conclusions by the weight of his own wide experience; and although Virchow, who presided at the meeting, still maintained that the four fossils could hardly belong to the same species, he gave to his remarks more of the character of an interrogation than of a denial of Dubois' views. The anatomist Professor Rosenberg took the same position; he saw in the fossils a human femur and the skull of a remarkably highly developed ape.

At last, in November, 1895, Dubois was invited to bring all his evidence before the Dublin Royal Society, where it was carefully examined and discussed,* and next before the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.† When the real fossils were submitted to the Dublin anthropologists, their doubts as to the four pieces belonging to the same individual seem to have been abandoned, as they were mentioned no more in the discussion. This evidently was a great point, because the human characters of the femur are so pronounced that nearly all anatomists recognized them at once; while the cranium so much combines the characters of man with those of an ape that some anatomists prefer to call it a gibbon's skull, while others unhesitatingly pronounce for a very low specimen of man. As already said, by its shape it undoubtedly occupies an intermediate position midway between the European and the gorilla; and the same is true of its interior capacity. While the average European brain has a volume of from 1,400 to 1,500 cubic centimetres, and the brain of the highest ape has a capacity of but 500 cubic centimetres, the fossil Java skull has a capacity of 1,000 cubic centimetres—that is, 200 cubic centimetres lower than that of the Neanderthal cranium.

* Sitting of November 20, 1895, reported in *Nature*, December 5, 1895, vol. liii. p. 115.

† I have not yet the report of this last sitting.

It thus stands, in this respect also, halfway between the two, somewhat nearer to man than to the ape. The same, again, must be said of its various dimensions; they also are intermediate between the corresponding dimensions in ape and man,* while its very narrow and low forehead and the shape of its back parts give it such a decidedly simian aspect that Dr. Krause, as we have seen, took it for the skull of a gibbon.

The same intermediate characters appear in the thigh-bone, and still more in the teeth. Dr. Pearsall, a leading dental surgeon at Dublin, found that the human characters of the teeth are striking; and yet they are larger than human teeth, and the considerable development of their cusps is decidedly simian. But for the anatomist, as Dr. Alexander Macalister pointed out a few years ago in his presidential address before the British Association,† this fact alone of larger teeth implies a whole association of conclusions relative to the shape of the face. Bigger teeth imply a bigger and much heavier lower jaw; and to work it more powerful muscles are wanted, which muscles, in their turn, require a sharper definition of the areas of the bones to which they are attached. And when big teeth are associated with a small brain, and especially with a narrow forehead—as is the case with the fossil Java cranium—the jaws must protrude very much and the whole face must take a snouty appearance; moreover, as the heavy jaws

affect the centre of gravity of the head, they affect at the same time the set of the skull on the vertebral column; nay, speech itself is modified, and the sibilant sounds must disappear from the speech of a big-toothed individual. In short, as Professor Sollas said at Dublin, the fossil remains discovered by Dubois offer invaluable evidence of an organism which was “either a pithecoïd man or a remarkably human ape.” It was an “erect ape-man.”

As to the true place of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* in our genealogical tree, it certainly will be ascertained in time, when more “missing links” will gradually fill up the present gap. In the meantime the genealogical trees of the *Hominidæ* and the *Simiidæ*, which were published last month in the correspondence arising out of Dubois’ communication, are considered by their authors themselves (Dr. Cunningham, Professor Sollas, and Dubois*) merely as graphical suggestions. One thing is, however, certain. Although Dubois’ *Pithecanthropus* is, of course, very much posterior to organisms which might claim the ancestorship of both the anthropoid apes and man—such organisms belonging to a far more remote epoch than the Pliocene—it must be placed, nevertheless, a long way off from man, on the line leading to those ancestors. Upon this point scientific opinion is unanimous; and it hardly need be said how encouraging such a progress, due to one single discovery, is for further research. At the same time it must be pointed out that already the fossils discovered by Dubois contain some very precious indications as to the lines upon which evolution was going during the latest periods of the earth’s history.—*Nineteenth Century*.

* The length of both the Neanderthal and Spy (No. 2) crania is 200 millimetres; their respective width, 144 and 140 millimetres. The length of the fossil Java skull is 185 and its width 135 millimetres. The same dimensions in an average chimpanzee skull are 132 and 91 millimetres. These measures were given by Dr. Cunningham (*Nature*, vol. li. p. 428).

† *British Association Reports*, meeting of 1892, section of Anthropology.

* *Nature*, December 5 and 19, 1895; January 16 and 30, 1896; vol. liii. pp. 116, 151, 245, 296.

CONCERNING PRIGS.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

SINCE the days when Fielding drove Richardson half frantic by the mockery of Joseph Andrews, prigs have seldom been exactly popular, whether in real or fictive life, except on the stage; but never have they been quite as unpopular as to-day. Virtue itself, of which priggism is a distorted counterfeit, is to all appearance at a discount. Nevertheless, you may be guilty of the most exalted virtues and yet forgiven, if you only contrive not to be found out. Show but the faintest spark of righteousness, magnanimity, or self denial, and you are lost.

Experience, mournful experience, teaches the novelist that the only way to redeem his virtuous characters—of whom he will manage to have as few as possible—from this black reproach, is to guard the secret of their goodness with jealous care, and now and again, when the reader's suspicions are lulled to rest and he enjoys perfect confidence in the passable brutality of the hero, or even entertains some delusive hope of his positive villainy, to spring a sudden trait of heroism or flash some lurid gleam of high-mindedness or unselfishness upon him. The average reader may doubt this, the literary tyro deny it, but the novelist with the briefest experience *knows*. It used to be enough to endow the righteous character with a redeeming vice or a few graceful foibles to free him from this reproach, but the public conscience at its present stage of evolution is not to be put off with a couple of twopenny vices, it now exacts a far higher standard of rascality. Everybody is known to be capable of everything—bad; the presumption and vile taste of one who sets himself up to live better than his neighbors cannot be too strongly condemned—and snubbed. Respectability itself is scarcely more reprehensible than righteousness; bohemianism is a cloak that may cover a multitude of virtues—not that it often does. Be disreputable and you may venture on a little goodness.

But how define that subtle monstros-

ity, the prig? Is he the man too conscious of perfection? or he who, being guilty of lofty virtues, feeds daily on the bliss of looking down on other people's failings? Nay, for the sins of our neighbor are the common joy of mankind; they furnish even more satisfaction to the sinner than to the saint. Surely the prig is always a little surprised, as well as charmed, by his own virtues: he cannot be jealous of the virtues of others, since he never conceives them as capable of any.

A glance at current fiction proves the Ten Commandments to be quite obsolete. Good folk are out of vogue: the worse the characters the better, in fiction, drama, and even poetry. Do not Mr. Hardy's people daily degenerate, while our newest Miltons revel in jail and gutter studies? Virtue went out when Bret Harte came in, and, with half a dozen strokes of his wizard pen, made us the slaves of vice and black-guardism, and the adorers of brutality dashed with sparks of benevolence. Faintness of heart steals over the average living sinner on closing the brilliant pages of Mr. Kipling; despondency weighs upon him. "We cannot *all* be ruffians," he sighs; "such heights of profanity and vice are attainable only by the few." A serious lapse from villainy is a frequent motive in this writer's dramas; but it must be said for his characters that they are rarely, if ever, guilty of respectability. As for the pen but now laid by in Samoa, what rascals it limned! What double-barrelled villainy in the brothers of Ballantrae! Beginning with a single scoundrel, the story gradually brings the good brother to an almost greater badness than that of the wicked one. The virtue of Dr. Jekyll is faint and feeble, but Edward Hyde is a fiend. In the *Ebb-tide* there is not one decent character. Women are usually omitted from the writer's evident conviction of the irredeemable goodness of the sex. We cannot hope for a continuation of villain worship, since fashion is as capricious in fiction as in

clothes and manners; politeness and virtue will doubtless come in again (without crinoline, let us hope), and respectability lie upon us with a weight, "heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

The thorough prig can discern right conduct in himself alone, and then he never ceases to wonder at the marvel; he is most objectionable when benevolently anxious to impart his perfections to others. The learned prig is a pedant; the religious a Pharisee; the social a bore; the literary a *précieux*; the artistic a dilettante; the æsthetic, now gone out in brimstone and smoke, a nuisance; the vicious and dissipated the most nauseous variety of all.

Exclusiveness, ignoring all outside its own narrow pale, is a distinctive character of priggism; there are priggish classes and priggish masses; the public-school boy, falsely natural and affectedly candid, with his special slang and collective self-importance, is a hitherto undetected kind of prig. Egotism, individual or collective, is a large factor in priggism; good breeding and courtesy are fatal to it; no prig can be a gentleman, yet the gentlemanly prig is a common and easily distinguished variety. An unpleasant female kind was the prude; she went out with crinolines, but crops up occasionally in the British matron rampant in newspaper correspondence. The prig proper has a defective sense of proportion, and none of humor; his own exaggerated figure fills the foreground and blocks out the dwindling perspective of mankind; his individual sins perturb the peace of Paradise and draw tears from legions of angels untroubled by the accumulated iniquities of ordinary humanity. "All that rumpus about a little piece of pork," the Jew complained when it thundered.

But, if the prig cannot be a gentleman, still less can he be a knight; self-sufficiency is fatal to chivalry, which sets others before self and is gentle to the weak. The very perfect, gentle knight among the Canterbury pilgrims was meek of port as is a maid. A contrast to him is the Arthur of the Idylls of the King, who is one of the most amazing prigs in literature. Not a

"passionate" but a "passionless perfection," this icy being has feeling only for himself, and is devoid of chivalry or even pity where women are concerned, though he "forbore his own advantage in the lists," being gentler to armed men than to unarmed women. In the much-admired scene at Almesbury, whither the unfortunate Guinevere had fled, owning not only her weakness and evil behavior, but also that she could not stand the blameless king's intolerable perfection, and whither Arthur seeks her on purpose to give her a good scolding, he stands above the penitent, silent queen, who is "grovelling" face downward at his armed feet, and descants lengthily upon his own righteousness and her manifold iniquity, not in the first wild heat of passion, nor in the first surprised indignation of sudden discovery, but in cold blood and of reasoned purpose, calm, verbose, dogmatic, as an out-worn preacher, who has said it all too often before. His conscience gives him no pricks, not once does he question the rightness of his own conduct, or consider how much his conjugal shortcomings, coldness, and carelessness may have contributed to the disaster—which is entirely *his* grief, not hers—not once in his conscious perfection does he dream that a husband may have duties or a wife rights. He proclaims his own personal chastity—not without regret for wasted virtue—vaunts his magnanimity in not roasting her to death, and imputes the grossest profligacy to her. Yet she had loved and professed to love one man only, and he admittedly the greatest and noblest in all the land. "Mine own ideal knight" has no blame and much pity for Lancelot, whose grave misfortune it is to be loved and fascinated by one of those women creatures, who "stir the pulse with devil's leaps" and make "wicked lightnings of their eyes." He tells the prostrate queen that the fault is entirely hers, that she has seduced Lancelot and made him false to his friend and his king, that she is responsible for the failure of all her husband's schemes, for all the rebellions, and for all the unlawful loves in all the land. The enormity of her sin is especially heightened, he tells her, by his own impeccability;

upon her lie the sins of the whole nation. Then, perceiving her golden hair in the dust, he is touched, not by any reverence for womanhood or grief for its degradation, but because he once fondled it, "not knowing." After some hundred lines of eloquent self-pity, he has one of grudging compassion for her, a "vast pity," he calls it, surprised at his own magnanimity and tenderness in not burning her alive. "Lo, I forgive thee," he cries, not as one erring mortal forgives another, not even as the just forgive the unjust, but "as Eternal God forgives." Surely this is the prince of prigs! But though he forgives her (in the character of her Maker and Judge), he fears to touch her or be touched by her, lest his somewhat precarious virtue should be injured by contact with a thing so vile as a penitent woman. Nor does he betray the faintest interest in the way in which this vigorous scolding and preaching may affect her; whether her silence be the silence of indignation, scorn, or terror, or mere indifference, is nothing to her husband. Casting her off forever in this world, he makes an assignation with her in the next, where, to do him justice, he seems to think she will be more gently handled. Turning his back upon her, he rides away, so thoroughly eased by the sight of the queen grovelling in the dust, so exalted by the contemplation of his own perfections in contrast with his wife's utter vileness, that his face is "as the face of an angel." Few passages in English poetry have been more generally admired, quoted, and recited than this: partly because of its beauty, and partly because it fairly embodies the average injustice and the merciless lack of chivalry with which women are regarded, especially in their relations with the other sex—or were till quite recently. It also expresses the more or less conscious contempt that the common run of men have for women. Yet the pen that drew this priggish Arthur, drew the noble and touching simplicity of Enoch Arden, and the ethereal passion and pathetic maidenhood of Elaine, besides resetting the most fascinating character in old romance, Sir Lancelot.

No one hated a prig more than Thackeray, yet, so genial is his nature,

and so magic his art, that he cannot help loving, and finally making us love, his excellently drawn Pitt Crawley. First, we are sorry for Pitt Crawley, then we sympathize with him because he falls in love with the adorable Becky—or perhaps that amiable weakness is his redeeming vice—and at last we love him. Yet Pendennis, who has no virtue to speak of, nor any particular vice, manages to be a prig in spite of it; he belongs to the unjustifiable variety. The female prig is more common in fiction than in life; all Dickens's virtuous females and all his serious wicked ones belong to this class. The Lady in Comus must be classed with the hard and acid variety: she contains the germ of later Puritanism. George Eliot's females are tainted with this hard sort of priggism; Mary Garth and Dorothea Brook are specimens; the faintly and unconsciously selfish and pathetically flimsy Rosamond Viney is lovable beside them. Romola's virtue is even harder and more pitiless than theirs; poor little soft Tessa is a pleasant relief from that marble being.

Anthony Trollope turned out a special variety of the prude; all his good girls are run in that mould; they are emphatically girls, and never reach womanhood; one thinks of them all as having snub noses, moon faces, inane smiles, and striped hooped petticoats, as in Leech's drawings. Miss Austen, living in a priggish period, had too sure a touch, and was too good an artist to produce prigs unconsciously. Charlotte Brontë had too much of the rebel in her hot blood to concern herself with the female sort; but Robert Moore is a singular and subtle male variety. Madame de Staël and George Sand turn women prigs out with sublime unconsciousness: it is hard to say whether Consuelo, Delphine, or Corinne bears away the palm. The hero of *Aurora Leigh* is the kind of male prig that only women can make; Aurora pairs well with him. Robert Elsmere is a droll variety of this kind, but his wife surpasses him; yet even she cannot approach the sublimity of Robert in the unbecoming part of Joseph, solemnly preaching down the overtures of his hostess, instead of imitating the patriarch's discreet flight.

Miss Edgeworth, breathing an atmosphere of purest priggery, could not but produce some prigs. All around her, and almost all through her long life, every variety of prig flourished. In France they imprisoned, tortured, and murdered; in England they fired pistols into their sweethearts' petticoats; in both countries they talked much of returning to nature, which usually meant depriving their friends and dependents of the comforts of life. That Miss Edgeworth contrived not to be a prig in spite of her surroundings, proves her to have been a genius. It is interesting to watch the gradual extinction of the pedantic note from her bright and entertaining letters as her mind develops; it is pathetic to note how, when she finds herself escaping from the cramping influence of her father's pedantic and limited intellect, she dutifully tries to return to it.

No man could be more antipathetic to priggery than the Charles Kingsley of real life, yet his novels are rich in female prigs, and even Tom Thurnall scarcely escapes the reproach of priggism, possibly because he is over-anxious to avoid it. The woman prig is usually the male writer's vice, the man prig the female's. And what writer wholly escapes this pitfall? Shakespeare? Yes; but Shakespeare is almost a synonym for nature. Sir Walter Scott is free, and Robert Browning; but Goethe is especially great in prigs. Chaucer is as close to nature,

perhaps as great a genius, as Shakespeare: there is no taint of the prig even in the impossibly and immorally patient Griselda; cold reason would condemn her, but the genius, tenderness, and simplicity of Chaucer cast such a glamour upon her that she remains one of the sweetest and most pathetic figures in English poetry. No prig could breathe the pure morning atmosphere of that young, ingenuous, and beautiful time, the dawn or childhood of that literature of which the Elizabethan was the vigorous early manhood, with all its redundancy and exaggerations, when priggism blazed mightily forth in Euphuus. There are no prigs in the *Morte d'Arthur*: it is redolent still of that dewy prime, and fresh and simple as childhood. Yet it has perfect characters without spot or blemish. Sir Galahad is so pure and perfect, so lovely in his youth and knightly charm, that he diffuses a healing sweetness wherever he goes.

But our age is priggish. It lacks balance; it is self-conscious and self-vaunting. Our literature cannot produce beautiful and perfect characters, because our day has no strong central ideal, only an uneasy sense of the need and lack of one. It is never more priggish than in its impatience of prigs; we delight in imperfection, monstrosity, decay. Is this such a phase as occurs in youth, and is the moral hobbledehoyhood of genius? or does it mark the decline of strength?—*New Review*.

GEORGE ELIOT REVISITED.

BY GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

MY friend Mr. Frederic Harrison has given us, in his "Studies in Early Victorian Literature," a masterly estimate of George Eliot, and of her permanent place among great writers. His essay came home to me, for I am a typical unit of that perfervid crowd which, by its unmeasured and ill-regulated admiration, did, as Mr. Harrison points out, such ill service to George Eliot's fame.

I was three years old when George Eliot's first novel appeared, and I was

twenty-three when her last was completed. Thus she fairly dominated the reading part of my boyhood and early manhood. Not that she was a writer who ever, in my experience, attracted boys; neither her mind nor her style had the qualities with which boys fall in love. But we believed in her genius as something immensely great and solemn, which not to admire argued one's self a booby. Even at this distance of time I can recollect the awe, not unmingled with incredulity, with which

I heard my tutor at Harrow declare that he had obtained more pleasure from a page of George Eliot than from a chapter of Dickens. It was as an undergraduate at Oxford that I first really felt her spell, and from that time on I was an enthusiastic and no doubt a hyperbolic admirer. But, even in those fresh days, one could discriminate; and then, as now, I was bored by "Romola" and disgusted by "Daniel Deronda." The poetry, of course, one never could stomach; but the novels, as a whole, seemed the grandest and truest of fiction. The analysis of human character and motive; the careful linking of cause and effect; the pregnant moralization; the closely compacted maxims, seemed, to minds entirely theoretical and necessarily untaught by experience, the utterance of the highest wisdom. A new world opened before our eyes; or, rather, the old world in which we had lived our twenty years was suddenly illuminated by a new and revealing light. George Eliot appeared to have the key of all philosophy, and we listened with an astonished reverence to the voice of the oracle.

And there were other elements which moved our admiration—her keen enjoyment of physical health and vigor; her love of the country and the open air; her knowledge of nature; even her humor, though it must be confessed that this last quality owed much of its effect to its violent contrast with a sombre environment.

But, in brief, I, and others of my own time and place, were worshippers of George Eliot; and, though our loyalty was tried by "Daniel Deronda," and very nearly broke down under "Theophrastus Such," still it stood the strain. As far as I know, her ascendancy was undiminished at her death. But, during the last ten or twelve years, devout disciples experienced "a return upon themselves." They began to criticize where they used to adore, and to inquire where they used to believe. Knowing a little more than they had known ten years before, they were much less inclined to take the philosophy of life at secondhand. Their artistic palates grew more fastidious. They became aware of faults

which they had not noticed, and resented more keenly those which had always been patent. They became impatient of George Eliot's elaborateness and longwindedness; of her strained and cumbrous jocosity; of her undue insistence on the sexual idea; of her strange deviations into downright nastiness of thought and phrase, as in the description of Mr. Casaubon's mole, and the apologue of the lady who made herself sick with pickled salmon. In brief, a reaction set in, and men aspiring to be thought clever and critical were as extravagant in censure and depreciation as twenty years ago they had been hyperbolic in praise.

Here, as Mr. Harrison points out, is the opportunity of criticism—of a sane and sober appreciation, which can sift the good from the bad, and in some measure anticipate the final judgment of the High Court of Literary Equity. That judgment cannot, according to Mr. Harrison, be delivered before the next century; but, in the meantime, it may be as well for old admirers of George Eliot who have been a little shaken by the storm of recent criticism, to renew their acquaintance with her works, and revise their estimate of her genius and effect.

Let us take the earliest of her novels, the "Scenes of Clerical Life." This volume consists of three separate tales—"Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and "Janet's Repentance." And here in the very first page of her first attempt at fiction, George Eliot introduces us to the localities, the society, the life, and the circumstances in which she was so essentially and peculiarly at home. Each of her English stories is really and in its nature what one of them is expressly and in its title, "A Study of Provincial Life." In them we see next to nothing of London, with its gayeties, its excitements, its grinding miseries, or its myriad forms of enterprise and energy. Nor, again, are we often brought into contact with the absolute monotony, the calm decay, of the very aged, the very simple, and the very poor of our agricultural populations. The life which George Eliot knew as no other novelist has known it, is the life of the lawyers, the clergy, the small gentry, the trades-

men, and the farmers of large country towns or thickly populated rural neighborhoods. She quarries constantly in the mine of those experiences which were hers when living as a land-agent's daughter near Nuneaton, or with well-to-do friends in Coventry. We shall find, as we go on, that each story contains unmistakable allusions to people, places, and things among which her early years were passed. Thus, in "Amos Barton" the story opens with a description of Shepperton Church, which those who know the district have no difficulty in recognizing as Chilvers Coton, in Warwickshire. The ecclesiastical atmosphere of those days—1830-1850—when the Tractarian movement was beginning to modify the effects of the Evangelical revival, has lent its color to the theological character of Amos Barton. Otherwise his life is a carefully drawn picture of the cruel consequences which vanity, selfishness, and coarseness of fibre, in a man not radically vicious, may bring upon a refined and gentle woman who passionately loves him. The thread of narrative on which this is hung, describing Mr. Barton's clerical career, his unfortunate attachment, and his wife's early death, is of the slightest character. Still, here, in the very first of her novels, we find George Eliot marking out distinctly those lines on which, in later and more elaborate stories, she advanced to so unique a fame.

"Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" describes the life of an earlier day. The story is laid in the last years of the last century. And here George Eliot takes us into the society of those country magnates whom she constantly uses to decorate her background. They occupy a less important place in her interest and ours than the farmers' wives and the pretty village-girls, the carpenters and weavers, whom she makes the prominent figures of her foreground. But they contribute a certain effective element of contrast; and their lives and surroundings supply a local coloring of brightness and richness which throws the homespun raiment of provincial life into high and admirable relief. We feel that George Eliot is less vitally interested in the large-acred squires and

baronets who figure in so many of her stories than in the creations which belong to her own class and caste; but the spirit and accuracy of their delineation give proof of her singular power as a literary photographer. Cheveril Manor, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," is Arbury Hall, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Newdegates, whom George Eliot's father had served as land-agent, and Knebley is Astley Church, in the same neighborhood. Amid this scenery she draws with singular delicacy and a graceful minuteness the picture of an ardent young clergyman's solitary love-passage. The picture is like a painting of Watteau, or an exquisitely colored group in Dresden china. In the handling there is a peculiar touch of old-world refinement which I do not think we find in any other of George Eliot's tales. The story describes the one supreme love of a pure and passionate nature, threatened with ruin by the heartless cynicism of a polished sensualist. The injured pride of a beautiful woman shapes for itself, as later on in "Daniel Deronda," a horrible revenge; and that revenge is intercepted by the death of the once-loved, now hated, object. Two sympathetic hearts are at last united; and united only to be parted by the bride's early death. So ends a most graceful and yet strangely powerful tale.

In "Janet's Repentance" we find George Eliot again in her native element. Milby is Nuneaton. The fierce strife of Evangelical and Orthodox, the vulgarity, the meanness, the heart-burnings, the emulations, and the gossip of the dull manufacturing town, are traced with the life-like touch of accurate portraiture. The beautiful and commanding Janet, married to a harsh and vindictive tyrant, seeking refuge from sorrow in drunkenness, and rescued from sin by the preaching of a gallant and ill-starred young clergyman, leaves on the mind a deep impression of power and truth.

So much for the "Scenes of Clerical Life." When we have read them we know the elements and materials out of which George Eliot creates her world; the keen observation of habits and thoughts, the strong grasp of great religious movements, the vivid appre-

ciation of their influence on daily action, the grave and sometimes ironical humor, the deep sense of the mystery and tragedy underlying even commonplace lives, which she subsequently works up into her great romances with infinite shades of color, with endless subtleties of meaning, with inexhaustible diversity of individual character, and with all the discerning and differentiating skill of the novelist's true genius.

The publication of "Adam Bede" in 1858 made an immense and widespread sensation. Nothing like it had been known since Charlotte Brontë, also writing under a masculine pseudonym, took the town by storm with "Jane Eyre." In each case there was the same uncertainty and eager speculation as to the sex, age, name, and condition of the author; the same general feeling that a new writer had appeared who knew and could manipulate the deepest springs of human passion; the same delighted discovery that there were still untrodden fields of romance in common English life, though a generation of peevish critics had told us that from Dan to Beersheba all was barren.

But a notable point of difference between the great achievement of Charlotte Brontë and the great achievement of George Eliot was that the one revealed genius and ignorance, the other genius and knowledge. The depth and versatility of George Eliot's culture, and her intimate acquaintance with various phases of English society, did not astonish those who had studied the "Scenes of Clerical Life;" but to the majority even of the reading public they were only an additional element of perplexity in the already perplexing problem of the author's identity.

It would seem that Hayslope in "Adam Bede" is the little village of Roston, four miles from Ashbourne; and that Adam and Seth Bede are portraits of George Eliot's uncles, Samuel and William Evans. Dinah is an idealized recollection of Elizabeth Evans, the saintly wife of the Methodist William Evans. No one of George Eliot's novels has given to the world a larger number of clear and memorable portraits. The weakness and vanity of Hetty, the thoughtless profligacy of the

not wholly evil Donnithorne, the genial common sense and humor of Parson Irwine, the rapt and mystic yet most practical piety of Dinah Morris, and the shrewd wit and caustic proverbs of Mrs. Poyser—all these are household words. Of the picture of the hero, Adam Bede himself, the present Bishop Wilkinson once said in his pulpit that it seemed to him the best presentiment in modern guise and color of the earthly circumstances which surrounded the life of the divine Founder of Christianity, as he toiled in the carpenter's shop to supply His own and His mother's wants. That surely is no commonplace effort of fiction which throws any illustrative light, however faint or broken, on the sacred narrative of human redemption.

We come now to the "Mill on the Floss," a story made specially interesting to lovers of George Eliot, as "David Copperfield" is to the lovers of Charles Dickens, by the freedom with which the author has woven autobiographical details into the narrative. The peculiar charm of the story is that it reveals the real pathos which underlies the sorrows, the sufferings, and even the naughtiness of childhood. The Red Deeps, the scene of Maggie's spiritual awakening, were, I believe, near George Eliot's own home, and had been a favorite haunt of her early days. Maggie's warm affections, her craving for sympathy, her hatred of harsh control, her quick curiosity about the two worlds of nature and of books, her adventures, notably in the gypsies' camp, her successes, her mortifications, her childish love for the cold, acute, unsympathetic brother—all bear the marked traces of personal experience. The close geographical portraiture of the town of Gainsborough, which figures under the name of St. Ogg's, with its river, marshes, and liability to floods, gives graphic reality to the appalling catastrophe which, just as the cross-purposes and tangled threads of the story are working out, consigns Maggie and her brother to a sudden and horrible death.

"Silas Marner" has a peculiar melancholy of its own. We all remember the story of the devout Methodist weaver, driven, by a gross injustice wrought under the semblance of religion, to lifelong separation from home, loss of

employment, loss of money, loss of love, and the total eclipse of religious faith. How that supreme blessing is restored to him through the play of natural affection, in the adoption and education of an orphan child, is beautifully told. There is a remarkable concord between all the great critics—Mr. Harrison among them—as to the transcendent merits of this story, but it lends itself but little to illustrative citation. "The Lifted Veil" and "Brother Jacob," which are generally associated with "Silas Marner," must be pronounced to be the stories of George Eliot, which her truest admirers would most willingly let die.

In "Romola," George Eliot entirely changes her element and her materials. She forsakes the English scenery, English society, and English institutions, among which she is so thoroughly at home. She transports us from England to Florence, and from the first half of the nineteenth century to the days of the Renaissance. The learning which "Romola" displays is profound and exact; the local coloring vivid and true. As a monument of conscientious labor, it is worthy of all respect; as a moral essay, it is profitable doctrine for an age which is reviving the vices of the Renaissance. But as a story it is dull, and as a historical romance it signally fails to clothe the dry bones of the past with the flesh and blood of living human interest.

In "Felix Holt," we return again to more familiar scenes and people. The twofold interest of this story, over and above the author's favorite theme of latent romance in common life, is legal and political. The plot depends on a highly technical point of law in regard to the devolution of land; and, in the course of its development, we get a careful and even subtle study of the under-currents and side-influences; the chicanery, the violence; the cynical immorality, mingled with honest political enthusiasm, which went to make the interest of an electioneering contest sixty years ago. In no other novel has George Eliot more forcibly and even painfully delineated the terrible and lifelong consequences of an early moral fall. No other of her stories, perhaps, preaches with more eloquent voice to those who have ears to hear.

We now approach "Middlemarch," in many respects the grandest of all George Eliot's works. It is easy enough to criticise it as too long and too ponderous; a canvas overcrowded with figures; and more of a study of character thrown into narrative form than a genuine novel. There is more or less force in all these objections, and a generation of novel-readers accustomed to authors of whom you can skip one paragraph in three with no perceptible injury to the plot or the moral, may well grumble at a novel of which the interest is profound, not superficial; ethical, rather than sensational; and coherent and sustained, instead of fragmentary and spasmodic. Still, for those who care to see the deep springs of human action; the subtle and sometimes misguided workings of human conscience; the mutual influence and interdependence of the man's and woman's natures; and the miserable ruin wrought by emotion uncontrolled by thought, as well as by thought untempered by emotion; for all these "Middlemarch" is a storehouse of delight.

With the publication of "Middlemarch," most people would consider that the zenith of George Eliot's greatness was attained. Both her later books were disappointments.

"Daniel Deronda" was a careful and laborious attempt to analyze the differentiating qualities and gifts of the Hebrew race, some of whose noblest aspirations are bodied forth in the semi-prophetic dreams of the consumptive Mordecai. As an exhibition of George Eliot's power of getting up unfamiliar details, and representing a life which she has never lived, it is second only, if it is second, to "Romola." As an instance of research, aptly used, one may quote a speech of Daniel's mother, when she is describing her rebellion against the strictness of her Jewish upbringing: "I was to feel awe for the bit of parchment in the *mezuzah* over the door; to dread lest a bit of butter should touch a bit of meat." I have been told by Jewish friends that not every born member of their community would recognize this Talmudic gloss on the text: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." But the story is disfigured by a concession such as George Eliot seldom condescends to

make to a repulsive realism. The characters of Grandcourt and Gwendolen are conspicuous above all her creations for a moral odiousness which is almost unredeemed. The heartless and worldly girl meets a kind of poetic retribution in the refined and calculating cruelty of the cynical libertine whom her ambition leads her to marry; and he, again, receives the reward of his misdeeds in a sudden and awful death, from which his wife might have rescued him if she would.

From the painful and disagreeable interest of this morbid tale we turn with something of relief to the unexpected dulness of "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such." These contain much that is true, more that is sententious, little that is beautiful, and less that is amusing. The easiest and most satisfactory way of accounting for them is that they are rather an attempt to condense and perpetuate in epigrammatic form the opinions of Mr. G. H. Lewes than the product of George Eliot's own untrammelled genius.

George Eliot's poems I do not intend to include among the subjects of my analysis, for I fear we shall find in them little to qualify the verdict that in poetry she is not happy. One critic has said, that "In poetry the thought was over great for the somewhat unfamiliar element in which it moved, and brought to the reader a certain sense of stiffness and constraint." Another, that George Eliot's poems are merely the work of "a clever woman who tried to write verses."

They are a little more than this, for her mind and temper abounded in two out of three of the qualities which Milton attributes to poetry. Her genius was sensuous enough, and passionate enough, in all conscience; but the first note of poetry, simplicity, was signally lacking. The thought of her poems is profound, involved, and highly analytical; in a word, as much as possible the reverse of simple; and the verbal medium and apparatus is rugged with the ruggedness of a violent attempt to press into poetic form that of which poetry itself is intolerant.

Having thus retrodden some familiar ground, I must now attempt to analyze some of the leading characteristics of

George Eliot's mind and teaching. I shall only be obeying a natural instinct if I place first among the subjects of this analysis her religious thought. One who was her intimate friend has told me that, though not formally, she was essentially and profoundly a Positivist. Another writes:

"That the mind of her who penned these novels was profoundly religious, no reader can doubt. . . . When, however, we attempt closely to define the religion in which George Eliot rested, our task is difficult. We find in her the most marvellous power of putting herself in the position of the holders of all creeds, so deep was her sympathy with every form in which the religious instincts have expressed themselves. The simple faith, half pagan but altogether reverent, of Dolly Winthrop; the sensible, matter-of-fact, and honorable morality of Mr. Irwine; the aspirations of a modern St. Theresa; the passionate fervors of Dinah, were understood and revered by her. All that was most human, and therefore most divine, most ennobling, and most helpful, was assimilated by her. The painful bias of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction which comes of self-abnegation, were realized by her as though she had been a fervent Catholic. But the ground tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant. She could not submit herself completely to any external teacher."

For those to whom the faith of Christendom is as vital air, the history of George Eliot's religious thought is pre-eminently painful. Very early in life she broke away from the Evangelical beliefs in which she had been educated, and before her first volume was published she was no longer a Christian. Yet who can read her description of Dinah Morris's preaching on the green, her prayers and entreaties, "written" to quote George Eliot's own words, "with hot tears, as they surged up in my own mind," without the deep conviction that the author had once known the intensity and the power of a fervid faith? This impression is even deepened when we follow her in the beautiful words of the prayer, too sacred for transcription, with which Dinah melts and heals the broken heart of Hetty in the condemned cell; or when she claims our love and admiration for the heroic courage of the young preacher in "Janet's Repentance," battling at once with religious intolerance and physical decay; or, when again,

she thrills our hearts with the Baptist-sternness, the Christ-like tenderness of Savonarola's message to guilty Florence.

Still, as we follow in order the gradual development of her mind as expressed in her works, we find ever less and less recognition of the truth and power of the Gospel; ever more and more of the substitution of moral duty for religious faith; ever an increasing sense of darkness and hopelessness and impending annihilation, in the prospect of death. Let me quote a few striking passages out of many which seem to mark resting-places or turning-points in the history of George Eliot's belief. First, the concluding passage of Dinah Morris's sermon on the green.

"Dear friends," she said at last, "brothers and sisters, whom I love as those for whom my Lord has died, believe me I know what this great blessedness is; and because I know it I want you to have it too. . . . Think what it is not to hate anything but sin; to be full of love to every creature; to be frightened at nothing; to be sure that all things will turn to good; not to mind pain, because it is our Father's will; to know that nothing—no, not if the earth was to be burnt up, or the waters come and drown us—nothing could part us from God who loves us, and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever He wills is holy, just, and good. Dear friends, come and taste this blessedness; it is offered to you; it is the good news that Jesus came to preach to the poor."

Or, take again, from the same book, this lovely passage of moralized description:

"What a glad world this looks like as one rides or drives along the valleys and over the hills! I have often thought so when in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land tilled with just as much care; the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows—I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire; an image of a great agony—the agony of the Cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering apple-blossoms, or in the broad sunshine by the cornfields, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below; and surely, if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the apple-blossoms or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the woods, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a

young, blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from a swift-advancing shame, understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the nightfall on the lonely heath, yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness. Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if you came closer to one spot behind a small bush, would be mingled for your ear with a despairing human sob. No wonder man's religion has so much sorrow in it. No wonder he needs a suffering God."

Or, again, this confession of faith of the simple, yet sagacious minister, Rufus Lyon:

"The Lord knoweth them that are His; but we—we are left to judge by uncertain signs, so that we may learn to exercise hope and faith toward one another, and in this uncertainty I cling with awful hope to those whom the world loves not because their conscience, albeit mistakenly, is at war with the habits of the world."

Take, again, this most significant sentence, which seems to record the effect of some staggering blow:

"No one who has ever known what it is to lose faith in a fellow-man whom he has profoundly loved and revered, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the Invisible Goodness unshaken."

Or take, finally, this statement of Dorothea's creed, which seems to point to the attitude in which, after breaking with dogmatic religion, George Eliot's mind reposed:

"That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."

The most painful feature of the history is that, with the loss of belief in a personal God, came the loss of belief in a personal immortality. And in this "eclipse of faith" George Eliot died. Not even a gleam of sunset light was permitted to irradiate the gloom. I have heard that when Sir Andrew Clark entered the sick-room he found that she had already sunk into the final stupor, without even realizing that she was dangerously ill. From that darkened chamber of bereavement and anguish we turn away with the words which she herself has put into the mouth of Rufus Lyon:

only as possible the reverse of a fatalist. She believed absolutely in the freedom and responsibility of the individual will. She held that we fashion our own characters and lives, and was much less disposed than many thinkers to attribute their determining qualities to the force of circumstances. She herself has said :

" Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we
are."

Again, she had a melancholy conviction of the irreparable nature of human experience. She believed with all her heart the stern truth that in the physical world there is no forgiveness of sins. Again and again we have the same note of quiet sorrow over the irrevocable fixity of the past. For example :

" O the anguish of that thought that we can
never atone to our dead for the stunted affection
we gave them, for the light answers we
returned to their plaints or their pleadings,
for the little reverence we showed to that sacred
human soul that lived so close to us, and
was the divinest thing God had given us to
know !"

Or again, in a lighter fashion, though the same vein of thought, this motto :

" It is a good and soothfast saw ;
Half roasted never will be raw ;
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crook new-shapen by the wheel ;
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then ;
And having tasted stolen honey,
You can't buy innocence for money."

Again, George Eliot saw with special keenness the unyielding connection of cause and effect in human life. See this in Adam Bede's indignation when he imagines that Arthur Donnithorne is proposing to set things straight, after the irreparable injury he has done to Hetty. He

" thought he perceived in them that notion
of compensation for irretrievable wrong, that
self-soothing attempt to make evil bear the
same fruit as good, which most of all roused
his indignation."

Once again, George Eliot realized, as few writers of fiction and still fewer historians are calm enough to do, the immense influence for good or evil of insignificant people and obscure deeds. This it was which gave such special seriousness to all her teaching on the minute and humble actions of daily

life. Few, probably, who heard it will forget a sermon by Dr. Liddon in the University Church at Oxford, soon after the publication of "*Middlemarch*," when he concluded with the concluding words of that wonderful analysis of human character :

" The growing good of the world is partly
dependent on unhistoric acts ; and that things
are not so ill with you and me as they might
have been is half owing to the number who
lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in un-
visited tombs."

As a close observer of human life and its determining forces, George Eliot found an absorbing interest in the power and imperiousness of sexual passion. Every tale of hers, from the "*Scenes of Clerical Life*" to "*Daniel Deronda*," is suffused with

" The bloom of young desire and purple light
of love."

The sorrows, the joys, the mysteries, even the crimes which checker the career of her heroes and heroines, have their origin in the subtle and manifold influences of love. The love of Adam Bede for Hetty, of Hetty for Arthur Donnithorne, of Lydgate for Rosamond, of Dorothea for Ladislaw, of Philip Wakem for Maggie Tulliver ; all these and countless others are instances of the penetration with which George Eliot regarded the love of man and woman, and its widely diverse issues in the good and evil of their lives. A real, though weak and selfish, love for Milly redeems from utter vulgarity the character of Amos Barton. The sweet affection of Dinah Morris toward Adam Bede completes with a touch of human interest the almost angelic beauty of her ideal character. And the same profound master-passion of man's nature supplies some of the darker shades of pathos and even of criminality.

As we have seen before, one leading article of George Eliot's belief was that even the most commonplace lives are underlaid with tragedy. On occasion she can heighten the interest of a dramatic scene by invoking the more sublimely tragic powers—the destructive energy of angry Nature, or the even deadlier wrath of human hatred. But these situations are rare. The major-

ity of her tales derived their tragedy from the hidden sufferings of wounded hearts; from the fruitless pangs of unrequited love, or the gnawing remorse which dogs successful sin. Her genius combines the powers of the telescope and microscope; it sweeps the wide horizon of events and forces which have moved the world: it directs our gaze to the teeming life beneath our daily feet, and reveals the microcosm of a single water-drop. George Eliot has taught us to sympathize with the great movements of humanity which have upheaved empires, and changed the face of religions, and have raised up generations of heroes for their accomplishment, and have scattered abroad their seed in the blood of martyrs. But even more faithfully and beneficially has she led us to recognize the unnoticed tragedy which lies around our every-day path, which is the product of events not strikingly impressive, but insignificant and even vulgar: and to which each day we live we may perhaps be unconsciously contributing. Let us quote her words on the flight of Hetty from home:

"What will be the end?—the end of her objectless wandering, apart from all love, caring for human beings only through her pride, clinging to life only as the hunted wounded brute clings to it? God preserve you and me from being the beginners of such misery."

It is partly owing to this conviction that the tragedy of life lies in its common things, that George Eliot assigns such prominent place in her writings to the action of pain, illness, and death. But other causes contributed to the same result. One was that her delicate health made her keenly conscious of the mysterious influence which physical organization exercises over thought, and even action. Another was the guidance of Mr. G. H. Lewes, whose own studies had been very much concerned with medicine, and who stimulated in her a physiological curiosity which was evidently inborn. Another and deeper cause lay in the Positivism which gradually became the sole residuum of her religious faith. However uncertain and unknowable were the nature and destinies of the human soul, the functions of the body were at any rate certain, tangible, and vitally

important. But, from whatever cause it sprang, we find in all her writings a singularly clear and vivid interest in the nature and powers of the human frame; a close and scientific acquaintance with its pathology; and a keen eye for the subtle effects which it produces in the complicated issues of existence. The death of Captain Wybrow in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story;" the awfully vivid description of *angina pectoris* in "The Lifted Veil;" Mr. Tuliver's apoplectic seizure; Mr. Casaubon's slow decay and sudden dissolution by fatty degeneration of the heart; the ravages of consumption in Mordecai and Mr. Tryan—all these are instances of the accuracy and force with which she employs these melancholy mechanisms.

A great part of the fun which we find among the comfortable farmers' wives and dear old ladies of the various tales lies in their childlike reliance on third-rate doctoring, and their pathetic interest in their own and their neighbors' disorders. How true to life is the following description of an old woman's researches in religious literature!

"On taking up the biography of a celebrated preacher, she immediately turned to the end to see what disease he died of; and if his legs swelled, as her own occasionally did, she felt a stronger interest in ascertaining any earlier facts in the history of the dropsical divine."

And then take, in marked contrast to this, a sample of George Eliot's grave handling of the same kind of theme. Lydgate has just informed Mr. Casaubon that he is suffering from a mortal disease, which must terminate soon, and suddenly:

"When the commonplace 'We must all die' transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness, 'I must die—and soon,' then death grapples us, and his fingers are cruel; afterward, he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did, and our last moment of dim earthly discerning may be like the first. To Mr. Casaubon now it was as if he suddenly found himself on the dark river-brink, and heard the plash of the on-coming oar, not discerning the forms, but expecting the summons."

Any estimate of George Eliot's genius would be glaringly incomplete if it were not to deal in some detail with her wit and humor. To define these two quali-

ties with satisfactory accuracy is a notoriously difficult task. But if we regard the essence of wit as lying in the conciseness and point of expression, as much as in any juxtaposition of ideas, we must at once admit that George Eliot had comparatively little of it. There are indeed numbers of sentences which cling to the memory, as terse and vigorous expressions of profound truths; but they lack that perfect symmetry of form which is so delightful in the really epigrammatic writers, like Lord Beaconsfield and Rochefoucauld; and they generally require, if I may so say, more room to turn round in than the dimensions of the true epigram permit. I will quote a few samples of what I mean:

"Ignorance [says Ajax] is a painless evil; so, I should think, is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it.

"Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

"It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the 'dear deceit' of beauty.

"We cannot reform our forefathers.

"In the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.

"Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.

"One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

"The wit of a family is best received among strangers.

"Those who trust us, educate us.

"The depths of middle-aged gentlemen's ignorance will never be known, for want of public examinations in this branch."

And this, which has been erroneously attributed to Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps as high a compliment as could be paid to a would-be epigram—

"Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous."

But if she is deficient in that perfection of form which is essential to wit, among humorists George Eliot stands very high. She appreciated very keenly the humor of characters, of situations, and of dialogues. The admirable picture of Mr. Brooke on the hustings is one of the best extant illustrations of electioneering on the old system. The scene at the reading of Mr. Featherstone's will has all the significant fun of a painting by Hogarth. The characters of Mrs. Poyser, of Mrs. Tulliver

and her sisters, of Bob Jakin, of Mr. Trumbull, and of Mrs. Cadwallader, are instances, taken almost at random, of her skill in depicting various forms of conscious and unconscious comedy. The proverbs and maxims in which several of these characters so freely indulge are full of point, and practical wisdom; and with their shrewd experience of country life fairly reek of the soil from which George Eliot sprang. Of these Mrs. Poyser's are the most famous—

"It is poor work allays settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, istid o' beginning when we're gone. It's but little good you 'll do a-watering the last year's crops.

"It's poor eating where the flavor o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt to hide it.

"There's folks 'd stand on their heads, and then say the fault was i' their boots.

"Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

Again, Mrs. Hackett, in "Amos Barton"—

"They say a green yule makes a fat churchyard; and so does a white yule too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it."

Again, Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster—

"Simple addition enough! Add one fool to another fool, and in six years' time six fools more. They're all of the same denomination, big and little 's nothing to with the sum

"It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient."

And Adam Bede himself—

"If you get hold of a chap that's got no shame nor conscience to stop him, you must try what you can do by bunging his eyes up."

Mr. Lammeter—

"Breed is stronger than pasture."

Mrs. Denner—

"When I awake at cock-crow, I'd sooner have one real grief on my mind than twenty false. It's better to know one's robbed, than think one's going to be murdered."

A word ought to have been said about George Eliot's minute eye for Nature, her love of animals, her scientific knowledge of music; but the sub-

ject expands before us, and we must hasten to a close.

It is only George Eliot's genius as expressed in her writings that I have endeavored to discuss. Her life, and its governing incident, and its influence on the ethical standard of her time, I have left untouched, as lying outside my present province.

Again, I have dealt as sparingly as possible in hostile criticism. I have written with the egotism of a lively gratitude, and I have preferred to suggest rather than to elaborate the faults, whether of substance or of form, which, in my judgment, place her work in a rank beneath that of perfection.

But if, as an artist, she is "a little lower than the angels," I still hold that George Eliot has higher claims upon our admiration than those which belong to her as a keen analyst of human nature, or a masterly painter of English scenery and manners. I submit that, as far as her writing is concerned, she is entitled to rank with those best benefactors of mankind who, by preaching a pure and exalted morality, and by making the sublime creeds of duty and self-sacrifice lovely and attractive, have conspicuously helped the civilization of the race, and have enriched the treasury of the common good.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE AWAKENING OF LONDON.

OUT of the thousands who have daily seen the sun set all their lives, there are some who have seldom, or perhaps never, at least in midsummer, seen it rise. I am not, of course, thinking of those who toil with their hands for their daily bread, but of the comfortable people who do not get up till the day is "well alight," and find the winter fire burning brightly in the grate, the breakfast table duly set, and their morning letters laid upon its cloth. Had one of them perchance looked out into the street at five o'clock, he might have seen a postman hurrying along toward his district office, where the first correspondence of the day had been already sorted and tied up in bundles for distribution. If he cared for a new view of the town, he would find it in the "awakening of London."

One of the first things which would strike him in the empty streets would be their "hilliness." When full by day they look flat, but he would be surprised to see what ups and downs there are between (say) the Oxford Circus and Piccadilly, and perceive that cattle often have to pull against the collar in what appears to be a level piece of road.

The "cleaning" of London and its belongings might next draw his attention. Dickens was an early walker, and one does not wonder at his recording the dusty wealth of Mr. Boffin when one sees, in the rich city, baskets

or boxes, stuffed with the sweepings of every shop and office, set outside their doors waiting to be carted off. The pavement must be cleared of this (possibly precious) "litter" betimes.

Our early riser, though, would meet many who had obviously not washed that morning, and were having their first breakfast off a "clay." Perhaps the question might cross his mind, "Where had they slept?" and, if he should happen to be a philanthropist, some fresh thoughts about the lodgment of the million would occur to him. The morning *toilette* of many men and women is little realized by one who has his "tub," finds shaving water set ready in his dressing-room, clothes himself with deliberation, brushes his hair, sniffs the pleasant smell of coffee as he saunters downstairs, and seats himself at a well-ordered table, while Mary Ann, who has laid it, makes his tumbled bed, empties his bath, and tidies his deserted room. Had he got up betimes, as I have suggested, he would have seen London at its early work, though at its first exploration, in summer, barring a few houseless wanderers or belated pleasure-seekers returning home, he might fancy that the population consisted of policemen and cats, which last creep stealthily about in pursuit of feline enjoyment. I saw a constable unsuccessfully trying to arrest one at rosy dawn this morning in my

deserted street. As my wakeful riser continued his walk he might see, on passing a railway station, the first throes of that centrifugal action by which London flings abroad the tidings and thoughts which had reached it since he last went to bed. The newspaper trains start at five o'clock for their daily sowing of the land with type, handfuls of which are hurled out at stations far and near, to produce their repeated crops of talk for the reapers (counted by millions) of "some new thing." Besides this papery outflow, our early walker would meet wagons and carts laden with solid food for those who cannot think unless the mystic chemistry of nature changes milk, mutton, and bread into brains. The editor of a paper would find his occupation gone were it not for the butcher and baker who give him power to write and his buyers to read. So goods trains, vans, and fishing boats fill the exhausted skull with matter which takes the shape of foreign intelligence, police reports, Court circulars, cricket scores, advertisements, and leading articles—without which, in the estimation of many, life would not be worth living.

Perhaps among the manifold contributions to the commissariat of London that of "milk" asserts itself most loudly. First there is the rumbling transfer at railway stations of those truncated tin cones containing it, which have arrived by night trains from the country, into milkmen's carts, whose jangling cans add to the rattle they make as Jehus drive furiously to the various "walks," where it is distributed by thick-soled white-aproned women, who, in filling the household jug, also leave a "blob" of it on the doorstep—a libation resented by tidy mistresses. The noise of its arrival, before the London milkmaid fills her pail, might well lead one to wish that its transporting carts were fitted with pneumatic tires. No other vehicle makes such a seemingly needless row in going about its business. But every Londoner must have his supply of milk betimes, and in this respect the poor townsman is better off than his mate in the country. There, a peasant, daily working in the midst of cow-pastured

fields, is often unable to get a jug of it for his family. It is sent away to the city, in whose meanest streets the housewife can always buy a penn'orth.

Talking of this, our early explorer sees a number of street breakfast-laid tables, where the workman stops to eat thick slices of bread and butter, washed down with coffee (not milkless) which spreads a fragrant smell in the fresh morning air. No signs of this standing meal are left behind at the corners where it is eaten. The catering "coaster" clears it away before the blinds of bedrooms begin to be drawn up, and the heels of housemaids kneeling on doorsteps, with scrubbing brush and pail, may be seen all down a street, leaving a fresh whitened step to be dirtied by the footmarks of another day. To my mind, they manage this business better in America, where it is done with a long-handled implement which saves the servant from having to go down upon her knees, often in the wet. Our custom sometimes creates a special malady from which she suffers. The "housemaid's knee" is a recognized infirmity. Common marble is cheap, and it would be well if more doorsteps were made with this, as it can be "washed" clean in a minute and leaves a white surface better than that produced by hearthstone on a porous substance.

In a very early stroll few sights are more sadly impressive than that of those who have no roof but the sky, and, unless officiously disturbed, seek an uneasy bed on some roadside seat, or crouch in the corner of an entry, till they have to "move on" and begin another wearisome day. Nothing is more piteously exclusive than the street-door of even the most tender-hearted householder before the "awakening of London." A clerical friend of mine once had unexpected proof of this when, after a long talk with a neighbor into the small hours, he let him out, and, standing for a few minutes to look at the stars, heard the door slammed to, leaving him hatless in the deserted street. He hammered and rang like Mrs. Dowler's chairmen, but those within slept sounder than even Mr. Winkle, and it was not till the "milk" arrived that he was able to re-

enter his house. Meanwhile, after fruitless battery with the knocker, he thought of those nightly wanderers who have only the "key of the street," and having at last found an empty bench laid himself upon it to realize the blanketless misery of such a couch. It did not occur to him to adopt the procedure of a Chinaman, who, when he feels himself hopelessly aggrieved by the unfeeling inmate of a house, avenges himself by committing suicide on his doorstep.

If the feet of our early wanderer should lead him near a railway, he apprehends the ceaseless traffic which goes on before any "passenger" awakes to use the newspaper train. I was once deposited at a station some ten miles away from that which I sought, and, walking home along the "six-foot way" between the lines, realized how much commerce is carried on in the dark. I had to pause—I believe that, according to the rules of the service, I ought to have laid myself down—as I met or was overtaken by a seemingly endless number of goods trains, which did not stop to see whether a wandering stranger had been run over or not. But the near rush of a spark-scattering locomotive is a thing to be remembered, though the sensation did not tempt me to invite it again.

Talking of early work which finishes that of the night, our exploring walker, who has often seen the street lamps lit at dusk, perceives, what perhaps he had never thought of before, that they have to be put out at dawn by an

official who pokes each one to death with a stick. Being a ratepayer, he is possibly gratified at this display of parochial economy; but another is not so pleasing to its near spectator, since the beating of door-mats on lamp-posts fills the neighboring air with dust, which, as representing "germs" whose insidious mischief he has read of, he swallows resentfully. In some places, however, he has to skip out of the way of "water" pumped upon asphalt pavement with a hose—a cleanly procedure, though the soaking of wooden streets leaves them to exhale the nastiest of perfumes as they dry.

Without attempting to solve the disputed question about the worth of early rising for work within doors, or denying that the prey of the "early bird" warns us against dangers which may spoil the credit of being among the first to get up, our morning walker has, at least for once in a way, a new view of London. And he might freshly realize the value of that early, often sordid, work which goes daily on to make the world more pleasant to him when he usually wakes. All who rise to find it ready for them, summer and winter, when the streets are shiny with wet, and the rain beats upon the dressing-room window, or its ledges are clogged with snow, might sometimes bear in mind the repeated hours of work spent by others, not only under his roof but outside his doors, before he sits down to his breakfast and opens his letters.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TICONDEROGA.

To a generation which is said to find Scott bombastic and Dickens dull it requires perhaps some hardihood to mention the name of Fenimore Cooper. But the young gentlemen who write in praise of each other in the newspapers form after all but a very small and not a very important part of the reading public; and if we may judge from the bookstalls, the author of "The Last of the Mohicans" still holds his own, together with many another whom these arbiters of taste would relegate to the

dust and silence of the upper shelf. No doubt there are moments when it is not possible to take Cooper quite seriously; he was always writing, and always writing in a hurry. We all of us laugh at him sometimes, but yet love him all the more. Our children's grandchildren, we dare swear, will go on loving him without the laughter; for those little familiar pedantries of his will be by that time beyond the reach of criticism. They will have mellowed into the quaint mannerisms

of a bygone period. The dramatic movement, the stirring scenes, the picturesque old-world figures will remain, when the power or the wish to question the accuracy of their painting will have passed away. And the historic value of his work, even if Englishmen are indifferent to it (which we do not think they are, and certainly they ought not to be), puts him on a pedestal alone so far as Americans are concerned, for he has made the most interesting and dramatic period of their history his own. Writers on both sides of the Atlantic are still taking the struggle with the French in America and the subsequent War of Independence as a background for their tales; but they are all of them too late to have such value as Cooper's books have. He was not indeed, strictly speaking, contemporary with the period he chiefly wrote of, but he knew personally the generation who were, which is very much the next best thing. And indeed the America he lived in was practically the old America, politically independent, but in habits of thought and ways of life still more than half colonial. Slavery was a matter of course, and had as yet raised no question between North and South. In the North the cities had not yet eaten up the old provincial society, and the country gentleman living on his paternal acres was still an item in the Middle States. The railroad and the telegraph had not as yet linked States together and banished much of the mystery of the wilderness. People still travelled slowly and seldom, and politicians in Cooper's youth were mostly gentlemen who as often as not rode their own nags to Washington attended by servants and packhorses, and cherished a primitive regard for the welfare of their country. The novelist himself entered Yale as early as 1802, and after serving in the United States navy from 1805 to 1811, retired to a life of rural ease in his own province of New York. There for the rest of his life, with the exception of a few years spent in Europe, he lived among the scenes in which most of his books were laid. He must to a certainty have been in constant intercourse with people who served through the Revolutionary War, and in his youth must have even known

many who fought at Louisbourg, at Ticonderoga, or at Quebec.

Cooper's Indians are, from a realistic point of view, regarded usually as his weakest point, though from an artistic one they are probably his strongest. He was a little late, no doubt, for a personal acquaintance with the Red Man of the forests; but if he idealized him, what pleasure his ideals have given to countless readers! With his backwoodsmen the most captious critic cannot quarrel, but the backwoodsman survived long into Cooper's day; he had every opportunity of knowing him well, and made the most of it. Indeed the genus may still be studied, though no longer, to be sure, in the Mohawk Valley or by the banks of Lake George. For our own part, having been thrown much with him, we will say that some familiarity with the type of which Cooper wrote, has increased rather than diminished our affection for Natty Bumppo in all his various guises.

Most of us, no doubt, made our first acquaintance with Cooper at a tender age, when even a garden shrubbery contained something of the mysterious; and the familiar backgrounds against which the fancy of childhood pictured the Indian and the hunter, still thrust themselves behind the pages of "The Deerslayer" or "The Pathfinder" as we read them now. For ourselves indeed we were fortunate at this remote period in having Savernake forest at our very door; and its glades, avenues, and thickets became so saturated in fancy with red-skins and scouts, that a something more than ordinary acquaintance with North American lakes and forests is still powerless to shift the whole scenery when Cooper's heroes come upon the stage. At the period of which we write the British school-boy was still, we fancy, thoroughly staunch in the notion that British soldiers were invincible except when greatly outnumbered, and that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen or even more. Yet there is a certain nook in that Wiltshire Arcady, to which we think we could still find our way, that for years was associated in our mind with an almost incredible disaster to British arms, with some monstrous dream of a great army full of pride and

confidence, ignominiously routed and shattered by a lamentably inferior force of Frenchmen. It was but a shadowy recollection for which one of Cooper's novels seemed to be responsible, and it was not till a much later period of life that an acquaintance with the tragedy of Ticonderoga explained the dim impression. For it is in one of his later and less known books that Cooper has treated of that bloody scene. A hundred people will be familiar with "The Last of the Mohicans" who possibly never even heard of "Satanstoe," a work that is valuable rather for the excellent picture it gives of colonial society, than for the power of narrative which distinguishes so many of the others.

Who indeed remembers Ticonderoga except Americans and possibly a few Frenchmen? Parkman's glowing pages may here and there among Englishmen have shed some light upon these forgotten fights, though Warburton's stately and more measured but still stirring eloquence is, we fear, as much out of mind as it is out of print. Yet Ticonderoga was probably the worst, and certainly the most ignominious defeat that England ever received from the hands of France; nor can it have slipped our memory because it was inexpensive, for we lost two thousand men in a single quarter of a summer's day. As many fell, indeed, upon that July afternoon as in the weeks and months of successful combat that have kept the memory of Louisbourg green and made the plains of Abraham famous throughout the world. And all this slaughter, for, judged by the scale of those wars it was immense, was inflicted by little more than three thousand Frenchmen; and sadder still to relate, some fourteen thousand Britons retreated from the stricken field at sunset, and retreated too in such fashion that panic is the only word to fitly express the nature of their discomfiture. With all this it might well be said that such a battle had better be forgotten. But there is another side to it, for with seeming paradox, it may be urged that British soldiers have not often fought with more dogged valor, and that nearly every man of the two thousand who fell, fell facing the foe. Our poor soldiers

had some strange leaders in the eighteenth century, and none stranger than the unfortunate gentleman who gave Montcalm such a victory on the shores of Lake George, that even Frenchmen, who are not overmuch given to such concessions, were inclined in this instance to give God the greater glory. The very spirits of the dead who have now slept so long beside the shores of the romantic lake, would rise from their graves, one would almost think, at the name of Abercrombie. Braddock has been held up to sufficient execration, but Braddock's military errors were almost venial in comparison, and, moreover, he died fighting among his men like the stubborn bull-dog that he was. The bones of his victims on the Monongahela had been picked clean by buzzards and crunched by hungry wolves before Abercrombie appeared upon the scene to give another exhibition of what a British general of the Georgian age could do. And unhappily for him, he did not, like Braddock, die fighting, for he did not give himself the chance.

It was the summer, the momentous summer, of 1758 to which we would refer. America had grown very weary of Lord Loudon in chief command. He had not, it is true, sworn at the colonists like Braddock, but his sins had been so flagrantly those of omission that his troops, who were numerous, had lost heart, and the colonial wits compared him to the figure of St. George on a tavern sign, always galloping forward but never moving. Pitt's first act had been to recall him peremptorily and with scant courtesy. The rifle, the scalping-knife, and the torch had been busy upon the French and Indian side, from the Hampshire grants in the far North to the Ulster settlements in the valley of Virginia. Isolated forts, lonely block-houses, and palisaded hamlets by the score had been swept away amid hideous scenes of flame and slaughter. The frontier had been driven back along the whole British line. The fringe of civilization had again become a wilderness, where at long intervals the buzzard and the crow kept grim watch from their tree-tops over the mutilated and festering corpses of a butchered peasantry. Nearly two

million Anglo-Saxons were at this time actually on the defensive against less than a hundred thousand Frenchmen and the Indian allies that their successes had won for them.

Regiments of British soldiers and colonial militia had been marching up and down for a year or two and effected nothing. But Pitt was now in office, and a great effort was to be made to crush once and for all the formidable power of France in the Western world. Massachusetts alone had ten thousand men in the service of the King by land and sea, and had incurred the immense debt, for the period and for her capacities, of half a million sterling. Connecticut was scarcely behind her, while the province of New Hampshire had one in three of her male population in the field. Wolfe and Amherst were already thundering at the gates of Louisbourg: Grant was marching with a large force through Virginian forests to exact a tardy vengeance for Brad-dock at Du Quesne; and the greatest army that had yet been seen on American soil was mustering where the old Dutch frontier town of Albany looked down upon the Hudson. Some fifteen thousand men, nearly seven thousand of whom were regulars, with a formidable train of artillery were there upon the frontiers of the northern wilderness through which ran the great route to Canada. There were the red-coated infantry of the Line, veterans many of them from European fields, and kilted Highlanders with their wild music, led by their hereditary chieftains, and full of pride; for there was not a private among them, says Mrs. Grant, the wife of one of their officers, "who did not think himself above the rank of a common man." And there too were fast mustering the colonial militia, resplendent in new uniforms of blue faced with scarlet, and admirably armed. Every heart, not only in the camp itself, but throughout the northern colonies, beat high with confidence and regarded the French as in effect already crushed. Abercrombie was in command, and nothing was known either for or against him; but Pitt had made things, as he thought, safe, by naming as his Brigadier the brave and gifted Lord Howe, a young

nobleman, called by Wolfe who knew him, the best soldier in the British army. There is a tradition in America that the airs of superiority assumed toward the colonists by the British officers of these wars helped considerably to sow the seeds of revolution, and this, though perhaps there was intolerance on both sides, is readily conceivable. Lord Howe with all his rank, his military renown, and his personal accomplishments, was neither haughty nor supercilious, but made himself in a short time as much beloved by every class in the colonies as he was by his own soldiers. In social intercourse he won the hearts of the Americans by his modesty and good breeding; and he won their respect also by recognizing, that though virtually Commander-in-Chief, he had much to learn in forest warfare, and by setting himself at once to learn it. He not only accompanied on some of their preliminary expeditions one or other of the famous bodies of rangers who had made their names more terrible to Frenchmen than whole regiments of grenadiers; but he took measures to make his own light infantry more serviceable in the woods by stripping them of every useless ornament and impediment, even to cutting off their long hair and the skirts of their coats. He shared, too, every hardship with his men, washed his own linen at the brook, and ate his salt pork with a clasp knife. Albany was of course at such a time in a whirl of excitement, gayety, and hospitality. Madame Schuyler, a provincial fine lady, had a mansion in the neighborhood, and there is a pretty story that Lord Howe, who was her guest for a time, so won the heart of the old lady that she embraced him with tears when he rode off, as it so happened, to his death; and when a week or two later a horseman came galloping at full speed down the road, crying aloud as he passed that my lord was dead, this excellent lady, it is said, fell into a swoon, and the whole house resounded with wailing and lamentation.

By the end of June the army had moved on to the head of Lake George, and were encamped close to the blackened ruins of Fort William Henry. This post, after being forced by Mont-

calm to capitulate in the previous year, had been made the scene of that bloody massacre of the British by the Indians, which forms one of the most stirring chapters in "The Last of the Mohicans." The tables now seemed as if they were going to be turned with a vengeance. The shouts of victory were even then rising from the British battalions before Louisbourg, though Abercrombie's army could know nothing of this as yet, for news travelled through the woods in those days with painful slowness. Of this campaign on the lakes, however, no man doubted the issue. The natural waterway through mountains and forests to Canada seemed practically open to such a force. Mont-calm was the only obstacle of any kind, and he lay at the juncture of Lakes George and Champlain forty miles away, with but a paltry three thousand men of all arms. An immense fleet of boats and batteaus had been collected, and upon a sunny morning, the 5th of July, with leisurely confidence and in all the pomp and circumstance of war, Abercrombie's host floated out upon the beautiful lake whose clear and shining surface is happily commemorated in the Indian name of Horican, or the Silvery Waters. The pages of historian and novelist alike glow when they recall the splendor of this notable scene. The faded type of old New England journals, the yellow tattered letters written at the time, all testify to the glories of such a pageant as it was certainly in those days not often given to mortals to feast their eyes upon. Upward of twelve hundred boats, loaded with troops and munitions of war, stretched like a vast armada along the bosom of the lake. The summer morning was brilliant and cloudless. The sun had just risen over the mountain tops, and chased away the mists that daybreak had found hanging along the swampy shores. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a ripple ruffling the silvery waters, nor over that immense sea of woodland which rose, wave upon wave, from the island-studded shores came breeze enough to move a blossom or a leaf. With regular precision, its wings stretching to right and left, and, as the narrow lake grew narrower reach-

ing almost from shore to shore, the splendid pageant swept northward. In the centre were the British regiments all gay in scarlet and white and gold; upon the right and left and in the rear went the colonial troops in soberer guise; from the whole line came the glint and flash of burnished arms, and above the boats at intervals hung the standards of famous regiments, while the brave show of a thousand tartans filled in the picture. Ten thousand oars with eager stroke caught the sunlight, and the bands of various regiments with their martial music, woke the echoes of the silent leafy mountains which, as the lake narrowed, hung above them upon either side.

The Fifty-Fifth, the Twenty-Seventh, and the Forty-Fourth regiments of the Line were there, and one battalion of the Royal Americans, then lately formed, but destined to win fame in all quarters of the globe as the Sixtieth Rifles. The Forty-Sixth and the Eightieth were there also, and, conspicuous in their then strange and wild attire, the Forty-Second Highlanders, or the Black-Watch. Twenty regiments from New England, New York, and the Jerseys were eager to show their over-sea compatriots that they were not wholly novices in the art of war. The gallant Bradstreet, prince of batteau leaders, who in the following year was to win immortality by the grand dash which cut expiring Canada in two at Frontenac, was also there and entirely in his element. There too was Rogers, most redoubtable of woodland fighters, and his heroic band in moccasins and hunting-shirts. It might well indeed have seemed an invincible array as things were then. Philip Schuyler and Israel Putnam led companies of provincials, and many another man marched proudly beneath the flag of England that day who twenty years later was to turn his sword against his mother-country and his King. Pressing onward through the summer night the flotilla had reached by daybreak the foot of the lake, whence issues the five or six miles of river which, impeded here and there by rapids, connects it with Lake Champlain. At the spot where this channel widens into the latter lake and forms an outstanding

promontory rose the famous fortress of Ticonderoga. Here Montcalm, thanks to the jealousy or supineness of his government, stood at bay with considerably less than four thousand men. Behind him lay the three hundred miles of wilderness which shut him out from Canada and from succor. He had only a week's provisions, and retreat was impossible. There was nothing for it but to fight, and even to his brave heart it seemed as if such an unequal struggle could have but one issue. If Montcalm did not quite despair it was because experience told him that one hope was yet left to him in British generalship. The connecting river in its course from the upper to the lower lake forms a right angle, flowing at first due north and then turning sharp to the eastward. Abercrombie had landed his army on the western shore of the waters and determined to march round to Ticonderoga upon that bank instead of crossing the river as was possible, and cutting off the angle it formed. At daybreak on the 6th the army entered the dense woodlands which clothed the rich strip between the hills and the river. The men marched in four columns, or rather forced their way as best they could through the tangled swamps. Lord Howe with his light infantry, and Rogers with his rangers, led the way. Montcalm's light troops had been pushed forward for purposes of observation; and a corps of these, some four hundred strong, hurrying back to Ticonderoga, missed their way in the dense forest, and by a pure accident came in contact with the head of Lord Howe's column. A fierce conflict, hand to hand and from tree to tree, ensued. Nearly all the French were killed or taken prisoners; but the success was dearly purchased by the loss of the gallant Howe, who fell dead at the first discharge with a bullet in his heart. Abercrombie seemed stunned by the fall of his lieutenant: it was as though the army no longer had a leader; and the troops lay all night in the damp woods to no purpose, to be with as little reason marched back again in the morning to the landing place. Abercrombie now proposed to cross the river to the east bank and take a road

through the woods which cut off the angle already alluded to. The bridge had been destroyed by the French; but the energetic Bradstreet constructed another in a few hours, and by the evening Abercrombie, leaving his artillery behind him, advanced his whole force to a point upon the river about two miles from Ticonderoga, where another bridge and a sawmill had just been burned and abandoned by the French. He had been told that Montcalm had six thousand men and was expecting further reinforcements, and it was this report, which he took no pains to verify, that accounted for his haste and the fatuous abandonment of the artillery so laboriously brought up from Albany.

In the meantime Montcalm had not been idle. Levis and Bourlamaque were both with him, and a friendly difference of opinion between these three able soldiers as to the best fashion of facing such fearful odds had somewhat delayed their action. The fort itself was rejected as a defensive position, since it was open to artillery from various commanding elevations. At the last moment, on the morning of the 7th, it was decided to throw a breastwork across the peninsula several hundred yards in front of the fort which stood near the point. The centre of this peninsula was high, undulating ground, while the strip upon each side bordering on the water was a densely wooded swamp. The high ground facing landward, therefore, was the only point easily assailable by actual assault. There was a ridge, which with somewhat tortuous course stretched from swamp to swamp, and upon this Montcalm and his men, barely twenty-four hours before the English grenadiers came in sight, began to erect their breastworks. The famous battalions of La Sarre and Languedoc, with Roussillon of La Renie, Bearn, and Guienne were there, and with them were both colonial regulars, militia, and volunteers. Every man of them threw himself with untiring energy into the work; while even the officers, stripped to their shirts and axe in hand, toiled all day long in the blazing sun.

Abercrombie sent his engineers forward at dawn upon the 8th, and from

the neighboring heights of Mount Defiance they saw a breastwork of logs seven or eight feet high, packed tight with earth and sandbags, spanning the whole breadth of the peninsula. In front of the breastwork the ground trended gently downward, and the whole slope was covered with a bristling palisade of branches facing outward, their points sharpened. Beyond these formidable defences the forest for about two hundred yards was laid flat as if by a hurricane, and the whole open space was a chaos of felled trees with their tops facing toward the foe. All this, if Montcalm had been opposed by a capable general, was work thrown away. There was more than one eminence from which the inside of his breastworks could have been raked by artillery; while a few miles higher up on Lake Champlain there was a point at which a moiety of Abercrombie's army could have completely cut off the retreat of the French, and left them to be pounded at will by artillery or starved out at leisure. But Abercrombie decided it was not worth while to bring up his guns, and having left Montcalm due time to make his position impregnable, proceeded to assault it in the open with the bayonet. The officers attached to the expedition seem to have been of the average class of that time, whose mission it was to get themselves killed with unquestioning cheerfulness. There do, indeed, appear to have been on this occasion some dissentient voices, but they were raised without effect. The colonists, many of whom knew the district well, no doubt wondered at the tactics of the British general; but every one's blood was up, and the massacres at Fort William Henry had left a burning desire for revenge. Nor had the soldiers as yet seen with their own eyes the nature of the task before them; Lord Howe was dead, and the brain of the army seems to have been paralyzed.

It was high noon, and a blazing sun poured its rays vertically down on the front ranks of the British army as they moved out of the forest into that maze of tangled branches through which they were to fight their way. The colonial rangers and light infantry, who had been pushed forward to drive in Mont-

calm's outposts, fell back on either flank as the long red lines of grenadiers with bayonets fixed, supported by the Highlanders nearly a thousand strong, stepped out into the sunshine. From a neighboring hilltop four hundred friendly Indians, whom Sir William Johnson (that queer backwoods baronet) had brought to share the approaching triumph, looked cynically down and shook their heads. It might be magnificent, but it was not war according to their notions, and they utterly refused to throw their lives away in any such midsummer madness.

It is a lamentable tale that remains to be told, and one of tragic monotony. Between the French breastworks and the leafy screen of the forest the distance to be travelled was perhaps two hundred yards. Forcing their way through a tangled chaos such as even Leatherstocking himself would have found no easy task, the front lines of the British infantry went on with orders to carry by steel alone those bristling barriers behind which three thousand levelled rifles lay secure. The works were eight feet high, and not a Frenchman was visible; but long before the grenadiers had reached the palisade of sharpened boughs that protected the main barrier of logs, a sheet of smoke and flame burst from the whole face of the latter, and a hail of bullets, mixed at various points with grape, swept through the advancing ranks. The hopelessness of the situation must have been apparent to any eye; but Abercrombie was two miles off at the sawmill, and all that was left for his soldiers was to dare and die. This indeed they did with splendid and piteous gallantry. The order to withhold their fire was soon treated by the troops with the contempt that in such circumstances it deserved; but this availed them little. Here and there the heads of the enemy, as they mounted the platforms to fire, showed above the rampart, and here and there an English bullet found its way between the logs. A battery of artillery would have knocked the rude defences into splinters in an hour, but to rifle or bayonet they were impregnable, and the artillery, as we know, had been left upon the lake shore. Regiment after

regiment came bravely on, but each line was met, as it vainly strove to tear its way through the ragged branches, by such a hail of bullets and grape-shot as no troops could face and live.

As each shattered column fell sullenly back, leaving a fearful tribute of dead and wounded, fresh ones came rolling on like the waves of a sea, to break one after the other at the foot of that impenetrable barrier. Grenadiers, Highlanders, riflemen, vied with one another in the desperate valor with which they flung themselves on a position that the coolness and discipline of the veteran regiments behind it made more hopelessly impregnable. Thus for an hour or more went on the useless slaughter; and then a brief lull, born of sheer exhaustion, allowed the smoke to lift and gave Abercrombie a chance of changing his tactics. The swamps on either wing of Montcalm's position were not fortified. Their natural obstacles were indeed considerable, and they were occupied in force by Canadian riflemen; but they offered quite a feasible opening for attack compared to that deadly breastwork on which Abercrombie was so madly hurling his best troops. There was nothing to prevent him taking a week to consider his plans, for Montcalm was of course powerless as an assailant; but even now he did not think of his artillery, nor would he pause for a moment in his fatuous course. Fresh troops were ordered forward, and with them returned again and again to the charge the survivors of the first attack. Every time, however, they were met by the same steady and pitiless fire. Some indeed fought their way to the foot of the breastwork, when, finding it impossible to advance and refusing to retire, they were shot down at close quarters in the trenches. There is no space here to touch on the tales of individual daring that have survived from this bloody day. "The scene was frightful," says Parkman; "masses of infuriated men who could not go forward and would not go back, straining for an enemy they could not reach and firing at an enemy they could not see." "It was in vain at last," says Warburton, "as it was at first; and upon that rude barrier,

which the simplest manœuvres would have avoided, or one hour of well-plied artillery swept away, the flower of British chivalry was crushed and broken." Yet four hours of this insensate work had not daunted the spirit of these gallant men. At five o'clock the most determined onslaught of the whole day was made upon the French right. Then, and then only, was Montcalm for a brief moment in danger, and was forced to hurry in person with his reserves to where the Highlanders, by sheer contempt of death, were making their way up and over the parapet.

One more attack was made at six, but it was an expiring effort. Human endurance could do no more. What from heat, fatigue, and long hours of bloody repulse, the nerves of the troops were in that state which invites reaction. It matters little what started it; two companies firing accidentally on one another, some say. At any rate, when the retreat was sounded, the very men who had braved death for five hours with such splendid heroism were seized, now danger no longer menaced them, with sudden panic. Some of the colonial troops remained upon the field, and from the shelter of the woods covered the parties that were still engaged in bringing off the wounded. The rest of the army, though no enemy was following or could follow, hastened in wild disorder along the forest tracks or through the swamps to the landing-place. Here Bradstreet and his corps, ever foremost in emergencies, averted a catastrophe, and resisted every attempt to seize the boats, which, with a panic-stricken army, would have been so fatal. The fugitives were still four times as numerous as the exhausted foe whom they imagined to be at their heels; and the stampede is the more remarkable from the sterling quality of the troops who took part in it, and the fact of such an intrepid spirit as they had shown being capable of a relapse so abrupt.

It only remained now to count the cost. Nearly two thousand men upon the British side had fallen, an immense loss when the scale of the battle is considered; and sixteen hundred and fifty of these were regulars. The French lost but a little over three hundred;

and though they had fought all day behind cover and in comparative security, none the less did that brave handful of men deserve the chorus that rang to their praise throughout Canada and France.

Montcalm does ample justice to the long sustained valor of his foe; and the Chevalier Johnstone who was with him, bears still more impartial witness to the contempt of death shown by these gallant victims of stupidity. Abercrombie seems almost to have shared the panic of his men. Not contented with hurrying them back to the head of Lake George and to the spot whence they had set out a few days before in such pomp and splendor, he was not easy in his mind about his precious and unused artillery till he had actually deposited it safely within the walls of Albany. Hither soon after came Amherst, hastening from Louisbourg with his freshly gathered laurels and three thousand men; but it was by that time too late in the season, and the end of all things American for the French was not to come yet. Poor Abercrombie here fades out of history. Tradition says that he and Wolfe returned to England in the same ship, a strangely assorted pair! Fortunately when the name of Abercrombie recurs to Englishmen, they think of Egypt and not of America, of a glorious victory and not of a lamentable defeat.

Another generation was yet to wake the echoes of these sublime solitudes with a strife as bitter and in a cause not less momentous. But all this seems now equally remote. The very majesty of the scenes themselves invite us even now to people them in fancy with the motley and picturesque battalions that for half a century more or less made them their battlefield. The English traveller may even fancy that the strains which he now hears floating over the tops of the hemlocks and maples are the band of the old Royal Rousillon,

till he awakes to the fact that it is music from the ball-room of a hotel; or he may imagine the craft that fleck the blue surface of the lake to be propelled by the sinewy arms of leather-frocked rangers or painted Iroquois, till some panting steamer with its huge paddle-wheel destroys the illusion and reminds him that they probably contain shopmen from Albany and school-mistresses from Boston. But the old gray walls of Fort Ticonderoga still moulder amid the throb of modern life, and beneath the feet of hurrying tourists or under the wheels even of screaming engines, or sometimes even yet, no doubt, amid the murmur of the old pines and hemlocks, still sleep the dead who fell here by thousands when the fate of America was yet hanging in the balance. How far they came and what a mixture of men were they whose bones now mingle with the dust of these historic shores: fresh faced lads from Devon homesteads; sinewy Gaels from the yet savage Highlands; swarthy Frenchmen from the slopes of the Pyrenees; wild Canadians from the banks of the St. Lawrence; or fair-haired Germans fighting for all sides in turn. Here, too, lies the quaint colonial soldier of the three-cornered hat and coarse blue uniform, far enough from the Jersey village or Massachusetts churchyard, where still sleep his forbears, and his children, and his children's children. And there too, last but by no means least, reposes the dust of the most striking figure perhaps of all this motley bygone throng, the fearless ranger of the wilderness, whom Cooper has made live forever in the person of Leatherstocking. With his fringed hunting-shirt, his moccasins and long unerring rifle, but above all with his amazing nerve and iron frame, his valorous self-confidence and inexhaustible resource, he must ever, above all his contemporaries, hold our fancy.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

VANISHED !

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

I.

I HAD worked hard at my art for years without more recognition than artists get from publishers or editors who want designs for title-pages and book illustrations, and more than once I had felt half tempted to throw the whole thing aside and emigrate, or enlist, or do something that would have been equally foolish. But the thought of Helen Tresham had kept me going, and had made me brave when my own natural inclination would have led me to mere cowardice. While I was working in London she was toiling away at her governess work in St. Petersburg, saving all that she could toward the home which we had set our minds upon making in England. At that time she used to write me the most cheery of letters—always bidding me hope and trust—the kind, sympathetic, helping sort of letters that good women do write to the men they love. Sometimes she used to blame herself for living in such luxury as she did (she was governess to the family of a Russian prince who lived in a palace), while I was slaving away in dreary London chambers. But then she would naively add, her salary was so good that she could save a great deal of money out of it, and every pound saved brought nearer the happy time. After I read one of her letters, I used to work feverishly, for I wanted her to come back to me, and I had made up my mind that I would never ask her to do that until I felt sure of success.

At last—what a long time it had been, and yet how quickly we forgot it when it was once over!—the time of waiting came to an end and our happiness began. At last my success was assured, and the people who had flouted or scorned me began to speak of me respectfully as a rising artist. There was no more need to execute pot-boilers—nay, there was no longer necessity to work more like a slave than a man. Success became a certainty—it was no longer a matter of speculation, but

rather a question of degree. I had both feet firmly planted on the ladder—the only problem now was how far I should climb toward the top. And so Helen and I were married and settled down in a South Kensington flat, I to work at my art, and she to direct, counsel, and inspire—all of which womanly duties came to her with natural lavishness. What children we were in those first happy days, and what a paradise our small establishment seemed to our eyes, blinded by love's roseate tints! I think we played at life for the first few weeks, but after that we woke up to realize that life is a matter of variety, and so came sober reflection and steady work in its train. It was at that period of my career that I painted my picture of the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Helen sat to me for Juliet—I had never seen a woman's face that so adequately realized my own conception of Shakespeare's girl-heroine. I selected the moment when Juliet bends from the balcony to tell Romeo why she would have back her love:

But to be frank and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have!

There were people who objected to my picture when it was finished because Romeo's face was not seen. He stood with his back to the foreground, showing no more than the contour of an olive-tinted cheek. But there was design in that, for I wanted Juliet's face to dominate and light the whole picture, even as its original had lighted my own life. So, though it was entitled "Romeo and Juliet," it was really Juliet and no more. I had never a doubt of its success. It seemed to me, as I worked at it with Helen's face bending toward me from the improvised balcony which I had built up in my studio, that the people would crowd about it and wonder, and at last understand and go away pleased. And so it was no surprise to me, when the hanging committee of the Royal Academy

gave the picture a place on the line, and the first visitors began to crowd round it with eyes and voices expressive of admiration.

Had that picture never been painted, it is possible that Helen and I had escaped a long year of sickening anguish.

I was strolling through the rooms of the Royal Academy one afternoon, some weeks after the exhibition opened, and went round to my own picture with a vague curiosity to see whether people still clustered about it. It had been so popular that the authorities had placed a policeman before it, and on this particular afternoon he stood there looking intensely bored, for there was absolutely nothing to occupy him. Only one person stood before the picture—a man, evidently a foreigner, clad in garments that were presentable and no more. It was, I think, his evident poverty that first attracted me to the man, but presently my interest transferred itself from his general appearance to the look in his eyes. He stood a little distance away from the picture, his arms folded over his tightly buttoned frock-coat, his whole body rigid and motionless, his eyes concentrated on Juliet's face. They were strange eyes—wild, fiery, keen—and just then they seemed to fasten themselves on the picture with a devouring interest.

The policeman on duty knew me, and saluted me with respect as a man who could make people feel an interest in mere pictures. I nodded and passed on. At the door of the room I turned and looked back. The man with the strange eyes was talking to the policeman, and just as I glanced at them I saw the officer nod his head in my direction. The stranger turned and looked at me, and it seemed to me that our eyes met across the long room. I caught, at any rate, a peculiar glitter from them; then I turned away and professed to be intent on a picture close by. When I looked round again the man had gone—there was no one in the room but the policeman and myself. I sauntered round the room again, and stopped near my own picture. The policeman was looking at something which he held in his hand. He glanced at me and saluted me confidentially—almost appealingly. "Beg pardon,

sir," he said, "but what might this here be? It's money o' some sort, but I don't know what 'tis. That foreign cove that's just gone out dropped it into my hand as he went—I reckon it's not worth much—looks like a bit o' dirty brass."

I took the coin in my hand and examined it carefully. It was dirty, and a little worn, but it was a Russian imperial rouble for all that. "That's a very nice tip, my man," said I, handing the coin back. "It's a Russian gold coin, and its English value is about thirty-two shillings."

The policeman turned more colors than one. He stared from the coin to me, and from me to the coin.

"It must ha' been a mistake," he gasped. "And yet—why, he took out a reg'lar handful of 'em, and just picked that out as if 'twas a penny!"

"I suppose the man thought he was only rewarding you in accordance with your deserts," I said.

"Lor' I!" he answered. "I told him next to nothing, sir. Just the artist's name, and as you were in the gallery I pointed you out—no offence, I hope, sir?—it's the usual thing. But thirty-two shillings—you ain't mistaken, sir? And 'im dressed like a pauper!"

I observed, with the air of one uttering an absolutely original remark, that one cannot always judge by appearances; and having advised the policeman to take his imperial rouble to a money-changer, passed on and went home. I believe I had dismissed the whole incident from my mind before I reached the end of Piccadilly—certainly I had forgotten it by the time I reached home, for I made no mention of it to Helen. I often wondered in the days that came after and brought so much anxiety in their train, if anything of our sorrow would have been avoided if I had told her. But the thing seemed slight and inconsequential—an odd-looking foreigner staring at my picture and giving its custodian a gold rouble—there was nothing in that to suggest the first step in an ugly dream—and so I let the incident pass unheeded.

II.

It was about a month later that

Helen came to me one afternoon dressed for walking, and asked if I would go out with her for a while. I was busy at my easel, for the light was good and I was absorbed in a new conception. I looked at her, and wanted to go, and then at my picture, and wanted to stop. She saw my hesitation and retreated, laughing, to the door.

"Oh, irresolute lover!" she said. "Is it so hard to make up your mind as to the charms of your two mistresses? Never mind, dear, I'll give place to art for an hour. I have some shopping to do, and you hate shopping, don't you, poor darling? Go on with your work and be ready for my return in an hour, and then we'll have a walk in the park before darkness comes on. *So au revoir!*"

She threw me a kiss with her dainty finger-tips and laughed and ran away. I heard the door close and the patter of her feet upon the stairs outside, and then I turned to my picture and worked steadily again.

An hour passed and still I worked and Helen had not returned. At the end of another half-hour I laid aside palette and brushes and made myself ready for our walk. Still she came not. I sat down and smoked, but at the end of two hours I went downstairs, and standing at the door of our house looked along the road, hoping to catch sight of her advancing figure. Once I thought that I saw her in the distance, and I went to meet her only to find myself mistaken. I went back to the house and waited a while at the door. Ten minutes passed and there was no sign of her coming. I went upstairs to our rooms and sat down to smoke in my studio. It was then nearly three hours since she had left me, and the afternoon was rapidly fading into twilight. Still I did not feel uneasy; it struck me that she had met some friend or other and made a call. She knew that I was busily intent on my picture and should not object to being left alone with it. So I sat there smoking and reading, expectant of her voice on the stairs at any moment. I had no thought whatever of wrong—how could I have?

I think I had worked longer and

harder that day than usual—anyhow, something induced me to sleep. The book which I was reading dropped from my hand and I slumbered. While I slept I dreamed that Helen was in danger. I heard her voice crying to me for help. I had a momentary glimpse of her face, full of pain and fear. I woke with a start and looked about me. The studio was in darkness, there was no gleam of light save the faint rays of a gas lamp in the street outside. Something seemed to suggest coming sorrow and trouble: the air felt charged with it. I struck a match and lighted the gas, and at that moment the door opened to admit the parlor maid, carrying my reading-lamp. I wanted to ask her if Helen had returned, and could find no words to do so. She set down the lamp and looked at me.

"My mistress has not come in yet, sir," she said. "Will you dine?—cook says that dinner will be spoiled—it's nearly seven o'clock, sir."

Our usual dinner-hour was six, a convenient one for us because it was neither too early nor too late. I glanced at my watch; it was five minutes to seven. Where could Helen be? It was nearly four hours since she left home, and wherever she might have gone I felt sure that had all been well she would have returned to dinner. Then I remembered with a sickening sense of fear that we had promised to accompany some friends to the theatre that evening, and had arranged to call for them at a quarter to eight. Even as I remembered that, a ray of hope flashed upon me: it might be that Helen had gone there. It was an improbable thing, but drowning men catch at straws, and I was by that time most seriously concerned at my wife's absence. I told the girl to keep dinner waiting, and snatching up my hat ran out to our friend's house. One word there sent me away again; Helen had not been there. But as I turned away a voice called me back: one of the daughters of the house had seen her at half-past three in Piccadilly. She was just going into Hatchard's book-shop, and had stayed a moment at the door to speak to her friend and to confirm our engagement for the evening.

There are, I think, few sensations

more horrible than that of a man who loses wife or child in a great city and feels himself hopelessly at sea at the very outset of his search. I realized this sensation to the full as I walked away from my friend's house. I was by that time certain that something had befallen Helen. She might at that moment be calling on me for help as she did in my dream. And yet I was helpless, powerless. Which way should I turn amid that awful labyrinth of streets? She had been more easy to find in the desert of Sahara than in that vast city.

I went home hoping to find her there. I looked into the dining-room. There was the cheery table spread for dinner with its two vacant places, and the shaded lamp-light falling on the polished glass and silver. But the room was empty, and so was the whole house, empty, at any rate, of her presence. I roamed from room to room for a while, too full of a sickening fear to think or speculate, but at last I could bear the suspense no longer. I left the house and drove to the nearest police-station and gave information.

There is a certain monotonous regularity about the ways and doings and thoughts of our police which is exasperating at times like that of which I am writing, but in spite of it their help is valuable, and it gave me some further hope to see how promptly their intricate machinery was put in motion. Perhaps I chafed somewhat under the cold, official questions of the inspector. He was full of motive and cause, I was concerned only with result and effect. I laughed when he asked me if there were any reason why my wife should leave her home, but I answered all his interrogations calmly, only begging him when they were finished to use his best endeavors as rapidly as possible.

I shall not relate in detail the history of the next twenty-four hours. My wife did not return. We found that after leaving home she had walked to Piccadilly and had purchased two new books at Hatchard's. After that there was no trace of her. But later in the day the police took me to a lonely spot in Kensington Gardens where they had discovered traces of a straggle. The wheel of a conveyance had im-

pinged on the grass, and near it were the marks of feet. Close by lay a parcel in brown paper which proved to contain the two books purchased by Helen at Hatchard's. It turned my heart to ice when I saw those books, for their discovery seemed to suggest a tragedy. But there was worse in store.

"Here's something else," said an inspector. "It lay close by the books, but whether it has anything to do with the case or not I don't know. Look at it."

He held up a *carte-de-visite* portrait as he spoke. I snatched it from him—merciful heavens! It was a photograph of the man whom I had found gazing at my picture in the academy!

III.

A year passed by. It seemed like a century to me, for as the long days lengthened into longer weeks they brought me no news of Helen. I had spared no time and had spent every available penny in my efforts to trace her, but without result. She had vanished as completely as though something had snatched her away from earth. The ordinary methods of the police were absolutely futile, they resulted in mere nothingness. After a time I discarded them and turned inquiry-agent on my own account. It seemed to me that the clue to the mystery of Helen's disappearance lay in the strange man who had shown so keen an interest in my "Juliet." I secured the portrait of him which the police picked up and began to look for him diligently. I hunted the foreign quarters of London, I spent hours, days, aye, weeks in the cafés and restaurants frequented by foreigners, always seeking a face, the face of the man whose counterfeit presentment I carried in my breast-pocket. I had other copies made of that photograph, and gave them to friends of mine whose occupation or tastes took them into the haunts of foreigners. It seemed the best clue that we had. And yet it was hopelessly weak, I felt that from the first. There was no name on the card, no address, nothing to show where or by whom the photograph was taken.

I do not think that I ever gave up

hope altogether, but at the end of the year there came upon me that awful sickness of heart which only hope deferred and disappointed can cause. For me it had been a terrible year. I had lost my wife with all the horror of uncertainty as to her fate. Had I found her dead it had been better than to know that she had disappeared from me in a fashion that suggested all manner of nameless horrors. I had searched for her and found no trace of her. Now it seemed to me that it was utterly useless to do more. My resources were almost exhausted, for I had earned no money during that twelve months of sickening suspense, and all that I had previously saved had been spent in my efforts to find Helen. And I was no nearer finding her at the end of the year than at the beginning.

I sat in my studio one afternoon, staring vacantly at a canvas that stood upon the easel near the window. It had its back turned to me; I had turned it that way months before, for it was the picture upon which I had been working when Helen left me, and I had never felt able to look at it after realizing her loss. I wondered if I should ever paint again, if years would heal my wound, if time would soothe the gnawing agitation that still possessed me. I got up and began to pace up and down the room, all the bitterness of the past year welling up afresh within my heart, and it was while I was thus sorrowfully engaged that I heard a hesitating knock at the door. It was so faint that at first I paid no heed to it, but when it was repeated in a louder though still curiously hesitating fashion, I went over and opened the door and looked out.

The landing was dim with shadows and at first I saw no one. But presently I caught sight of the figure of a man standing within the gloom. He breathed my name in a low voice.

"Mr. Vincent—the painter?" he whispered, questioningly.

"Yes," I replied. "Who are you? Come in; I can't see you there."

"Are you alone?" he asked. "Quite alone?"

"I am quite alone. Come in; why do you stand there?"

I drew back and motioned him to enter. The man stepped out of the gloomy shadows and followed me. A tall, black haired, black-bearded man with a great cloak and slouched hat. He put the door to behind him, and at the same instant looked round my studio as I have seen captive wild beasts look round a cage. And there was something in the glitter of his eyes that made my heart suddenly leap in my side and then begin to beat with an awful sense of fear or hope, I knew not which.

"Ah!" I cried. "It is you, the man whom I saw before my picture?" He turned and looked at me, and as he looked he put up his hand and pulled off wig and beard. Then of course I recognized him perfectly. Those were the same eyes that had haunted me, but the face was changed. It spoke of suffering, privation; there was a nameless horror in it.

"Yes," he said, "yes, it was I that you saw there. I saw you too. I was looking at your 'Juliet.' The picture of your wife."

He walked slowly across the room, and then I noticed that he limped and shuffled in his walk. He dropped wearily into a chair and faced me again. I went up to him with a curious feeling at my heart.

"Why have you come here?" I cried. "Do you know that I have been searching for you for a year? Why have you come? Is it—"

"To tell you of your wife," he said. "Yes, that is it. I have endured much to do that. But I promised her."

I nerved myself with an effort and tried to speak, but my tongue had grown dry.

"Go on!" I said at last, the words rattling in my mouth. "Where—"

"She is in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul," he answered. "I was there, too, until they sent me off to Siberia. I escaped *en route*, you understand?"

I understood nothing. I sank into the nearest chair and stared at him.

"I am Ivanovitch," he said. "Stepan Ivanovitch. It may be that she never mentioned me, why should she? I was also an artist; we met in St.

Petersburg; it is now a long time ago."

Still I continued to stare at him. Was it a dream? Was this great, gaunt, hollow-cheeked man with the half-mad eyes the figment of a vision? I put out my hand mechanically and touched his sleeve. He looked at me curiously. Yet I could not believe. My wife, my Helen, a prisoner in St. Peter and Paul! Impossible! impossible!

I rose and tottered rather than walked across the room to a little cabinet in which I kept a spirit case. I poured out some brandy and drank it at a gulp. The strong spirit revived me. I turned to the man and felt prepared to hear him. He looked wistfully at the spirit-case, and I filled the glass and handed it to him.

"Now speak," I said. "Tell me all. I don't understand; make it plain to me."

"Da!" he said, "but it is so plain, when one knows how these things are done. So plain—oh, yes, so very plain. Your wife and I were arrested in Kensington Gardens—it must be a year ago—by the agents of the Russian police. We had met there—it was accident, that—and we were talking, for we knew many people in Petersburg, and then they were upon us, for they had been on the outlook for me and her too, and all was quiet just there, and they had their conveyance waiting and we were aboard their ship in the Thames, oh, so quick! It is this way," he said, glancing at me; "they work quietly, but surely. Da! what can you expect?"

"But their motive?" I cried. "What motive had they in arresting my wife?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Nul as if one should know that! But she and I, we were both members of a little circle in Petersburg—it was literary, artistic, you understand? and some of us afterward—well, we were not well seen of the Government. Not she, you know, not she at all! But her name was on the rolls, and when they decided on arresting us, of course they included her among the rest."

I stared at him in sheer amazement. "Do you mean to say," I asked, "that

the Russian police track people down like that?"

He sipped the brandy in his glass, and glanced at me curiously.

"I mean to say," he answered, "that if they are on the lookout for you they will find you, even though you retreat to the uttermost corners of the earth."

"But their evidence?" I cried; "their evidence against my wife? What have they to bring against her?"

"Nothing, but that she was member of a circle, other members of which are known as the most implacable Nihilists of the day. Ah, that circle! Alexis—they killed him—and Olga—she is in Siberia—and so, too, are Lyof, and Anna, and Stiva, and there was Sonya—she has disappeared—Da! it is curious how unfortunate we have all been."

"And my wife?"

"She is in St. Peter and Paul; I know she is there, though I never saw her. I never saw her after they had us in the carriage together, but she knew what had happened, and she said two words to me and I two to her, and they meant that I would escape if I could and find you. And I did—we were on the way to Siberia; she was not in the gang, I made sure of that. She is there, they will keep her there, oh, perhaps a very long time."

"And may they release her in the end?"

"Da!" he spat contemptuously on the floor. "Release an Englishwoman? To tell her story here in England? You are mad to think of that."

"Then what am I to do?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a hopeless gesture. "There are means," he said. "Something may be done; we will take counsel."

So at last I knew where my wife was. But the knowledge brought me no peace. I was rather stirred up to a fever of horrible revolt at my powerlessness to help her. What could I do? My resources were drained, I had few friends, and there was the awful, adamant Russian police system to attack, single-handed. I felt sick at heart, broken down, as I thought of my own weakness and of the strength of those whom I must fight. It was so hard to feel myself there in London, moneyless, and unable, because of my

great anxiety, to work, while she, my wife, was a prisoner in that terrible fortress—or on the way to Siberia. For a while Stepan Ivanovitch's news seemed to paralyze me. But desperation set me to work. I began to seek out ways and means. A brilliant idea struck me—the purchaser of my picture “Romeo and Juliet” was no less a person than Lord A——, the then Foreign Secretary! I would go to him; surely he would help me. And there was the Prince Z——, in whose family Helen had been governess; he, too, would not refuse his aid. I thought of these things and took courage. That evening I spent in drawing up a statement of my case. The next morning I called upon Lord A——, and saw him personally. And when I left him it was with new hope, and yet he had told me kindly enough not to be too sure of success, for the matter bristled with difficulties and obstacles. A week later I saw Lord A—— again. He told me that the matter must now pass entirely out of my hands. I was to leave it with him and with Prince Z——, who

happened to be in London at the time. All that I could do was to wait for the result. There was a kindly pressure in his hand as he dismissed me that gave me new confidence. Nor was that confidence misplaced. A month later Lord A—— sent for me one morning, and after giving me a hearty greeting that made my heart beat with expectant hope, showed me into a small cabinet adjoining his room. He pushed me in and closed the door quickly after me, and I turned and found—my wife!

I am afraid it was some time before we left the room, for we forgot everything but ourselves. But at last we came out to thank Lord A—— for all he had done for us.

“No more flirtations with the disaffected, you know, Mrs. Vincent,” he said as he bade us farewell.

“But it was so innocent!” said Helen. “We were just half-a-dozen young people who met to discuss—”

“Never discuss!” said his lordship laughingly. “At any rate unless you are safe in South Kensington. Good-by!”—*Chambers's Journal*.

BURMA.

THE story is told of an English member of Parliament, who, in talking to a gentleman just from Burma, said, “You are from Burma; ah, yes, a very interesting country. I had a brother who was there once, but he always called it Bermuda.” The ignorance of this M.P. of one of our latest and most wealthy possessions is not so very uncommon; for, beyond the popular impressions that Upper Burma is the land of dacoity; the country of “pestilential swamps,” and the kingdom which produced King Theebaw, of umbrella-and-massacres fame, little is definitely known by the general public. Globe-trotters in Upper Burma are few, and the books that have been written on this interesting country can be numbered on the fingers. Englishmen have yet to discover that the annexation and pacification of Upper Burma have given to the adventurous another happy hunting-ground of the elephant and the tiger, and have added

for the enjoyment of the non-adventurous and pleasure-seeker another holiday land of surprising beauty and unequalled interest. In the winter months the climate is perfect, and the whole country, from Rangoon to Bhamo, can be traversed with as much safety as England. From the country people one may be sure of a kindly welcome, and if one is of the turn of mind inclined to study “questions,” religious and social ideas, and motives of action leading to definite national developments of character, Burma is the country for philosophical inquiry and speculation. To the artist it offers combinations of lovely natural scenery and marvellous light and color; of brilliant costumes and stately architecture, not to be surpassed in any other land that I have yet visited. I count the month spent in Burma as one of unalloyed pleasure, and I trust that some account of Burma and the Burmans, gained on the spot by personal

knowledge and experience, may induce others to visit this most original and charming land.

Burma is a country dominated by an idea, or rather a set of ideas, which owe their origin to the influence of Buddhism. The Burman holds the view that this life is a sorry thing at the best, and that the wisest course is, therefore, to get through it with as little care, worry, and anxiety as possible. The world is, nevertheless, at the same time full of good things, which all can enjoy; therefore, why toil for wealth which brings only a burden of care in its train? Why strain every nerve to possess, when possession means the anxiety to hold and preserve? The bounteous earth supplies rice for the needs of all her children, and while there is love and laughter and gaiety to solace us, while leisure can be secured and peace maintained, let us enjoy and be happy. Here we strike the key-note of the life of the Burmans. Strangers call them lazy, but they are not idle except on principle; they can work splendidly when they choose, but they have long ago decided that to turn the world into a workshop, to toil incessantly for a mere subsistence, or in order to gather up riches, is folly, as doing so destroys the pleasure of existence. As soon as a farmer has made a little money by selling his crop, he gives a play, or *pwée*, to his town or village. The stage is put up in the open street, and all his neighbors enjoy the result of his good fortune with himself. He is happy as well as they. Do our utmost, life is still full of care, therefore make the best of good fortune while it remains, and share it with others, so that the sum of human happiness may be increased. This is Burman philosophy. Others, again, accuse them of cowardice. True, Mandalay was given up without the Burmese troops, who were badly led and still worse armed, striking a blow; but the sullen resistance and desultory fighting of the Dacoits, the remarkable indifference and courage with which they met execution, show that it is not want of courage which makes the Burmans bad soldiers and untrustworthy police. At the bottom of their incapacity to serve as soldiers and police is, in fact, the

same dominant idea, namely, that no sustained effort is worth while, and as change of occupation is agreeable, it should be sought at any cost. A military officer told me that a Burman soldier would desert for a month, and would express the greatest surprise at being arrested on his return. "He had left his clothes behind, and did not want any pay. Why should he be punished? He was tired of the monotony and routine of a soldier's life, and had gone for a while into the country." This seems to him to be a perfectly natural and proper thing to do. The consequence of these views, which have prevailed for centuries, is that no one is very rich and no one very poor in Burma; that the country is undeveloped and but half cultivated; and that a gay, happy-go-lucky, ignorant people fell easily before the arms and under the yoke of the indefatigable, pushing, fighting British, bent on developing outlets for English trade at all hazards and at any cost.

Firm believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, the Burman holds that the soul must pass through 140,000 existences before Nirvana, the sublime condition of self-loss, can be reached. From this weary round of repeated lives he cannot escape, unless by some supreme act of charity he can achieve sufficient merit to pass at death at once into the heaven of the Nats or Dewahs. Of such acts is the building of a Pagoda to the memory of the holy Gautama Buddha. Hence it is that Burma is the land of pagodas. From the summit of every mountain, of every hill or hillock, from above the cliffs and rocks and from among the woods of the islands of the broad Irrawaddy, rise the graceful forms and gilded pinacles of numberless pagodas. Often they are crowned by a golden htee or umbrella. Pagodas are rarely temples in the true sense; they are usually solid tapering buildings placed over real or imitation relics. Close by, among groves of palms and bananas, are generally to be seen the carved and seven-storied roofs of the Kioungs, or Buddhist monasteries. Gay and light-hearted as are the Burmans, they realize another and future existence as vividly as they do the present life, and

the teachings of the great Buddha are ever present to their minds, and influence them profoundly. In the Buddhist religion there is no God, and no priesthood; but all men are given the opportunity of following the great example, by retiring from the world into monasteries, renouncing the temptations of the flesh and the devil, and living an austere self-denying life engaged in contemplation, devotion, and teaching. Monasteries, or Kioungs, are to be found in Burma in every village however poor, and large numbers of them, splendidly constructed and liberally supported, exist in the cities. To these the young men of Burma retire in thousands at an early age to live the life of celibacy, poverty, and charity. Every morning at sunrise, the Phongyees, or Monks, may be seen passing along the streets, wrapped in the ample folds of their yellow robes, with bare, bowed heads, and bearing a black bowl in both hands. Into these the charitable place their gifts of rice and food; not, however, at the request of the monk—he but gives the layman and housewife the opportunity of performing an act of charity and thereby earning merit. The Phongyees are also engaged in teaching Burman boys reading and writing, and the great moral precepts and doctrines of Buddhism. I have often been into the Kioungs, into the splendidly carved and gilded monasteries of Mandalay, and into the tumble-down and poverty-stricken buildings of the jungle villages, and have seen the monks at their pious work, teaching boys, who, sprawling on the floor on knees and elbows, shout at the top of their voices, either in Burmese or in the sonorous Pali, the first immutable precepts of morality, which are the bases of every Church and Faith in every land.

A Burman boy is bound by unbroken custom to enter a monastery and become a novitiate for a certain period of his life. With great ceremony his head is shaven, he dons the yellow robe, and is presented with the alms bowl. Most boys remain three months, perhaps longer, in the Kioung; some stay on, and at twenty-one are admitted as monks. No vows are taken beyond those of celibacy and poverty. A monk

is free to leave the monastery when he feels no longer a call for a religious life, or if he wishes to return to the world or to marry. He is in no sense a priest; he pursues the religious life, not to aid and save others, but to save himself. As an example, he indirectly aids others. The monks are held in great reverence throughout Burma, and scandal does not sully the high reputation they have attained.

It always seemed to me extremely strange and wondrously interesting that among so happy and pleasure-seeking a people, with a religion of a more impersonal, dispassionate, and spiritual kind than any which influences mankind, hundreds of thousands of young men should be found ready to sacrifice home, love, marriage, wealth, and ambition, to live the simple austere life of the monk, solely with the hope of being sooner released from the durance vile of the flesh in the round of weary existences to which the spirit is doomed by fate. The love of indolence is, or may be, one of the attractions of a monastic life, as it most certainly is a result; for it cannot be denied that whatever may be the virtues of the Phongyees, industry is not one of them. No well-cultivated farms surround the monasteries and testify to the industry and intelligence of the brothers, like the farms of the Trappists in Africa; and the monastery is not, as it might be, the centre of teaching of technical arts and advanced knowledge. Recognizing the value of the far-reaching, the cohesive, and the self-maintained organization of the Phongyees or monks, with Kioungs and schools in every city and every hamlet, the English Government have tried to induce the Buddhist monks to accept State aid and to undertake the national education of Burman boys on a definite system; but, hitherto, without success. To accept the proposals of the Government would mean interference and inspection of governors of an alien race and alien faith, and this the monks will not brook. In the meantime, the monasteries, deprived of the support of the royal bounty, are falling into poverty, and the education of the people in Upper Burma is being greatly neglected. In Lower Burma, which has been

longer under British rule, the salutary influence of Buddhism is much weakened, and though every Burman boy still becomes a monk for a short time, and may learn to read Burmese in the Kioung, and to commit the Buddhist precepts to heart, practical and advanced education is in the hands of the Christian sectarians.

As the men are the life and soul of the religion of Burma, so the women are the heart and soul of the life of the country. Mongolian in race, and Indian now by conquest, they have achieved for themselves a freedom which may be envied not only by their Indo Chinese sisters, but by European women as well. The Burmese are absolutely the freest women in the world. Marriage is an equal contract, all property being held jointly. Property inherited by a woman before or after marriage, or earnings made by her, are absolutely her own. Marriage is an affair of the heart, and among this easy-going and affectionate people love-matches are not delayed till the husband can provide a home and an income, but the girl-wife and boy-husband are taken into the house of either parent, and maintained till a separate household can be set up. If love is lost, or there is found to be incompatibility of temper, or if either wife or husband become a drunkard, a gambler, or vicious in life, divorce or separation can be easily obtained by application to the magistrate, with equal division of the joint property. Divorces are, however, rare; family life is said to be very affectionate, and children are adored. Wives are consulted in all the affairs of life, and a farmer would hardly dare to sell his paddy harvest without the consent of his wife; in fact, she is found to be a much closer bargainer than he is. Women are the retail traders of the country. Nearly every house is a shop for the sale of something, and even the daughters of well-to-do officials think it no degradation to set up a stall at the Bazaar. The earnings thus made are her own, and will enable her to wear a smart silk tainein at the boat races, or to make offerings at the shrine of Buddha, and thus add to her sum of merit or Kan. Many of the Government contracts in timber, forage, etc., were made, I was

told, with women; and it surprised the European traders to find how versed they were in the arts of "holding up the market" and obtaining the best price. Notwithstanding, however, their liberty, their control of property, and their ability in commerce, the chief aim of the young Burmese woman is to be pretty, and in this she succeeds. No Mongolian can be beautiful, according to the European standard; but apart from this standard there is much to admire in the Burmese girl. A round face, with olive skin and dark bright eyes, is surmounted by coils of smooth black hair, in which is jauntily stuck a flower or two. The upper part of the body is modestly covered with a white cotton jacket. Bound closely round her slender hips, and falling to the ground, is worn the tainein, or skirt, which is generally of silk woven into a brilliant and harmonious combination of colors. A gay-colored silk wrap is thrown across the shoulders and brought over the head when it is cold. Sandals held by a strap between the big and second toe protect the bare feet. All the women, young and old, smoke immense green cheroots, ten inches long. It is not at all unusual to see a bevy of women and children, dressed as brilliantly as a bed of tulips on a spring day, engaged in puffing great clouds of smoke out of cheroots twice as long as their smiling, pretty faces. I have seen in the Bazaar at Mandalay an adoring father try to make a wee baby of about a year old take a pull at a cheroot very nearly as big as itself. The children of the poor go absolutely naked till about ten years of age; they do not even wear the necklace of beads or the piece of string and a rupee, which pass for costume in Bengal. The men are as brilliantly dressed as the women. Their long black hair is gathered into a knot beneath the folds of a pink silk turban. A white jacket and a pasoh make up the costume. The pasoh is a skirt made of a single width of silk about five yards long. Brought close round the hips it hangs in full folds in front. The favorite color is rose-pink, woven into plaids, stripes, and checks.

There are two ceremonies which mark the important passage of the bor-

derland between childhood and womanhood or manhood. In girls it is the boring of the ears, and in boys the tattooing of the legs above the knees. To the ceremony of the boring of the ears, friends and relatives are invited, and it is made the occasion of a house festival. With the prick of the needle the little maid of fourteen is promoted to the privilege of flirting and love-making, and the serious business of life then begins. A succession of straws is gradually inserted into the hole bored till it is large enough to admit the tip of the finger, or even larger. In these ugly holes glass, silver, gold, or jewelled tubes, or short rods are worn. In the ears of the women of the Kachin hills I have seen rods of silver worn six inches long and an inch in diameter; and it is not unusual to see a woman when travelling place her cheroot or railway ticket into the gaping hole in the lobe of the ear.

Every Burmese man is tattooed from the waist to just below the knee. The colors are indigo-blue and dark red, and the subjects lions, tigers, etc. The operation is very painful, so that these ornamental skin breeches are tattooed gradually, the boy being at the time placed under the influence of opium. A Burman would consider it to be a sign of unmanliness not to have his legs tattooed.

In the villages every house contains a loom, and on these are woven the really beautiful stuffs worn by the natives. Some of these materials are damasks of complicated patterns. The mystery of the "cards" and the jacquard loom has never penetrated to these primitive regions, and I found that close-patterned damasks of varied and brilliant color were produced by the weaver passing to and fro through the warp-threads tiny shuttles carrying weft. I counted once 100 shuttles used on a silk damask twenty-four inches wide. I have witnessed few prettier examples of village and hand industries than seeing women and girls, gayly clad and chatting merrily, sit skeining and winding bright-colored silks under the palms and papayas of the woodland lanes of Amaurapoora; or busy at the loom, weaving with deft fingers, by means of a hundred shuttles, under the shade of

bamboo shelters set against the plaited walls of toylike houses. Work as hard as they may, the earnings of these willing and clever workers are but two annas a day, that is, less than two pence. Many months go by before an elaborate damask tamine is finished. On the pulleys of the loom may be often seen little bronze figures of nats, or fairies, placed there to win the good offices of the guardian spirit; for, firm as may be the belief of the Burman in a pure Buddhism, he has not shaken off the older belief in spirits, fairies, and angels, good and bad. They are present with him in the woods and streams, they guard his house, they watch beside him, they hear his prayers, and they record his good deeds. To be caught into the heaven of the nats after death, where existence is a round of exquisite pleasures, cannot fail to be more attractive than after cycles of self-abnegation to be admitted into the nirvana of self-forgetfulness. The nats are the friendly go-betweens which make spiritual Buddhism possible; and was not the holy Gautama their Saviour as well as that of mankind, for did he not retire to their heaven to show his mother and the fairies the perfect way of life?

The houses in Burma are of the simplest construction. It is said to be possible to build a house there without the use of a nail. To bamboo poles are tied, at about eight feet from the ground, planks, which are laid at right angles to one another; walls of split bamboo, plaited into intricate and pretty designs, and a thatched roof of palm leaves complete the structure. Flaps, which are raised or taken away during the day, answer the purpose of doors and windows. Within, the furniture consists of plaited bamboo mats, mosquito nets under which to sleep, a wooden cradle hung from a beam, a few pottery water-jars, one or two cooking pots in which to boil rice, a ladle made of half a cocoa-nut with a handle, a few little bowls or saucers in which to carry the curry, and a red-lacquer round dish, which serves as table and dinner service, and on which the great pile of rice is served. Life is thus seen to be simple, and wants few, and an anna will consequently go far-

ther in Burma than a shilling in England. In dry weather the cooking of food and the weaving and winding of silk are all done out of doors. Notwithstanding the great simplicity of life among peasants and artisans, I did not find it coarse and degraded. I went into numbers of the cottages in the jungle and riverside villages, and also in Amaurapoora and Mandalay, and, excepting in the latter city, I thought the peasants were well lodged, and apparently fairly well off and happy.

No account, however short, of Burma can be complete without telling something of the broad river which flows as the artery of its life-blood from one end of the country to the other. The Irrawaddy is said to be the largest body of melted snow in the world, not even excepting the Ganges. When swollen by the rains and melted snows it comes down as a mighty torrent through the narrow and rocky banks of the upper and second defiles, rising, it is stated, in the former often ninety feet above its normal level. Bursting in whirlpools and hurrying eddies from its narrow limits, it spreads over the low-lying country a vast expanse of water, and leaves behind, when it retires again to its bed, malaria and fever, which have won for Upper Burma the reputation of being a "pestilential swamp."

Far other was the great river when we went up and down its long reaches in the sunny days of a Burmese winter. Shallows of long spits of yellow sand alternate with deep water, and all day long the sing song call of the Burmans at the bows taking soundings with long poles, rings in our ears as the great boat zigzags from bank to bank of the broad river, and the idle day glides idly along. Never can I forget the sense of peace and contentment and enjoyment which possessed me the ten days we were on the Irrawaddy.

Travelling is easy. The Irrawaddy Flotilla Company daily run steamers which are especially constructed to meet the requirements of the country and the people. Drawing but four-and-a-half feet of water, they can pass over the shallows of the river in the dry season, and escape being caught in

its whirlpools when in flood. Built usually as three-deckers, these Irrawaddy flotillas accommodate in the rear a motley crowd of Burmans, Chinese, Kachins, Chins, and Shans, while the bows of the second deck are reserved for English travellers. Here there are four or eight comfortable and roomy cabins, which will accommodate a small party. The dining table is set under an awning right in the bows: comfortably lounging in a long chair, one can pass the day dreamily watching the passing scenes on banks and river, or listening to blood-curdling stories of the captain about dacoits or King Theebaw and his murderous queen. The artist will find the day full to overflowing with delightful impressions; the vacant-minded will be bored.

Let me try and realize to you a day on this entrancing river. We have been tied up to the bank for the night; at dawn of day the mist lies low on the river, and the air is chilly, so that one instinctively turns up the collar of his coat. Presently the mist lifts, and the tropical sun shines out strong and clear. From the wooden houses on piles in the village on the hill, stream out in twos and twos the village maidens clad in clinging rainbow-tinted garments, and bearing red clay water-jars on their heads. They come down the incline to the river and fill their jars, or they take their morning dip, still modestly clothed, and each girl is a picture, classic in suggestion, oriental in color. Gayly chatting they pass up the hill and out of sight, while the yellow-robed monks from the Phongyee Kioung, half hidden in the grove of palms and bananas, proceed solemnly along the roads, with heads bent low and with black bowls in their hands. A little later, pigtailed Chinamen, tall Sikh soldiers, Shans with their huge sun-hats, half-naked coolies, and the silk-clad Burmese men and women come crowding down to the water's edge, and on to our boat if it happens to be a "market boat" and carries a "bazaar" in full swing on board. Then, for an hour or more, the most lively chaffering and bargaining goes on over silk tameins and pasohs, Manchester goods, Birmingham hardware and jewelry, and Burmese lacquer work. The

steam whistle sounds. The chattering crowd is merrily jostled off the boat, the anchor is weighed, and we are off. The scenery is not exciting; no snow mountains rise on the horizon, and the banks are barely precipitous. The rich green woods and the gray and purple mountains, the great expanse of level water, recall the English lake scenery, but it is the English lake scenery with the color of Venice and the sun of the tropics. Idly gliding down stream pass gondolier-like fishing boats, with high carved steering chairs and fishermen dressed in pink and crimson and yellow; or dugouts are paddled up stream, with a spot of brilliant color in bow and stern; immense rafts of teak wood from the forests slowly drift by toward Rangoon. As the day draws into afternoon, sheeny tints of mauve and pink shoot across the water and sky; the sun sets gloriously; quickly the land is dark, but for a wondrous half hour sky and water are blended in the gold and crimson of the afterglow.

More solid interests and pleasures,

however, await those who are less sensitive to color, for the banks are crowded with architectural monuments and the ruins of pagodas and shrines. At Pagahn, for eight miles along the river bank and for two miles inland, the ground is covered with ruins of the splendid fanes of the thirteenth century. At Amaurapoor and Sagain days may be spent exploring ruins and temples which are as fine as the tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo. At Mandalay, the royal city of King Theebaw, gilded temples and palaces, fast crumbling also into ruin, will well repay a visit from all interested in the architecture and history of a strange Oriental people; and at Rangoon the Schway Dagon is, as the holy centre of a great living faith, of surpassing interest. In fact, Upper Burma is at present to the Englishman of education, the artist, the historian, and the archæologist, an undiscovered country, but one which, regarded from any point of view, is well worth visiting and studying.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SOME SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MATRONS AND THEIR HOUSE-KEEPING.

BY MARGARET M. VERNEY.

THERE is a pathetic interest in watching the swift course of a great river just above a fall. The steady flow of the mass of deep, clear water is an image of calm and controlled strength; and yet we know—what the river does not—that this orderly progress is shortly to be changed for a mad plunge over rough rocks, and that the river itself will soon be a mere boiling mass of foam and bubbles and confused eddies, apparently aimless in its passion and strength, till it finds a fresh bed, and flows on again at a different level.

Something of this feeling possesses us when we read the annals of English homes in the early part of the seventeenth century. The great days of Elizabeth still form the background of the picture, and the younger generation, for whom Vandyke painted and Lovelace sang, have an air of dignified ease and leisure which is very attrac-

tive. The Puritan, with his sour looks and cropped hair, is still only a butt for ridicule, not to be taken seriously by people of culture, and the political zealot may safely be left to the tender mercies of the Star Chamber. The cataract of the Great Rebellion is still out of sight and hearing.

Such a stately and gracious figure is the Lady of Berkeley, Jane, daughter of Sir Michael Stanhope, and wife of Henry, Baron Berkeley of Berkeley, Mobray, Segrave, and Breuse of Gower, and lord of many fair castles and manors in the West.*

The Lords of Berkeley, through all their long line, were said to have been fortunate in their wives; and the mistresses of Berkeley Castle had been dis-

* *The Berkeley MSS.* By John Smith of Nibley, 1618. Ed. by Sir John Maclean, 3 vols. Gloucester, 1885.

tinguished for their "skill in housewifely courses," their careful overlooking of "dairy affaires" and of the "accompts of their husbands' manors and household officers," and for their hunting, hawking, and general out-of-door activities. Indeed, some of them more than justified the old proverb in the county of Gloucester :

As the goodman says, so it should bee ;
But as the goodwife says, so it must bee.

There were household traditions of a Lady of Berkeley in the early fourteenth century who, feeling in "her elder years" that she was growing "weake and sickly," took the most energetic measures to preserve her vigor. Part of her "Physicke for her better health was the sawinge of billets and sticks, for which cause shee had before her death yearly bought certaine fine handsawes, which she used in her chamber, which commonly cost ijd a piece."

Lady Jane's mother-in-law was as masterful as Queen Bess herself, "overpowerful with her husband, and seldom at rest with herself . . . of complexion of a comely brown, of a middle stature. Betimes in winter and summer mornings she would make her walks to visit her stables, barnes, dayhouse, poultry, swine-troughs, and the like." Lord Berkeley's first wife, Lady Katherine Howard, not so notable a housewife, was inclined to "betake herself to the delights of youth and greatness." She was an adept with her crossbow, and was "soe good an Archer at butts with the Longbow, as her side by her was never the weaker." She accompanied her lord on his hunting journeys, and "kept commonly a cast or two of merlins mewed in her own chamber," to the great detriment, as her maidens lamented, of "her gownes and kirtles." Lady Katherine died in 1596, and two years later Lord Berkeley married Jane Stanhope. She did not share in her predecessor's sporting tastes, and at once, in gracious and womanly ways, set to work to put her house and household in order. That this was no slight task may be seen by the size of the household she ruled over. When the Lord of Berkeley moved from one of his castles to another, ac-

companied by his lady, "he was seldom or never attended with fewer than one hundred and fifty servants in their tawny cloth coats in summer, with the badge of the white Lyon rampant embroidered on the left sleeve, and in coats of white frieze lined with crimson taffety in the winter . . . among whom many were Gentlemen and Esquires of remarkable families and descent, and of alliance to the house of Berkeley." For the conduct of these esquires and pages, who are under the control of the "Gentleman Usher in waiting," the Lady of Berkeley draws up full and minute directions. The laws for the whole household she has fully entered in the "Yeoman's book," which she expects her gentlemen to observe "without any breach or contempt of them;" but she thinks good to give them some special rules that, by their "obedience, well-behavior and tractableness," they may "procure the meaner sort of my servants in calling to amend their faults by their good examples."

When the yeomen of the chambers have done their work, the gentleman usher is to go round, at eight o'clock in the winter and seven o'clock in summer, or "if strangers be there, then at more early hours," and see that all things in the dining and withdrawing chambers are in fair order and "well set up, according to his lady's former directions set down." The rooms are to be always ready for the entertainment of strangers; he is to see that the great fires of oak logs are burning brightly in winter and in summer; that "the chimneys are trimmed with green boughs and the windows with herbs and sweet flowers, and the chamber strowed with green rushes." There are minute rules for the attendance of "the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen when I shall walk any way out of the park, as into the fields or any of my outward grounds. Further, when I do walk in the park then I do license the gentlemen either to walke, bowl, shoote, or use any other pastime, where I walk in this order. If I do walk in the high walk, then they may be in the lower walk; if I do walk in the lower walk, then they may be in the upper." When my lady

walks in "the greate garden," she gives gracious license to the gentlemen to be in another part of it, whether she has strangers with her or not.

Lady Jane is minutely solicitous about the comfort of guests in their own chambers, and her anxiety that breakfast should be served punctually to the moment they have asked for it is worthy of railroad days. A "gentleman of calling" must be attended from his bed-chamber to the dining-room when meals are served, and there is much ceremonious etiquette of leaving-taking when the guests' riding-horses are brought round to the hall-door.

Some of Lady Jane's decrees, as regards attendance upon her walks and suchlike, are not, she says, "express commandments," but rather the intimation of her wishes; but the really serious duties of the day culminate in the dining-hall. No trifling or negligence can be allowed during the august ceremonial of dinner and supper—the "commandment" here is absolute: "My pleasure is that the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen shall, with due reverence and great diligence, wholly give their attendance to wait upon us, and none for those times to go to rest themselves in other places . . . and not to go to any bye places to eat meat in corners, nor to take nor give away any meat . . . but to give good attendance till they go all together to take their diversion. And therein all to behave themselves civilly like gentlemen . . . to use no playing fence nor disorderly pastimes in the hall which causeth great disorder and gives cause of offence by the great noise that comes by that means."

It is a consolation to feel that the great lady who ruled her family so well passed away before the evil times, and that "the gentleman usher and the rest of my gentlemen" had full leisure to carry out in detail the stately funeral rites which had been accorded to her predecessors. No longer, as of old, did "priests with their crosses, and friars white and gray," stream up to Berkeley Castle from the neighboring churches and monasteries; but it was still needful to feast all the countryside "with ale and comfets, red wine and claret." The weary steward could

thank God at the end of the day that no spoons were lost, though twenty dozen were used; and that his lady had been fitly buried.

We find the next Lord Berkeley, in the thick of the Civil War, raising troops in the West to join the King's standard at Nottingham; the "great garden, the high walk and the lower walk" are deserted, and Lady Jane's equires and pages, now grown men with grizzled beards, are sadly following Lord Goring and Lord Hopton in their hopeless campaigns.

While the Lady of Berkeley's ordinances impress us with all the solemnity of an old-world minuet, the letters written after the Civil War are quite modern in spirit—full of the reality born of conflict, poverty, and suffering. The gentleman usher and his train of attendant gentlemen, the waiting gentlewoman and her maidens, have been confounded with their masters and mistresses in a common calamity, much to the eventual gain of both. When Church and King were struggling in the rapids, Etiquette could hardly hope to keep her footing; but periods of transition are painful.

The change of tone strikes us in the letters of Mistress Elizabeth Isham, written about the middle of the century.* She was the wife of Thomas, son of Sir Easeby Isham. Her husband's family, the Ishams of Lamport and Pytchley, in Northamptonshire, had suffered bitterly from fines and imprisonment. Her own relations, the Dentons, a wealthy and distinguished county family of Buckinghamshire, had fared even worse. Hillesden House, the home of her childhood, had been besieged and burnt to the ground; her brother, Sir Alexander Denton, died in the Tower; her trusted friend and brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Verney, was killed at Edgehill, and her own fortune had melted away. How bravely Elizabeth Isham carried herself in poverty and in bereavement, her letters to her nephew, Sir Ralph Verney, testify.

In the unsettled times when friends wrote to each other in cipher, Elizabeth

* The Verney MSS., at Claydon House.

and Thomas Isham were distinguished in the letters written to their relations in exile as "Jugge and Pann," homely names pertaining rather to the kitchen than the parlor, but which continued in familiar use long after the need for concealment had passed away.

Thomas Isham was an ardent Royalist, as befitted his name; he had compounded, and after the burning down of their home at Radclive, he and his wife settled themselves in a house belonging to Sir J. Tipping, at Wheatfield, in Oxfordshire. He was gradually losing his eyesight, and became more and more depressed as he grew more dependent. Mrs. Isham writes in 1657: "Panny's eies be still worse and worse, now he cannot see to reede, which is a greate grefe to him. . . . He hath sente up to by him a coach to travell aboute in; I would not a had him buy one till nexse sommore, but these Husbonds must have thare wills, the old sainge is they will Live the Longer. If Panny would be rueled by me, we would never sture out of this cuntrey, till we come to be Bearyed in your contrey or these Pople a wary of us."

"My husband is very weike," she writes the following spring; "sometimes I thinke he will live, but he is more lickely to die. 3 Drs. I had for him laste friday, and he not beinge sicke they can not tell what to say to him: they put me in hopes of him, and this day they give him Phisicke so gentell as a child may take itt, so I hope itt may doe him good; they be the beste Drs. in Oxford, so I wishe they may have good Locke with him. . . . he is not sicke att all, but noe Blode in his Lipes and very shorte winded: the Lorde be his comforter." "Panny" is so far better a few days later that "he is come to socke a Bone of a sucking Rabett."

Mrs. Isham suffered from an eruption on the skin, for which Sir Ralph Verney sends her a home-made lotion, with the following directions. (March 22, 1658): "Apply this to your face every night after you are in bed. . . . let it lie on all night, and wipe it gently off in the morning with a piece of store new Black Cloth, but wash not your face. If you see noe company for

a day or two, or three, it is better, for then you may lay it on fresh in the morning, and let it continue on all day and wipe it gently off at night againe with the Black cloath. . . . I had almost forgot to tell you, you must not lay it on cleare, but shake it very well togeather, till tis as thick as caudle, then power out a little quickly into this china box, and, lying on your back, take a piece of sponge, pat it uppon your Face thick and thin togeather. . . . if you like it you may have as much of it as you please at a Weekes Warning."

When it arrives she is too busy with her husband's ailments to attend to her own. . . . "if my dear Panny is well I shall soone make use of itt. I doe but thinke with my Blake fase and the Blake cloth what a Blakemor I shall be." Blindness had perchance its compensations for her husband.

The question of servants constantly comes up. Sir Ralph asks whether they have a man to recommend. "I thinke in time Woods may make a good sarvisable sarvant," Mrs. Isham replies, "becase he hath larned to barbe allredy, that must all our mene dooe, or ells it will coste Panny more in barbing then we give for wages in a yeare; and if he had never come hither you mite sooner a had him, for Pann uses to groe so fonde of all his mene as much adooe I have to make him to change, all though thay be nevore such fooles as Dimocke was. I inquired after my cosan Will: Dormor's Butler for you, but he was gone into france. Such a one as he was would a sarved anyone's torne, so nete a man; and with one cope of beare, as thay say, would a doone his master more credete then many a one with Bottles of wine."

"Panny can goe without leading," "Jugge" writes a little later. "Now I am very charfull, hopinge he is on the mending hande, and the more because the Nabores heare aboutes thinke a good parte of his sicknes is malancholey, and so hee thinke himselfe; and some neare nabores come moste days to make him mery, and yett the Lose of his eies goes so to his harte as he cannot be mery, and beside a paine of his heade troubles him tow bade."

He can hardly have been a very pleasant

ant companion; he looks "very yalloe," and is so drowsy that his wife fears that "this may bringe him to the slepey desese, for he slepes much, and thinke as he doth not slepe att all." His naps gradually extend to twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. Perhaps Woods' monotonous voice acted as a sedative, for Mrs. Isham is obliged to confess that the man who was so good a barber "is the worse Reader as ever you harde, as I am faine to heare him to reed Psalmes and Chapters, and when Mr. Pan is well we shall get a Play Booke for him as he may Larne to reed that."

The servant finds it as painful an exertion to read the Psalms as she does to listen; "when we had him a weecke or thare aboute, he sayd he had not Reed so much in seven yeares before as in that weecke, and that was not much; not past the day of the month, and 3 chapter in a day: he is a very willing man in a House and sivell, and that pleases me."

Their neighbor Lady Wenman invites them to Thame Park, and Mrs. Isham would like to accept, if she can stir up her invalid to go out; but he is grown so melancholy he cannot be left alone . . . "and Luckes so slovenly as none of my cosan's mene will Lie with him, and to have him abroad with me I am ashamed."

The precedence due to guests, which the gentleman usher at Berkeley Castle was expected to have at his fingers' ends, had become very complicated under the Commonwealth. There were peers, created by the King over the water, not recognized at home; there were the members, not peers, of Cromwell's Upper House, and titles of his granting which the Royalists sniffed at. Mrs. Isham writes feelingly of the trials of hostesses when etiquette was reviving a little; neighbors are "so discontented aboute you for Plase as thay be nevor to be reconciled againe; this is a thinge I doe much hate. Any one shall goe before me as will, and iff Sir Harry Bluunte axed Harroles (Heralds) before he came downe, my Thinkes heare is so many buriells aboute, as none shoulge thinke of Plase." She is very proud of a new page. "You be to see the fust of my small officer. I

thinke itt may be a prety site to see him a Horse-backe and in Boots, for since he nevore had Boots on before; he is to call at Lee for a leter, so he is not to stay longe with you . . . This Boy as we have is good for nothing but his Boots, and that pleases Pannye, and so because he is pleased I am pleased . . . you will be a weary with reading these scribled Lines, so I reeste your ever Lovinge Ante, E. ISHAM."

She writes to Sir Ralph the next autumn for "some Spanishe Broome seeds or anythinge of that as will growe, to sett under my windore to keepe the stinkes away . . . and to send worde when the seeds shoulge be soed, as I may doe itt caccordinly."

Aunt Isham still suffered from a "Rosy Face" and indigestion. Sir Ralph, a man of austere tastes, was living upon a diet of hard biscuits; but when he imposed this self-denying ordinance upon the old lady, it was more effective in extracting her teeth than in curing her ailments. (Nov. 16, 1661): "Sir Ralph," she writes, "Now I leve all the Drs. to take your Phisik, which is the Shepe Bisket, 2 teeth I Lefte at Hilsdon, and almost all my Bones was to be left thare, for every time I wente to Church I was sicke and some time swoned quite away, but now I am well att Lee, only a nother tooth Loose and all my Gomes so tender as nothinge I can eate but what is minced, so I in-treate you to sende me noe more of the bisket then must be taken in one weeke, for I shall be a weary to take itt longer, and now you must be att one Charge more with me, that is a penny grater to grate itt . . . tis an ill time with me . . . I have much adoe to keepe the biskit from the mise, thare teeth be better then mine." She has a far more agreeable prescription for Sir Ralph. "I could wish you heare," she writes from Wheatfield (June 22, 1662), "as you mite drink some of the Sider as is heare aboute us, itt tis so good: and your Sider was made to soone to be good, for any sortes of Aples will be good together so thay Lie awhile before you make itt in too Sider, for the best Sider is made but just before Crismas after the Aples hath had a Sweet." She has tried asses' milk, and sends

her ass on to Lord Wenman, who is sick. Mixed up with her household lore are dark allusions to the fair ladies that Sir Ralph might woo, and will not.

"Our widdore is safe come downe againe, but to heare the good and finde Language the Earle gave her, as gave you the Hownde as you broate in your coach, would a made one in Love with him."

Spite of much good counsel, Sir Ralph Verney continued a widower, and Aunt Isham and his other female relations gave him valuable advice about his household matters. One lady sends him directions for the washing of his pewter plates, which will bring out the stain of any sauce, "except it bee pickled rabbits, which stand up on the plait a pretty while, and soe they will stoaine them fillthly." The ladies' good offices were called into requisition when a domestic crisis occurred at Claydon, greatly affecting his comfort. His housekeeper, Mrs. Westerholt, was leaving him. A year before her allegiance had been shaken by a person of quality. "Mrs. W. has bin with me and acquainted me," writes Lady Hobart, "with my Lady Stanings' hy offers wich sems strange she shold mack to another bodys sarvant, but she says she will not deu any thing to disples you . . . i am loth you shold part with hur becaus she is aquanted with your ways; the lones of the plas is all she can find falt with; you want a wif, you se what inconvenances that want brings you for your company is not considerabell, a mistres wold kepe hur thare for ever. . . . She is much alon and she has good parts, and loufs conversacion as all we women dew, i find the wagis dos ras hur frinds, but i told hur I beleve your plas wold be no ill plas nor has bin. Now the woman speeks with a hy valew of you and cannot tell wen to leve you, but thay answer all she can say with the hyist offers can be, how ever if she be far your turn kep hur." She remained on another year, but left Claydon in the spring of 1662. "In my openyone," his sister, Lady Elmes, writes (who was not inclined to be lavish in rewarding service done to herself), "you ware much moare bowntifull to Mrs. Westorholt then you neded

to a benn; my uncell Dr. and I say one quorter of it had benn very well, con-sedoring up one what a count she left you." All Sir Ralph's lady friends are hunting for housekeepers; Aunt Isham says, "'tis harde to mete with them."

"If your Sarvants walk according to thare Knite, thay will not goe aside. Thare was a grave mayde as was with Mrs. Goode, as could doe any thinge as for fine Parsarves, rase yeast, in the Dairy, in the Kiching, and more than you have to put her to, and very saving beside and carefull. She was not to be had last year, and should a come to my Nese Dormer, but she would give her but £6 and she would have £10 . . . she sites in the Halle." Sir Ralph is in correspondence with Stephen Windress, at Sutton, about Mrs. Smithby, another applicant. "Sir, I have known hir this 4 yeares and upward . . . hir carriag was very modest and sober, both at home and abroad, of which I have often been an eye-witnesse, and as to hir houswifry it was enough for such a hous as Mr. God-freys, a farmer, and non of the ablest nether, but Sir I very much question whether her houswifry, Carriag, or any other parts be such as may make hir capabl of your service. Sir give me leave to tell your worshipp in playn tearmes that in my Judgment she is not." Mrs. Isham recommends a certain "Marget Chile," whose character she sends to Sir Ralph in her own delightful style: "She hath bine used too order my Lady Tippinge's Hous these 10 yeares, goeing and cominge, and att presente she is in the House and hath bine heare now ever since Whitsuntide, and stayd upone the accounte of her selfe and her childrens being sieke, which she is good att to tende, and is against her will to goe to be married as her Father will have her, but if she can perswade her father as she had leather goe to sarvis, the Lady Tippinge thinkes her fit for such a plase; she is a very sivill mayd and hath a greate dele of wite, and does most thinges aboute a House, and Pas-sible she is in case her Gloves be on, but her hansomenes is not whate itt was, for once she was very prety."

Eventually a Mistress Frances Buckley succeeds to Mrs. Westerholt's re-

sponsibilities, and at once sets to work to replenish Sir Ralph's shirts, which were reduced to three. He sends her down the materials from London. "The needles are well, and the thread very good if it were a littell finer." She wishes to employ a town cousin of her own to choose the stores, who has been used to buy much for the Queen. Mrs. Buckley is great at household physic, and makes friends with the rector's wife, Mrs. Butterfield, by comparing their symptoms. She is busy with her preserves, her elder-flower "vini-gar," and rock candy; and hopes to get "some Rose Water, if it be but a glass or two," when the weather is dry.

"Jugge's" services to her relations are not confined to choosing servants for them; she feels within herself a genius for matchmaking, and whether

there is an heiress to be secured for an eldest son, or a living to be got for a younger one, she proclaims herself "a well wisher to all the younge sparkes."

It is with something of a shock that we learn that the frail and sickly husband, who "in his deep melancholy" could scarcely be kept from suicide, survived by several years his cheerful and capable helpmeet.

She lived long enough to see her highest hopes fulfilled in the Restoration, and not long enough to see how futile those hopes had been.

She is buried with her own relations in the beautiful church at Hillesden. A long and affectionate epitaph marks her resting-place. "Pia Mater! certa Amica! optima Conjux!"—*Longman's Magazine*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MADAME DE NAVARRO, better known as Miss Mary Anderson, is about to publish her autobiography. It will include portraits by Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. G. H. Boughton, and Mr. F. Millet.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce for immediate publication "Sketches from Concord and Appledore," by Mr. Frank Preston Stearns, containing reminiscences of Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Matthew Arnold, etc., with illustrations.

THE last matriculations at the German universities added no fewer than 2287 students to the foreign "nations"—mainly at Berlin, Leipzig, and Munich—for the current semester. The total number matriculated was about 28,600.

THE Rev. Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, known in literature as "Ian Maclaren," has been appointed to deliver the Lyman-Beecher lecture on "Preaching" at Yale University.

A QUIET suggestion has been put forward at Cambridge by some of those who are opposed to the granting of degrees to qualified women. It is, we believe, a revival from the controversy of 1888, and is to the effect that a new university should be created for the special behoof of women, at which women exclusively should teach, examine, and graduate each other. There was more to be said for

this idea eight years ago than there is to-day, when almost every university except Oxford and Cambridge has abandoned the sex-qualification for degrees.

It may be pointed out that in the fifteen years since the University of Cambridge first admitted women to honor examinations no fewer than 659 women have been classed in honors, gaining distinction in mathematics, classics, moral and natural sciences, theology, history, law, and Oriental, mediæval, and modern languages.

THE March number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains a personal reminiscence of the late Alexander Macmillan, by one who knew him for nearly forty years; but there is one statement in it about which we confess that we should like additional confirmation. It is affirmed, as with authority, that the crowned head at the top of the familiar cover of the magazine is that of King Arthur. The other three are, of course, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton; and we had always assumed that the fourth could be no other than King Alfred. The presentment and his position in English literature seem to support this. Perhaps Mr. W. J. Linton—who was doubtless the artist as well as the engraver—may be able to remove the doubts that we still feel.

In Congregation at Oxford the resolution in favor of admitting women to the degree of

B.A. was rejected by 215 to 140 votes—a majority of 75 in a very full house. Consequently, the series of resolutions defining the conditions under which the degree should be granted to women were abandoned. The consideration of alternative resolutions, proposing to confer upon women diplomas or certificates, was postponed.

ANOTHER most valuable library is going to America. It is that of the late Professor Gneist, which is particularly rich in works on national economy, and has been acquired by the University of Philadelphia.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Nuneaton, the "Milby" of George Eliot, to collect funds for a public library, to be called by her name, and to serve as a museum of relics associated with her.

THE next volume in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's series of "The Story of the Nations" will be "Canada," by Dr. J. G. Bourinot, chief clerk of the House of Commons at Ottawa. Special attention will be devoted to the French aspects of Canadian history; and the illustrations will include some from sources not generally accessible.

A NOTABLE advance has been made in the liberal movement affecting women at the universities by the authorities of the Royal Irish University, who have decided to throw open the scholarships and prizes at Belfast, Cork, and Galway to students of both sexes.

MADAME STEPNIAK writes to say that she intends to prepare a record of the life and work of her husband, whose death the other day was a shock to a wide circle of friends. Prince Kropotkin will edit and arrange the Russian section of the memoir, and Professor York Powell, Mr. Edward Garnett, and Malatesta, the Italian anarchist, will contribute chapters, respectively, on Stepniak as a critic, Stepniak as a political writer, and Stepniak in Italy.

AMONG the latest, if not the last, poetic words of the venerable Professor Blackie were the following lines, written at Christmastide, 1894. They were in response to a message from John Campbell, of Iedaig, near Oban, whose highland poetry the learned professor used to translate. Mr. Campbell's Christmas greeting closed with a Gaelic phrase, "Sla a chi Snach falc," of which the literal rendering is, "Wishing you well, the day I see you and the day I do not," meaning that friends

are remembered whether present or absent. Here is the letter received in reply:

"9 DOUGLAS CRESCENT, EDINBURGH.

"MY DEAR POET:

Once I responded to thy Celtic lay,
Light as a bird that floats the air in May;
Now 'neath the weight of fourscore years and
five

I creep half-dead and less than half-alive;
Thankful to God for all His wealth of good,
I take the evil in no fretful mood.

"J. S. BLACKIE.

"December 24, 1894."

MISCELLANY.

LIVING BAROMETERS.—Among recent advances in weather lore, one branch of this subject has received but scant attention. There is a widespread belief in the delicate powers possessed by some animals and plants of predicting the approach of weather changes: it is even said that in some cases these natural barometers seem to be more sensitive than the meteorological instruments in ordinary use. Nor could it be wondered at if the instinct, which the lower animals have acquired throughout long periods of natural selection, of foretelling the coming of the storm that robs them of their food or destroys their home and young, should prove more unerring than the more laborious observations of man.

The power of adaptation to circumstances, which man alone enjoys to its full extent, has rendered it unnecessary that he should know by intuition what the weather of the next few hours may be. But with the lower animals the case is altogether different. Defenceless as they are against the ravages of the storm, and powerless to combat the fury of the elements, it is often to them a matter of life or death should their instinct fail to warn them of approaching danger. This gift has no doubt been an important factor in determining the survival of the fittest: it has given its possessors an advantage over their less fortunate competitors.

The gift may, however, be less mysterious than it at first sight appears. The president of the Royal Meteorological Society, in a long discourse on "Weather Fallacies," printed in the society's *Quarterly Journal* this year, while not affirming that all indications derived as to the future from plants and animals are fallacious, practically asserted that most of those examined by scientific experts had broken down. The actions relied on as indications of future changes, indicate directly only what

the animals at that moment feel, not what they feel is coming. If they act in a special way before rain comes, that is simply, he believes, because they feel uneasy by reason of actual chilliness or dampness; but in fact such dampness may precede still wetter weather. So with plants: they act in accordance with the weather conditions actually prevailing—conditions which, in many cases, precede greater changes, so that valuable hints may be derived from these sources.

The restlessness of domestic animals on the approach of rainy weather has given rise to many a well-worn household proverb. Cats and dogs are given to scratching and other uneasy movements, while their fur looks less bright and glossy; horses and cattle stretch their necks and sniff the air; sheep become frolicsome, or turn their backs to the wind, with frequent quarrels; goats bleat incessantly and leave the hill-tops for more sheltered spots; pigs run uneasily about, carrying straw to the sty, and no longer wallow in the mud and mire; fowls huddle together in the farm-yard, with drooping wings, and the air is filled with the clamorous cackle of geese and ducks. When Louis X., astonished at the remarkable accuracy of the charcoal-burner's weather predictions, curiously asked the cause, he learned that the real prophet was the man's donkey, which always hung his ears forward and rubbed his back against the wall on the approach of rain.

But although domestic animals are undoubtedly sensitive to changes, present or coming, in the weather, it is among the wilder creatures that we find this power in its fullest extent. Moles become more active in digging; stoats and weasels become unusually restless and uneasy; rats and mice run noisily about in the house walls; and the hedgehog fortifies his cave against the coming storm with an unflinching provision which has earned for this strange little animal quite a reputation among weather prophets.

Wild birds suffer much from inclement seasons, and might therefore be expected to have an unusually delicate perception of unfavorable atmospheric conditions. In addition to the accurate knowledge of the change of seasons which is indispensable to habits of migration, keen sensitiveness to weather conditions is abundantly shown in the daily habits of birds both large and small. Rooks and swallows, instead of taking their customary distant flight, remain near home when a tempest is brewing; sea-gulls no longer venture out to

sea, but hover over the fields or fly inland when wind and rain are near; swallows and martins fly low and skim the water; herons seem doubtful where to rest; and the robin broods, melancholy, in the bush, or seeks the shelter of a neighboring roof. Stormy petrels have long established their claim to consideration by mariners as weather guides, owing to their invariable habit of collecting in the wake of ships before a storm. There are some, however, who ascribe this behavior of Mother Carey's chickens rather to the superstitious imagination of sailors than to the weather wisdom of the bird itself.

Even aquatic animals are alleged to be affected by the approach of atmospheric changes. It is said that porpoises and dolphins swim to windward on the approach of rough weather, and sailors look with misgivings upon the sports and gambols of these unwieldy creatures as they circle round their ships when the sea is calm. The variable prospects of the angler according to the height of the barometer is in itself sufficient proof of the effect of the weather upon the inhabitants of our lakes and rivers. It is an interesting fact that the earliest suggestion of storm warnings for our coasts was that of Dr. Merryweather, at the Great Exhibition of 1851, where he showed a living barometer, consisting of bottled leeches, which rang little bells by an ingenious contrivance when a storm was at hand. His proposal to establish a system of leech barometers at our principal seaport towns was never carried into effect, and sounds somewhat ludicrous at the present day. The president of the Meteorological Society evidently expects us to find it difficult to believe that the scheme was propounded seriously. Yet there appears to be a good foundation in fact for the connection between the weather and the behavior of the leech. When placed in a bottle partly filled with water, a leech is said to remain coiled up at the bottom before the coming of fine, cold weather; but it rises to the top of the bottle, sticking on the glass above the level of the water, when it is going to rain. It is said to become restless on the approach of electrical disturbances.

A similar use was commonly made of frogs in Germany and Switzerland. A small green variety was kept in a glass vessel half full of water, into which a miniature ladder descended. The frog sat high and dry upon the steps in expectation of cold and wet, but remained in the water when there was a promise of sunshine. Reptiles, also, which remain torpid

during the winter have this weather sensitive-ness in a marked degree. Eastern superstition has even endowed snakes with power over wind and rain.

In the insect world, too, similar instincts seem to exist. The "rain-beetle" of Bedfordshire, a long-bodied member of the large family of beetles, has acquired its name from the supposed association of its appearance with the coming of wet weather. That a bee was never caught in a shower is a familiar belief arising from the habit which this insect has acquired of remaining at home when unfavorable weather is threatening. Ants, wasps, and spiders exhibit the most watchful anxiety for the approach of inclement seasons, and in the disposition of their nests, eggs, or webs they utilize to the utmost their acquired faculty of guarding against wind and rain. Indolence in spiders is believed to be a certain sign of bad weather, for they seldom change their web unless it is going to be fine, and they make the frame-lines of their webs unusually short, to meet the resistance of a rising wind.

Such precautionary instincts and prophetic powers as animals possess are, as has already been stated, the natural outcome of a necessity for self preservation. In the case of plant-life, although provisions for the safety and dispersion of the species are equally necessary, we do not find this protective power against bad weather to so marked an extent. There is also a difference between the habits of plants and the instinct of animals. But certain plants are capable of giving weather indications of considerable accuracy and value.

The pink eyed pimpernel, the "Poor Man's Weather-glass," as it is often called, is so sensitive to atmospheric changes that it shuts up its petals in the damp air which precedes rain, and is widely relied upon, before all other weather signs, by the British ploughman. This peculiarity is also possessed by other common wild-flowers, such as the wood-anemone, or wind-flower, the chickweed, convolvulus, and gentian. The burnet saxifrage and the chickweed even go so far as to half open their flowers again if the rain is soon to cease. The African marigold, which closes its petals regularly at nightfall, fails to reopen them in the morning if the weather is damp.

Not only the flowers, but also the leaves of some plants, give warnings of approaching change. Pliny states that the clover bristles and erects its leaves before a storm; and Virgil has described the signs of coming weather given by the leaves of the almond-tree. The

wild licorice plant (*Abrus precatorius*), the so-called weather plant, is said to hang its leaves horizontally for a change, upward for fine weather, and drooping for rain. This fact was called attention to in 1892; but the Kew observers who have specially studied it say the only movements discernible are due to the direct agency of light, heat, and moisture. In the United States it is a common saying that the leaves of the sugar-maple turn upside down before a storm, while the silver-maple shows the white lining of its leaf. In our own country, the wood-sorrel, lime, poplar, sycamore, and plane trees vary the direction of their leaves with different conditions of the atmosphere.

The well-known saying which attempts to determine the weather of the coming summer by the priority of the oak or ash in the development of leaf-buds has probably no more foundation in fact than belongs to the natural characteristics of these trees. In this country the oak is usually in leaf before the ash, and in so moist a climate the early summer is more often wet than dry.

According to modern meteorology, the greater part of the storms which traverse these islands are of the cyclonic type, in which there is always a well-defined distribution of atmospheric temperature and pressure. The front of an advancing cyclone is marked by a damp muggy atmosphere, with a general depressing effect upon the nervous system of man himself. It is not surprising that the lower animals should feel it also. The heaviness of the air renders the scent of flowers, and other odors, more apparent, and explains the habit of sniffing the air displayed by many animals before a storm. The excessive dampness of the atmosphere, by its influence on cutaneous perspiration, accounts for much of the restlessness and feeling of discomfort which so many of the fur and feather tribe betray during the passage of a cyclone across our islands. The animal skin, and also its appendages, are peculiarly affected by the humidity of the air. The Zañi Indians of New Mexico were wont to predict rain from the appearance of the scalp-locks captured from their enemies. The fur of animals, the moist skins of toads and frogs, and the plumage of birds are very sensitive to small variations in the hygrometric state of the atmosphere.

Dampness has also a marked effect upon many vegetable tissues. If a beard of wild oat is fixed upon a stand, it twists itself up more or less according to the amount of water

vapor present in the atmosphere. Pine cones can be used in a similar manner as natural hygrometers, closing up their scales in damp weather, and expanding them when the air is dry. The leaf-stalks of plants are softened by damp, causing the leaves to droop or hang unnaturally. The sensitive plant, *mimosa*, exhibits increased irritability in the warm, moist air of a cyclone front; and even the downy hairs of dandelions, thistles, and colt's foot contract and expand under the ever-varying influence of atmospheric vapor.

Here, then, is the explanation of the movements of plants described above. The ploughman's weather-glass need lose none of its efficiency because its mysterious sensibility is thus accounted for: it tells us actual conditions, which, rightly understood, may be capable of interpretation as signifying changes to come.

After the cyclone front has passed away, the air becomes dry and bracing, and a feeling of exhilaration pervades the whole of creation. Sea-birds fly out far to seaward, rooks and kites soar aloft in the air, insects float in the light breeze in search of honey-dew, and plants expand their leaves boldly to the sun. The confidence of all nature is restored, for the dangers of the storm are over.—*Chambers's Journal*.

POETRY AND THE BARBARIANS.—Mr. Matthew Arnold, who nicknamed our middle class the Philistines, nicknamed, scarcely less happily, our aristocracy the Barbarians. One of the ablest of our Barbarians has just given us an object-lesson of the danger of permitting Barbarian patronage of literature. The office of Poet Laureate, which Walter Scott and the men of his time thought beneath the acceptance of the author of the "*Lady of the Lake*," was first raised to respectability by Southey, and then to real dignity and high honor by Wordsworth—dignity and honor which were enhanced by the long and glorious career of Tennyson. Thus the notion arose which, in spite of Jonson and Dryden, had never before arisen, that Poet-Laureate and supreme living poet were synonymous. The office was felt by Tennyson himself to be as much an anachronism as the office of Court fool, and he did not hesitate in private to condemn it, and to express his sense of the ignominy of the position. He considered the requirements of the office a degradation, and, though he intensely admired Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, he held the position unwillingly, and hoped it might some day be allowed to lapse.

An unexpected opportunity to end this anomaly occurred upon Tennyson's death. This was the situation. There were two poets—Mr. Swinburne, the great lyric poet, and Mr. William Morris, the great narrative poet—whose achievements differed in kind, and not in degree, from those of any other living bard. After them there was a long interval before one reached the next in order of merit. Neither Mr. Swinburne nor Mr. Morris would have accepted a post they considered ignominious and anomalous, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti did, and as Mr. Coventry Patmore does now. But, unfortunately, the nation had learned under Wordsworth and Tennyson to regard the Poet Laureate as the chief of the poets. Lord Rosebery recognized the difficulty of the situation, and, though pressure was brought to bear on him, did his duty, used the opportunity, and made no appointment. This wise example was much harder to set than to follow, and, after Lord Rosebery's refusal to appoint, it was comparatively easy for Lord Salisbury to maintain the refusal. Unfortunately, Lord Salisbury, as Matthew Arnold long ago noted, has a dangerous ignorance of literature. No one believed it possible to eclipse Mr. Balfour's brilliancy in giving a pension to a certain Mr. Brooks. No one believed it possible; but Lord Salisbury has easily surpassed our expectations, and given the Laureateship to a prosaic and commonplace penman. Lord Rosebery had deserved well of his country, for by refusing to appoint he had made refusal easy to his successor. Lord Salisbury, in peculiarly fortunate circumstances, has passed over the greater poets, and selected the feeblest of all, and in so doing has done English literature greatest possible disservice.

The appointment of Mr. Alfred Austin to be Poet-Laureate comes as a surprise, we suppose, to everybody not acquainted with the reasons that brought about that appointment. Mr. Austin has failed so often in his literary ventures that one finds it hard to criticise his success now that he has had the luck to have Lord Salisbury as arbiter of his attempts to sing. Mr. Austin's previous failures will be ascribed, no doubt, to the partiality of the judges, not to the inferiority of his own performances. He has certainly been a diligent scribe, and a good-sized bookcase would be required to hold the printed result of his scribbles in verse and prose. He has tried his pen at fiction, but that tasteless judge, the reading public, would have nothing to do with

the fiction he produced. He has tried editing, and the *National Review* passed from his hands to stronger ones in an almost moribund condition. But he has been faithful to his first and chief aim ; to climb the slopes of Helicon has been his ambition, in which he has very laudably persevered, in spite of a deplorable lack of the stature and stamina required by one who would mount the difficult ascent to the home of the Muses.

It is not Mr. Austin's fault that he comes after Tennyson, but it is his misfortune. The memory of the great poet still lingers about the place he dignified while he occupied it, and an estimable little bardling like Mr. Austin is as much out of place there as an inhabitant of Liliput would be on the throne of Brobdingnag. The truth is that Mr. Austin is a graceful and cultivated versifier, with good sense, moderation, and balance ; but not even Lord Salisbury, though he has made him the Laureate, could make him a poet at all. After a Eusden or a Tate, Mr. Austin's would have been a commendable appointment. Like such literary forefathers in the office, he might have very acceptably hymned the virtues of the Throne :—

" His Virtues shine peculiarly nice,
Ungloomed by a confinity to vice."

Verse of this kind scans, rhymes, and is not devoid of power to amuse. Mr. Austin's verse has the same excellences. Here are a few specimens :—

" As long as in this ocean Realm,
Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm
By loyalty divine."

This is certainly loyal, if somewhat wooden, but is better than the following, from which we opine that Mr. Austin pronounces the fourth word of the second line "*been*" :

" And own the instant I arrive
The dignity of being alive."

Mr. Austin has already taken in hand the morals of the Prince of Wales, whom we hope he may now make a convert of :

" Hark while she tells you, nor her counsel
spurn,
From giddy Pleasure's gilded toys to turn ;
That not from minions opulent or coarse
Do Princes gain their lustre and their force ;
That Reverence anchors not in deep carouse,
And that a Crown fits only Kingly brows !"

Here is a patriotic utterance more likely to provoke laughter than enthusiasm :

" What though some wretch . . .
Menace our shores with conflict or disgrace ;
We laugh behind the bulwark of the waves,
And fling the foam defiant in his face."

The italics are ours. A child splashing its nurse is, apparently, Mr. Austin's ideal of active patriotism. But Tennyson and Wordsworth have unquestionably taught the British public to expect something more ; and for the credit of English poetry we hope it may not be supposed that the name of Alfred the Little is the nearest approach we can find to the fame of Alfred the Great. As a matter of fact, of course, and not a mere matter of opinion, England has living poets, not a few, who belong to a different race to the industrious poeticals of whom Mr. Austin is a fair representative. The lyric genius of our greatest master of verbal music, Mr. Swinburne, is still with us. The pure poetry of our greatest narrative poet, Mr. William Morris, belongs to the present. The deep religious inspiration of Mr. Coventry Patmore is not yet silent.

And even in the younger and far inferior generation of English poets Mr. Austin has his superiors. The best work of Mr. William Watson shows defter craftsmanship, and a better ear for the music of verse, than Mr. Alfred Austin could ever lay claim to. The robust strength of Mr. John Davidson has achieved results distinctly beyond the pinchbeck Byronism of the new Laureate. And it would hardly be too much to say that the best work of Mr. Francis Thompson is as much superior in quality to the best of the new Laureate's work as in quantity it is inferior to Mr. Alfred Austin's whole unreadable output.

The cause of this extraordinary appointment explains it. It has been missed by the chorus of hostile criticism. Lord Salisbury has been accused of a political job, and the reason assigned for Mr. Austin's promotion has been, not a mistaken estimate of his verse, but a fair estimate of the value of his services as a Conservative journalist and active politician. Lord Salisbury, we think, may be acquitted on this count. After the creditable inactivity of Lord Rosebery, which saved us from the threatened incursion from Pen Bryn or Peterborough Court, it is not likely that Lord Salisbury would act less conscientiously. He, no doubt, honestly mistakes a wren for a song-thrush, or else he must imagine that the atmosphere of Court patronage will hatch his tadpole poet into a late maturity.

But there is another objection to this blun-

dering and utterly unsuitable appointment. It is an insult to the memory of Tennyson that the petty critic who reviled and maligned him living should succeed to his place when dead. In his "Poetry of the Period" Mr. Austin did his little best to destroy the reputation of Tennyson by comparing his littleness, or, in other words, the worst passages in his poems, with the greatness, or, in other words, the best passages of Byron. Probably in so doing he merely exhibited his own ignorance of what is good or bad in poetry. And the fact that his own versicles show that he has no ear for verbal music, for metrical effect, supports this view. Certainly, his attacks on the morality and decency of Tennyson's poems ("The Sisters," for instance), and on their value as poetry, caused great annoyance and pain to the late Laureate. The office of Poet Laureate is, of course, an anachronism, and ought to have been abolished. But at the present day, when, thanks to Wordsworth and Tennyson, it has come to be regarded as a nation's hall-mark on the highest poetry, it is nothing less than a disgrace to England to appoint a second-rate versifier to what is apparently the place of our supreme living poet. The results are already manifest. The *Times*, which is really a very fair mirror of the average ignorance and Philistinism of the middle classes, tells us that "among living poets he [Mr. Austin] holds his own with the foremost, Mr. Swinburne alone excepted." The *Times*, no doubt, has never heard of "The Earthly Paradise" or "The Legend of Sigurd, the Volsung," and of course it knows nothing of the "Unknown Eros." The *Standard* goes further: "But it is not too much to say that the suffrages of the poets themselves would have recognized Mr. Austin's deserts as, on the whole, the highest." Thus Lord Salisbury, by his dangerous ignorance of literature, has lowered the standard of poetry, and set up a false image of the beautiful for the admiration of the masses; for where the *Daily Press* leads, the Philistines and the Populace will follow. — *Saturday Review*

NOAH'S FLOOD.—Whatever may be the ultimate verdict on the question, it seems to us impossible to deny that at present the evidence in favor of a deluge, such as that described in Genesis, is accumulating. A great impression was made some twenty years ago, when Mr. George Smith deciphered and published the account of the deluge from the tablets of Assur-banipal, dating from the seventh

century B. C. It may be doubted whether those tablets were as important as they seemed to some persons for the object for which they have been often cited; for while they show the general and widespread character of the story of the Flood, they seem to throw no light on the question whether that story were historical or fabulous. The fables of Pilpay are not historically true, though they have spread over the world and been reproduced from generation to generation; and it is common knowledge that a good story is as likely to run as far afield and to be as often repeated as a piece of sober history.

The earlier geologists, while they maintained that no fossil remains of man were anywhere in existence, nevertheless found, as they thought, abundant evidence of a universal deluge—the title of Professor Buckland's well-known book, "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*," bearing testimony to the conclusion at which he had arrived, especially from his patient investigation of English caverns. On both these points their successors have been inclined to find them in error; for fossil remains of man have undoubtedly been found, and the more accurate observations on the dates or order of succession of various water-washed sands and gravels have tended to show that many beds of diluvium which had been supposed to be contemporaneous, were, in fact, successive, and that the theory of a single flood would not account for them. The so-called doctrine of uniformity in geology leaned in the same direction, and everything of which it could be said, that it was out of the ordinary daily course of Nature, was looked on with suspicion and distrust, and to believe in it was almost in itself a mark of heresy. Yet in point of fact the history of our own world in our own time is full of cataclysms. The subsidence which formed the Zuyder Sea, the lifting at a bound of some 100,000 square miles of Chili to a considerable height, the eruption of Krakatoa, would all have been disbelieved by our uniformitarians if they had occurred in past ages.

But now, again, there are some signs that the current of opinion may be changing—for the history of opinion, like the history of the earth, is one of incessant change. Sir Henry Howarth, in his elaborate work on the Mammoth and the Flood, has marshalled a long array of arguments in favor of the belief in a widespread deluge; and it may be doubted whether his argument has received as much attention as it deserved, and as perhaps it would have received had the evidence been

placed before the world in a somewhat less ponderous fashion. One of his most interesting arguments is drawn from the history of man on the face of the globe. Every one knows that archaeologists deal with ancient men of two distinct classes—the Palæolithic and the Neolithic man. Both used flint implements, but implements so different that there is no difficulty in separating the one kind from the other; the one set of men were absolute savages, though (tell it not in æsthetic circles) they were more of artists than their more civilized successors. The others were farmers and herdsmen; and between the arts of the two races there is absolutely no connection whatever. The Neolithic flint instruments were followed by those of bronze and iron, and the Neolithic man and the Neolithic civilization merged into the man and the civilization of our earliest historical records. But not so with the Palæolithic man; he and all his works passed suddenly into nothingness, for all evidence tends to show the entire disappearance of the whole race of Palæolithic man before the appearance of his successor on the stage of the world. The Palæolithic race disappear absolutely and suddenly, in a condition of utter savagery. Neolithic man appears in Europe as an agriculturalist, and not without a considerable civilization. What was it that swept away the whole early race, and left a *tabula rasa* for the new race to enter upon?

And this sudden disappearance which is true of man is true of the lower animals which were his contemporaries. With the elder man there lived the hyena and the lion, the rhinoceros and the mammoth; and they have all disappeared from Europe. With the Neolithic man are found a group of animals which may substantially be recognized as the common indigenous European animals of to-day.

Then with regard to the mammoth itself, and the other great creatures which have been found in company with it, especially in Siberia, Sir Henry Howorth argues with considerable force that the mode in which the bodies and the bones are found is not consistent with the gradual processes of decay and death, but only with some widespread catastrophe which caused a hecatomb on a vast scale. The evidence is detailed, and would occupy us too long if we were to attempt to summarize it; but one or two instances may be permitted to show of what kind it consists. In one case an elephant was so rolled up, that its tusks were between its hind legs; in another case,

the opened nostrils and partly opened mouth of a rhinoceros suggested to the beholders that the animal had died of suffocation; and in another body of the same species, the coagulated blood found in the vessels and even in the fine capillaries seemed to show that it too had died of asphyxia.

And now, from a different point of view, and with reference to a somewhat different area, the subject has been approached by the veteran geologist, Professor Prestwich; and in his elaborate paper read before the Royal Society, and more recently and briefly in his essay "On certain phenomena belonging to the close of the last geological period, and on their bearing on the tradition of the Flood," he has thrown the great weight of his authority into the affirmative scale. He concedes that the larger part of the superficial deposits of loam, gravel, and sand, has resulted from the long-continued action of known agencies, and is not to be attributed to any sudden transient catastrophe; but in his opinion there is a residual drift which cannot be so accounted for, and which he attributes to a great flood. This deposit, which he calls the "Rubble drift," consists of *débris*, for the most part angular and sharp—not carried far from its place of origin, and not glaciated. It is the same bed which other geologists have attributed, though for what reason we could never clearly see, to the snow and cold of the glacial period. In many places this drift was, according to Mr. Prestwich's view, carried by the retreating waters, as the land rose, over the old cliffs which occupied nearly the position of the present sea-line, and is now found containing not only the remains of the animals which the water had overtaken, but the delicate land-shells of the land-surface before its submergence, and in some cases flint implements of Palæolithic man. The case of the Channel Islands is, according to his view, of especial interest, for the position of this drift borne over the cliffs shows that the sweep of the *débris* was from the centre of each island outward, "or such as would result from the flow off of a body of water during the emergence of the island."

Another phenomenon, closely connected with that of the Rubble Drift, is the existence of raised beaches in many places closely in the line of the existing sea-shore. The general configuration of the land before and after the flood is conceived to have been nearly the same; but the action of the elevating force was greater than that of the depressing force,

and accordingly left the old beaches raised above the new sea-line, where, of course, a new beach has been formed. Taken by itself, the existence of these beaches might be explained by elevation alone, but as they are often more or less buried under Rubble Drift, nothing short of subsidence, submergence, and elevation seems adequate to account for the facts.

Another phenomenon which Professor Prestwich seeks to connect with the same great event is the occurrence, especially in the limestone rock, of fissures or rents which have been filled up to the level of the ground with angular fragments of the adjacent rocks, containing bones, rarely perfect, often very much broken—not in skeletons, but in a way which shows that though the bones have been widely dispersed, they have not been worn or gnawed by carnivora. The explanation suggested is that as the upheaving force operated, and the rocks yielded unequally to its pressure, these rents would occur, and that as the waters retreated over the rising land, they operated as traps into which portions of the detritus, with the remains of the dead animals, were carried by the swirl of the receding waters. The facts, as stated, are justly considered to be inconsistent with the theory that the animals had fallen into the fissures and then perished—for in that case we should have all the bones of the carcase; or that they were carried thither as prey—for in that case they would have been gnawed. Again, there is found in France and Central Europe (to say nothing of other parts of the world) a deposit only slightly developed in England, and known as Loess. That this superficial deposit, where it is found in the valley of a great river, such as the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone, is the daughter of the river, is not contested by Mr. Prestwich; but it is found, he says, on the dividing watersheds and the high plains separating the river basins, at altitudes from 400 ft. to 1500 ft. With this, as the Rubble Drift of England, Mr. Prestwich would credit the great flood.

There are other facts to which Mr. Prestwich does not refer in his little essay which impress the imagination with the notion that since our island has attained its present form it has been subjected to a vast, if sudden, change of level. Many years ago, Mr. Prestwich himself found near Macclesfield, at an elevation of from 1100 ft. to 1200 ft. above sea-level, remains of marine shells of the kind now found in our British or the more north-

ern seas; and at the higher level of 1300 ft., just below the summit of Moel Tryfan, a hill of the Snowdon group, a deposit has been found containing very numerous shells of the same description. Did Snowdon and his sister-hills bow themselves beneath the sea; or did the flood rise nearly to their summit, bringing with it the sea-shells from the neighboring shore?—*Spectator*.

R. L. STEVENSON AS A MUSICIAN. —It is a curious fact that although so much has been written about the late ever-to-be-regretted R. L. Stevenson, no account has been given, so far as we are aware, of the extent and limits of his musical accomplishments. That he took a lively interest in the art is sufficiently clear from the allusions to it which occur in his books. Music, indeed, plays quite an important part in that extraordinary brilliant farce, "The Wrong Box," in which one of the most humorous situations in the whole story is that of the exposure of the young barrister, who pretends that he is engaged in the composition of an imaginary comic opera, entitled "Orange Pekoe." It is in the same story, again, that there occurs a veritable *locus classicus* on the art of playing the penny whistle, and the difference between the amateur and the professional performer. Here it is that Stevenson makes the memorable observation that one seldom, if ever, encounters a person learning to play that instrument, or, as he puts it, "the young of the penny whistler, like those of the salmon, are occult from observation." The whole chapter is full of exquisite fooling on this topic, but it is the fooling of a writer who knows what he is talking about. And so we are not surprised to learn, from the recently published "Vailima Letters," that Stevenson was more than merely sympathetically disposed to music; that he played an instrument himself, and that he was peculiarly susceptible to melody and rhythm. Take, for example, this passage, in which he describes how, while out for a walk in the forest, he was surprised by the "sound of a mill-wheel thundering. I thought, close by, yet below me, a huge mill wheel, yet not going steadily, but with a *schottische* movement, and at each fresh impetus shaking the mountain." The mysterious mill wheel, we may add, turned out to be a sharp series of earthquake shocks. In another striking way Stevenson proved himself to be a musician at heart; he hated noise of all sort, and speaks with enthusiasm of the "beautiful silence" of his island home.

But now for Stevenson's instrument. It certainly was not the most noble of the great family of wind instruments, being none other than the somewhat despised flageolet; but let that pass. There can be no doubt, at any rate, of the assiduity with which Stevenson practised upon it. There is hardly one of the earlier letters in which such entries as "played on my pipe," "took to tootling on the flageolet," do not occur. Of his proficiency he speaks with great modesty: "Even my clumsinesses are my joy—my woodcuts, my stumbling on the pipe." And again: "If I take to my pipe"—the context makes it clear he means his flageolet—"I know myself—all is over for the morning." On page 80 we read: "Tell Mrs. S. I have been playing 'Le Chant d'Amour' lately, and have arranged it, after awful trouble, rather prettily for two pipes; and it brought her before me with an effect scarce short of hallucination. I could hear her voice in every note; yet I had forgot the air entirely, and began to pipe it from notes as something new, when I was brought up with a round turn by this reminiscence." The effect which music had upon him was manifestly overwhelming.—*Musical Times*.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE FAIR SEX.—It may be thought, and not without reason, that no new light can be thrown on a character so familiar as that of Dr. Johnson. From his own day to the present, before his death, and in the one hundred and eleven years which have succeeded it, Johnson has been probably more talked about and written about than any other man of letters. He has been viewed, it would seem, from all points. His prejudices, his oddities, his bearish ways, his infinite depth of tenderness, his melancholy, his love of good society, and abounding faculty of talk, all that is weak in him and all that is noble, has employed the tongues and pens of many of the most distinguished of his countrymen, and not of his countrymen alone. If it be asked what more there can be to say, Mr. Craig has answered the question in a bright little volume, which, although it contains nothing that is not to be found elsewhere, presents one phase of the Doctor's character in a fuller light. So at least it appears to the present writer, who has read his Boswell through again and again, and many a volume of 'Johnsoniana,' without observing the extent to which Johnson was influenced by the society of women, and what is more remarkable, how strongly he attracted them. It is the degree of the attraction upon both sides that makes

it so significant. Externally, as all the world knows, he had nothing to recommend him; he was scarred in face, he was negligent in dress, many of his habits were grotesque, some of them were extremely repulsive, yet he managed to hold captive some of the most brilliant women in London, and delighted in their society.

"His physical infirmities," says Mr. Craig, "uncouth gestures, and acerbities of temper, only seemed to attract them; for with that wonderful intuition which Heaven has granted women for their guidance, they soon divined that purest gold lurked beneath the rough quartz of his outer man. No doubt it was from this conviction that Johnson was petted and fondled and flattered by the women of his time to an extent that probably mortal man never was before or since. Wraxall describes how at the most fashionable assemblies he has seen, upon Dr. Johnson making his appearance, all the ladies present cluster round him in a circle four or five deep, and how he actually beheld the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire—Gainsborough's Duchess—then in the first bloom of youth, 'hanging on the sentences that fell from Johnson's lips, and contending for the nearest place to his chair.' . . . Nor was this popularity confined to ladies of rank, note, or culture. A young woman of no particular pretensions once confided to Mr. Peter Garrick, brother of the Garrick, that in her opinion Dr. Johnson was 'a very seducing man.' Further, Boswell relates in his 'Tour to the Hebrides,' how, when he and Johnson were sporting themselves in that *ultima Thule*, the simple kindly Scotch dames whom they encountered actually lavished caresses upon their formidable visitor. While they are in Skye, he reveals the fact that 'one of our married ladies, a lively pretty little woman, good humoredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and, being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck and kissed him.'"

Mr. Craig reminds us also how the aged Countess of Eglinton embraced Johnson, calling him her "dear son;" and he adds that "old and young, gentle and simple, all good women, all innocent children, were somehow drawn by a mysterious gravitation to the terrible Doctor."

This remarkable aspect of Johnson's character is unnoticed by Carlyle or Macaulay, and is, as we have said, brought for the first time into prominence by Mr. Craig. His little volume is divided into six sections: (1) Dr. Johnson as a Squire of Dames; (2) as a Suitor; (3) as a Man of Fashion; (4) Dr. Johnson on dress and deportment; (5) Dr. Johnson on marriage, and the relations of the sexes; and (6) as a Knight-errant.

Johnson had been very susceptible to the

charms of women in his youthful days ; and told Mrs. Thrale years afterward that an evening he once spent with Molly Aston was not happiness but rapture, and "the thought of it sweetened the whole year." That he should have married a woman twice his age, and who was far from attractive, seems to show a defective taste. Enough that it was, as he said, a love-match, and that she was remembered after death with a tenderness that knew no change. When he had risen to fame, if not to fortune, in London, he was a lonely widower living a laborious life in gloomy chambers. No man of letters ever loved society more, or needed it more, for he was a prey to melancholy. To Johnson a tavern-chair was the throne of human felicity, and yet he would leave that chair to be cheered and flattered in London drawing-rooms. And the liking he showed for the conversation of intelligent women was fully shared by them. Mrs. Thrale would sit up half the night pouring out cup after cup of the beverage which John Wesley thought so pernicious. The "Blue-stockings"—Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Ord, and "the accomplished Mrs. Boscawen"—welcomed him as their guest. The learned Mrs. Carter, who knew many languages, "who had also the feminine merits of being a good needle woman and could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus," was his friend for nearly fifty years ; Mrs. Chappone, who lives in "Vanity Fair," was another of his intimate associates ; so was Kitty Olive, who said that she loved to sit by Dr. Johnson, as he always entertained her. Then there was Mrs. Fitzherbert, who "had the best understanding he ever met with in any human being ;" and Miss Reynolds—"Renny, dear"—sister of the great Sir Joshua ; and Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker, with whom he had many a friendly controversy ; and the famous Mrs. Macaulay, with whose "History of England," in eight volumes, we are of course all familiar ; and Mrs. Lennox, whose "Female Quixote" may be, as Mr. Craig says, "decidedly clever," but is decidedly a little wearisome ; and Lady Lucan, at whose house Boswell says "he found hospitality united with extraordinary accomplishments, and embellished with charms of which no man could be insensible."

Yet Johnson, although he prided himself on his good breeding, was often overbearing, would sometimes break out with ungovernable fury, astonishing, as it has been observed, "the well-regulated minds of respectable ladies and gentlemen." That he should have found solace in female society is not surpris-

ing, but that women should have been so fond of him may be thought curious, for he never spared them, and frequently expressed something like contempt for their intellectual capacity. He declared that they were the slaves of fashion, and made many other comments by no means polite to the sex. But Johnson did not always mean what he said, and when it pleased him no man could pay a compliment more gracefully. Nothing can be more happy than his saying to Mrs. Siddons when for the moment he had no chair to offer her : "Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will more easily excuse the want of one yourself," or his compliment, though we may suspect its truthfulness, to Mrs. Sheridan on her "Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph." "I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much." Dearly did he like a little flattery in return, and when in his old age he heard the opinion of a Countess that to be praised by Doctor Johnson "would make one a fool all his life," he said, "I am too old to be made a fool, but if you say I am made a fool I shall not deny it. I am much pleased with a compliment, especially from a pretty woman." It was one of Johnson's peculiarities that, while dressing like a sloven, he considered himself an infallible judge of what ladies ought to wear. "No milliner of Bond Street," says Mr. Craig, "could be more critical to detect the displacement of a ribbon, the want of modishness in a cap, or inharmonious coloring in a dress." He lectured Mrs. Thrale on the subject, and he lectured her friends, and induced one of them, who was dressed for church, not only to change her hat and gown, but also to thank him for his reproof. "It seems," says Fanny Burney, "that he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies, and all ladies who are here obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves." This was written at Streatham ; but Mrs. Thrale's guests were not always able to satisfy the fastidious Doctor. One young lady, whose cap Johnson called vile, failed to win his approval when she had changed it. Fanny's own cap was pronounced very handsome, but her mother had to change her gown because it did not meet with his approval, and was then told that she should not wear a black hat and cloak in summer.

Mr. Craig does not forget Johnson's noble conduct and gentle manners to women who were neither fair nor young, and to whom, because they were afflicted, he gave a home

under his roof. When we think of the wretched woman he carried home upon his back and saved from death or from a life of misery, of Mrs. Williams, blind and peevish, of Mrs. Desmoulins and her daughter, and of Miss Carmichael, all of whom lived on his bounty, and "made his life miserable from the impossibility he found in making them happy,"—all this great man's failings sink into insignificance in the presence of a charity so divine. We can even forgive his criticisms of Milton and of Gray. "It was the nature of the man," says Mr. Craig, "to stand by the weak and suffering in their affliction, to give them love and comfort, when others would have avoided their unlively companionship." "Dr. Johnson and the Fair Sex" will attract all readers interested in the subject. The tone of the little work is excellent, and praise must be given to the tasteful way in which the volume is brought out.

SMALL ASCETICISMS.—The Protestant world has never taken kindly to asceticism. It has never accepted, even if it has ever considered, the Asiatic doctrine that the only approach to a higher life must be through self-suppression, and has rejected, without contemning, the Roman Catholic idea that the mortification of the flesh is of itself an offering grateful to the Lord. It regards St. Simeon Stylites as, on the whole, a presumptuous idiot, and receives the pathetic remark of the American missionary—a woman, by the way, not only of the deepest piety, but of the keenest intellect—that she found it "needful to resist her impulse toward cleanliness as a worldly snare," with most irreverent laughter. Nevertheless, there lingers among Protestant Englishmen and Scotchmen, a feeling that pious men, especially if ordained, should not praise innocent pleasures too cordially, that they had better condemn than extol the use of wine, that they should not say much, if anything, about the pleasure of eating, and that if they smoke, they should plead in excuse that tobacco is, with their constitutions, good for the health. The hearty commendation which the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, of Edinburgh, recently bestowed at a smoking concert upon the use of tobacco, comes upon them with a certain shock, and while they respect his outspokenness, they had rather that he had tolerated or even approved the pipes or cigars in silence. The root of that feeling, which is manifested by the newspapers reporting the incident at some length, is not, we think, as the *Daily Telegraph* evidently imagines, a lin-

gering doubt whether indulgence in tobacco is consistent with virtue. A similar doubt exists among a large section of Christian mankind, among all Americans, for example, in connection with alcohol—no ministers being permitted by opinion to drink wine—but about tobacco it has been finally given up. Even the strictest have convinced themselves that the only evil in tobacco is its costliness, and although, like tea, it is very dangerous to some constitutions, and although, like most other things, it is harmful in excess, yet among the vast majority its use is rather beneficial than injurious. The impression, which lingered very long, that smokers tend to become drunkards, has disappeared under the evidence of facts, all the teetotal races smoking furiously, and the plant has come to be regarded in its true light as a sedative with little perceptible reaction. No one commits crimes because he smokes, no one loses his temper because he indulges in a cigar—though we are bound to say the want of one does not in a smoker conduce to serenity—and no one thinks the less keenly or strenuously because he enjoys tobacco. It might be contended, indeed, on both historical and physiological evidence, that snuffing rather tends to rapid thought; but as the educated have abandoned snuffing—very wisely, for the practice spoiled good clothes—the remark is not worth making. The objection to Dr. Cameron Lee's speech, so far as there is any, is rather that it tended to discredit one of the small asceticisms and that small asceticisms are still considered helps to the Christian life. That idea was almost dominant in religious society sixty years ago, and sometimes assumed forms which, if not ridiculous, were at least quaint. It was, for instance, held to be wrong for any but the aged to sit in easy-chairs, not, as is now vainly imagined, from any ignorant idea as to the injury done to the figure, but because "loping" betrayed a blameworthy tendency to ease and self-indulgence. That was the origin also of the extraordinary prejudice against taking any extra sleep. The old knew well that sleep, when sleep is not needed, is to the young the most wearisome of all obediences, but nevertheless they believed that to wish to sleep more than a strictly regulated time, which, according to modern hygienists, was too short, was a mark of sluggish self-indulgence, and it was visited, therefore, with moral reprobation. Early rising was extravagantly praised, not because it lengthened the day, for the early risers went to bed early, but because it was disagreeable; and some curious

rules of diet—for example, abstinence from sugar—were defended in part upon the same principle. We have known girls cut off their curls avowedly because they were proud of them, and men go about in shabby clothes because, as they averred and believed, it was well by diminishing comfort to promote serious reflection.

It has nearly all disappeared now, and one wonders sometimes whether the way of the present generation is wiser, or the way of the last generation but one. Does sitting always in an upright chair tend to virtue and self-control, as our grandfathers vehemently believed, or does it only cause a totally useless waste of the reserve of energy which in most people is never too great for their serious ends? Is it, that is to say, really beneficial to the character to do without innocent pleasures when there is no object in doing without, except the training? We declare that we do not quite certainly know. It would seem *a priori* that such "givings up," as they are now called—a curious alteration of phrase indicating that the normal habit is indulgence—must be beneficial, because without the capacity of self-denial no character can be strong; and unless the capacity is cultivated in small things how, under modern conditions, is it to be cultivated at all? Nobody stands on a pillar now, or lives his life upon bread and water, or does his work or eats his dinner clothed in a hair-shirt, which, by the way, must, one would think, have gradually become to the habitual wearer at least as bearable as Jäger-flannel is to skins accustomed to the touch of linen garments. We have to deny ourselves, if at all, in little things, and if we never do it, how is the habit, which is by no means instinctive with the natural man, ever to be generated? That seems sound, and yet it is by no means clear that our grandfathers, who cultivated small self-denials, were less selfish than ourselves, and they were decidedly less philanthropic. Monks of the stricter orders are very little better, if at all, than English clergymen, and men who go periodically into training, which involves much severe self-denial, do not emerge from that discipline models either of character or of conduct. There are classes both of men and women—it is quite a large class among the latter—who deliberately torment themselves in trifles for their own improvement, and who do not seem to the outer world, at least, to improve themselves greatly thereby, while they often lose the cheerfulness and the calm tolerance of others which should be—and so often are not

—marks of the chastened spirit. We have known a man steadily refuse for years from excellent motives to kill the mosquitoes which settled on him, but he was very like other men when all was done, only a little more cantankerous. People who get up very early with an idea of self-suppression are, it has long ago been noticed, exceedingly vain of their habit, and the vengeance of Nature on the self-suppressing, is often revealed in intolerable spiritual pride. We are inclined therefore to believe that the evidence is about equal, and that the true rule of life as to innocent or indifferent indulgences is not to worry about them perpetually, but to take care that no habit finally enslaves you. If you want to smoke, smoke, but retain the ability to give up smoking. A doctor of eminence thirty years ago declared that the best recipe he knew against any patient acquiring a habit of drinking was to order him to abstain absolutely for some one day in seven; and we suspect that there was wisdom in that advice, as well as pathological knowledge. We might utilize the Sunday in that way to a much greater extent than we do, and learn something from the experience of all mankind on the subject of fasting. There is no spiritual good whatever in fasting on fixed days; but there is good to the character in learning to be able to fast. Dr. Cameron Lees wanted his audience to make a habit of music, and was quite right in encouraging their pipes; but to make his counsel perfectly "human" he should have recommended them to abstain from tobacco on some day of the week, or even of the month. To raise the use of tobacco into a moral question is to make one's self a slave to trivial duties in the way of abstinence, just as the Jews made themselves slaves to ceremonial; but the slavery to the pleasant should be almost as carefully avoided. We have known a Scotchman almost miserable because he could not get sweets for breakfast, and though marmalade is utterly innocent, or probably to those who can eat it beneficial, there is surely something abject in a slavery of that kind. Most of the habits which master us are indifferent, having no effects whatever except habitude, and a few, like the custom of eating at "regular" hours, are distinctly beneficial, but we ought to be able to break them if we are to feel really free. Nine times out of ten the exertion is not worth the trouble as regards the habit itself, but as regards vigor of character, a habit of insisting on intervals in one's habit, is a preservative of spiritual health.—*London Spectator*.